THE

SEXAGENARIAN;

OR, THE

Recollections

OF A

LITERARY LIFE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,

NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD;

By R. and R. Gilbert, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell

1817.

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG various other particularities which marked the whimsicality of our Sexagenarian's character, there were discovered in his manuscript, a great many specimens of DEDICATIONS, ready cut and dried.

Of these, some were inscribed with due solemnity to very great men, to Ministers, Prelates, Court Favourites, and so forth; others were written in a less formal style to individuals of known genius, talents, and learning; one or two were of a playful kind, and addressed to old college friends and acquaintance; one more particularly was of a facetious tendency in the character of Satan to Bonaparte. Oh! that the Sexagenarian had but lived to witness the

the catastrophe of that miscreant adventurer!

But of all these pieces, some composed with more and some with less care and circumspection, one more immediately forced itself upon the attention, inscribed

TO AN OLD WOMAN.

Something of an introduction seems indispensable on the present occasion, and perhaps nothing more to the purpose could easily be met with; so it is inserted *verbatim et literatim* from the original document.

" My dear old Woman,

" Those were good old times for poor authors, when the usual accompaniment of an adulatory Dedication to some great personage, was ten pounds. Alas! there is no such thing *now-a-days*. It is well if when dismissed from the audience of the patron, you are bowed out with a little faint praise, and a civil leer. Yet such is the

effect

effect of habit, and so inconsistent is the character of man, that there are no authors of equal celebrity with myself, (hem!) who will condescend to place their works before the public, without a Dedication, or Inscription of one kind or other.

"But as ill luck would have it, my literary pilgrimage has been so long and so extended, that I have exhausted my catalogue of illustrious names, numerous as it was. I am compelled, as the French term it, "*jouer a coupe un,*" in other words, to play alone. I am reduced to the necessity of looking about for somebody who cannot in reason refuse the honour intended; from whom nothing is to be expected but a good-humoured acquiescence in whatever I may choose to say; whose vanity expects no flattery, whose pride can receive no wound.

"Where then can I look with more complacency, comfort, and confidence, than to

"MY DEAR OLD WOMAN?

"Here I may expatiate without fear of interruption, and what is more, without suspicion of my sincerity upon those intellectual qualities, which I have witnessed for almost half a century, growing as it were from a grain of mustard-seed to a tree, beneath whose spreading branches children and grand-children have reposed in security and peace. I might enlarge upon the sagacity which foresaw the approach of human ill, on the discretion which encountered, and on the fortitude which endured it. Yes! the imagination might indulge itself in remembering the delight with which we traversed together, the gay and enlivening fields of youth, and the cheerfulness and composure with which the chilling winds of age were opposed.

"But on this subject it is time to pause, difficult as it is to forego the last opportunity of expatiating upon these fairy visions, the remembrance of which is still so dear.

Mirror of Life, the glories thus depart
  Of all that Love, and Youth, and Fancy frame,
When painful Anguish speeds the piercing dart,
  Or Envy blasts the blooming flowers of Fame.

"To

" To conclude in plain prose. Mayst thou with whom the various incidents of a perturbed life have been participated, the pressure of which has again and again been alleviated by thy sympathy, accept, in no adulatory terms of praise, but in those of sober gratitude and truth, my heartfelt acknowledgments of thy goodness.

" Well can I remember that when thou wast an object of admiration, not to the gay and thoughtless alone, but to the grave, the sedate, and the wise, that no external allurement could ever divert thee from the obligations of duty.

" Nor can I forget that when our earlier career was obstructed by briars and thorns, thy sagacity found means to lessen their asperity, and thy unwearied exertions never failed to facilitate their removal. Surely too, amidst the sufferings and sorrows of repeated sickness, did thy tenderness assuage the pain, and impart the most delightful and salutary balm.

" The

"The first vigour of my warm and youthful fancy was employed in representing the emotions excited by thy presence. The last occupation of my trembling pen, is to offer, with an unfeigned devotion, the solemn prayer, that thy decline of life may be as little rugged and disturbed as the condition of humanity will permit; and so Farewell."



Scilicet hæc stultos mortales fallit inanis
Spes vitæ, doctis eadem indoctisque minatur
Mors tamen, et magno finem impositura labori,
Desidiæ et magnæ.—Nunc si sapis ergo Viator
Vive tibi.

Theodori Bezæ, Juvenilia.



CHAPTER I.

IT is not always that the manuscripts of authors fall into good and faithful hands. He, the substance of whose history is now about to be given, would frequently make this observation, but he little thought what would be the ultimate destination of his own. Our friend was of a character somewhat singular; yet, like most other men, he had very mixed qualities. The world gave him credit for learning and talents; many of his productions were very favourably received, and extensively circulated. He did not, however, so much pride himself upon his reputation, as on the means by which he acquired it. From an humble origin and obscure situation, with many obstructions to remove, and

great difficulties to overcome, he contrived to raise himself to honourable distinction, and might reckon among his acquaintance, at least, a large proportion of those individuals, who in the last fifty years excited curiosity and respect, from their station, their learning, and their abilities. He had substantial reasons to believe that Mr. Pitt thought favourably of him; he was patronized by Lord Chancellor Roslyn; he received kindness from the venerable Archbishop Moore. He expressed himself with emotions of the warmest gratitude towards Bishops Porteus, Barrington, Tomline, and Bathurst. He had frequent and familiar intercourse with the most learned men of his time; with Porson much, much with Burney, not a little with Dr. Parr, some with Dean Vincent, Dr. Maltby, Bishop Burgess, Professor Marsh, Professor Vince. The catalogue indeed might be far, though perhaps uselessly, extended.

Of some of the advantages which such connections promised, he did not avail himself as far as he might; others he turned to the best of purposes. He had always a weak and delicate constitution, which, aided by a sedentary life, excited a morbid sensibility, and occasioned an improper and timid distrust of himself, at times, and on occasions, when he most wanted self-confidence. This nervous weakness, which he often and deeply lamented,

materially

materially obstructed his elevation to situations of honour and of rank, to which certain of his qualifications seemed naturally to point the way, and the avenues to which, might eventually have been facilitated to him, by some at least of his high connections.

Notwithstanding these and other infirmities, a few friends loved him well. Among some of his better qualities, he possessed good conversation talents, talents he used to say not so much cultivated in this country as they ought, since they never fail to produce a powerful impression, and often outweigh more substantial and important endowments. Every man, he would assert, of the commonest observation, if he has lived at all in the world, must have much to remember which deserves communication. He was once urging this in his careless way, when he was reminded by a friend, whose judgment he much valued, that few were better qualified than himself, to produce from what he must have remembered, and was certainly able to communicate, a pleasing and a useful memorial of himself and his contemporaries; their entrance into and progress in life; their pursuits, successes, and disappointments. He promised to think of it, and it appears that he did so.

It is to be apprehended that some untoward circumstances, some mortifications or disappoint-

 ments,

ments, clouds of duskier hue, attended him in the decline of life. He disappeared rather abruptly from among his friends.

> One morn we missed him on the 'customed hill,
> Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
> Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
> Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The circumstances of his death are but imperfectly known. No one was more likely to fall a premature victim to too great anxiety, and it was conjectured that too large a share of it, accelerated his withdrawing himself from the society he loved. Be this as it may: a few months since, was advertised to be sold by auction, at the rooms of a popular auctioneer, under a fictitious name, his well chosen library. Among the books were some manuscripts, which it was thought the family ought to have preserved. One in particular, was a very large Common-place-book, from the examination of which it was evident, that at some period of his life or other, he had meditated the composition of Memoirs of his literary life, with anecdotes of all the distinguished personages, with whom he had lived on terms of greater or less familiarity. But all was confusion; there was nothing like arrangement. In one place, "Anecdotes of Bishop * * * *," in another, "Particulars of my Interview with the Lord

Lord Chancellor." In the very middle of the volume, "A Narrative of my Boyish Days till I went to the University." This last, as far as it goes, seems the only portion of the manuscript, in which any thing like chronological order was observed.

In the hurry of the sale, by some accident or other, this Common-place-book was disregarded, which may in some degree be accounted for from the following circumstance:—Our friend wrote a miserable hand; the rapidity to which he accustomed himself, made his manuscript almost illegible. On this subject he would often tell many facetious stories of himself and his printer. On one occasion he was grievously tormented by a *devil*, at the moment of his being helped to a second slice of venison, (for he loved good eating) who came with two large sheets of copy to beg that he would put dots to his i's. At another time, he was seriously remonstrated with by his printer, a very worthy and primitive sort of man, for being the cause of more profane swearing in the printing-office, than is usually heard at Billingsgate.—"Sir," exclaimed the honest printer, "the moment copy from you is divided among the compositors, volley succeeds volley, as rapidly and as loudly as in one of Lord Nelson's victories." Our friend shook his head, but he was incorrigible. To return to the auction. Several of the company

took

took this said Common-place-book into their hands, but as instantly laid it down again in despair. One person indeed rather maliciously asked if it was Arabic. At length it was put up; nobody bade a sixpence, till a sly old man from one corner of the room who having known the author, recognized his hand writing exclaimed, "I will give a dollar for the chance of making out something." It is superfluous to say, that there was no competition. The old gentleman carried off his bargain without molestation or envy. It was a long time before he could make an iota of his purchase, nor would he perhaps at all, if accident had not thrown him in the way of our friend the printer. This good man recollected, with no small delight, the *Shibboleth* (if such a term may be used to an autograph) of his old but tormenting acquaintance. They accordingly put their heads together, and the Reader is here presented with the result of their joint but continued labour. Labour indeed it might be called, for Porson would sooner have unravelled an Ethiopic inscription, than they were by much exertion, able to decypher a sheet of this abominable manuscript. They succeeded at length.

It is by no means intended on their parts to vouch for the entire authenticity of every fact, and anecdote, and circumstance, which these pages unfold. They however profess, and the printer more

particu-

particularly, such a general confidence in the veracity of their old acquaintance, as to believe that there is no intentional misrepresentation, nor any thing set down in malice. Above all, the most remote idea of inflicting a wound on any person, who may survive to see some slight designation of themselves, is earnestly and emphatically disclaimed.

• Exultat levitate puer.

CHAPTER II.

THE only part of the manuscript, at all Egotistical, is the narrative of boyish days, which has the appearance of being drawn up for the amusement of some intimate friend. It commences thus :—

" I will give the earliest information of myself, that I can remember ; and as I have no motive for misrepresentation, the accuracy of my narrative need not be questioned.

One of the earliest things I recollect of myself is, that I had a certain pruriency of parts, which induced my friends to suppose, that there was something in me, beyond the ordinary level of boys of my age. I fear, however, that the harvest did not correspond with the promise of the spring; or rather, perhaps, that the partiality of parents and relatives, was in the first instance delusive. This, however, was not their fault, for they certainly bestowed upon me the best education, which their means and opportunities afforded. Of the first

schools

schools to which I was put, I remember very little, I fear that I did not learn much: at length I was told that I was to go to a Latin school. I retain the strong impression, that this intelligence electrified my whole frame. A train was laid to my ambition, and I already conceived myself at the very summit of literary honour and distinction. But I was bitterly disappointed; my instructor knew nothing of the matter: he began at the wrong end, and I was plunged into the midst of a crabbed Latin author, without even knowing my accidence. for a time, however, I kept blundering on; conscious to myself, that I was making no progress, and having credit with my master for a large portion of dulness. How long this misuse of valuable hours might have continued, I cannot say; not improbably till I had arrived at the dignity of pounding a mortar, spreading plasters, and compounding medicines. Accident at length removed me to a wider, a fairer, and more promising field. I must however do myself the justice of declaring, that on since looking round me, in a circle not extremely limited, I have never been able to recognize any of the individuals, in whose society I dogs-eared the Colloquics of Corderius, and bewildered myself in the Fables of Phædrus.

An opportunity presented itself of removing me to a remote province, where good education, good air,

air, and kind treatment, came recommended under the sanction of a desireable economy. My hopes expanded, and my ardour increased. I loved my parents, dearly loved them; but I had a certain portion of ambition, which stimulated me to the attempt of rising above the situation in which circumstances had placed me, and I had discernment enough to see, that this could not be done by remaining where I was. I left home therefore with many golden and flattering dreams, and I arrived at the place of my destination, when the Midsummer vacation was about half expended. I had an imposing sprightliness of manner, and a conciliating good humour. The first obtained me a credit which I did not deserve, the latter procured the kindness which as a stranger, I wanted. On being questioned as to what I had read, it appeared that I was seemingly familiar with various books, which intimate a considerable advancement in knowledge. The master predicted that I should be a feather in his cap; my dame was certain that I should cut a figure.

Black Monday at length arrived—the boys assembled. From what they had heard, some were jealous of me, others viewed me askance, and all kept at a distance. I at length stood forth. Alas! it was found that I knew nothing. My master was at first angry, and thought me wilfully per-

verse. He left me for a while; then came to me again- -soothed and cheered me. It was all in vain. I knew nothing. What was to be done? Instead of being placed in one of the higher classes, the master most judiciously determined, that I should begin again, from the very first rudiments. This was hitting the right nail on the head. Every thing went on smoothly. At first I proceeded slowly—perhaps with a little sullenness; but I soon found that I was progressively getting that which I had not—knowledge.

I look back to these enchanting scenes with no ordinary satisfaction. A momentary bliss is imparted by the recollection. Ah! why should they return no more! Then it was, that the heart, untainted by vice, and uncorrupted by the world, expanded itself to the impression of nature's beauties; when the mind, full of hope and ardour, thirsting for improvement, which was every day obtained, indulged in lovely golden dreams of fancy, and constructed imaginary castles, with all the accompaniments of Sylph and Fairy creation. I very soon imbibed a love for reading, which almost instantaneously became a passion. I was voracious. The difficulty of satisfying my appetite in an obscure village of a distant province, remote from any market-town, served but to increase it. The first beginnings of a literary life do not always constitute

the least interesting part of it. Memory delights to retrace a few incidents at this period, the narration of which will at least amuse myself.

I hoarded my scanty allowance to subscribe to a circulating library, which I had heard was to be found at some four miles distance. It was occasionally expedient to send hither, to supply the domestic exigencies of the family. I offered myself as volunteer for all messages, errands, and parcels, and I returned laden with the produce of this contaminated and contaminating receptacle of trash. I had however a friend, whose kindness and judgment preserved me from any mighty mischief. My master had a daughter. It is not impossible that she may yet live, nor is it utterly improbable that she may peruse this narrative. Be it so. I do not less willingly pay the debt of gratitude. This young lady distinguished me above my fellows, cheered me, encouraged my desire for books, directed me in the choice of them, nor did I venture to read any without the sanction of her awful fiat.

Qui semel imbuerit rugas nutricis amabit.

CHAPTER III.

SHALL I say which was the first book that most strongly excited my curiosity, and interested my sensibility? It was Tom Jones. My female Mentor tantalized me without mercy. She would let me have but one volume at a time; and not only would not afford me any clue to the concluding catastrophe, but rather put me upon a wrong scent. Sometimes too when my impatience of expectation was at the very highest point possible, the succeeding volume was mislaid, was lent, was not impossibly lost. However, after a long and most severe trial, after hating Blifil with no common hatred, forming a most friendly intimacy with Partridge, loving Sophia with rapturous extravagance, I complacently accompanied dear wicked Tom to the nuptial altar. I endeavoured of course to procure the other productions of this popular author, but I well remember that I did not peruse any of them, no not within a hundred degrees of the satisfaction, which the Foundling communicated.

The

The next book which chance threw in my way rendered me important service. It enlarged my mind, multiplied my ideas, inflamed my ambition, and gave my curiosity and desire of knowledge, a proper direction. I by accident picked up in a closet, little frequented, the first volume of Pope's translation of the Iliad. It was a mean edition, which I do not remember to have since seen; but it had notes and illustrations, which were to me extremely necessary. It is not possible to express the enthusiasm, with which I hurried through it, nor the anxious impatience with which I hastened to my female adviser to supply the continuation.— Alas! no more volumes were to be found in the house. What was to be done? I could not endure the idea of beginning any other book. I made the attempt, indeed, but it was impossible. My mind was too elevated, to descend from gods and heroes, (from goddesses more particularly, for I adored Pallas) to the humdrum of common authors, and the incidents of ordinary life.

At length my fair friend sent for me, to communicate the joyful and momentous intelligence, that a gentleman, whose residence was a few miles distant from our own, compassionated my distress, and had promised to lend me a volume at a time, if I would take the trouble to walk and fetch them. I hardly stayed to express my thanks: it was asking a very hungry wretch, to feed on the dish most delightful to

his

his palate. I was at the appointed place as expeditiously as youthful speed could carry me. The gentleman was pleased with my ardour, and kindly encouraged it. He conceived a friendship for me, and under certain very proper restrictions, accommodated me with the use of his library.

These were truly Halcyon days, for my friend was a man of taste and talents, and his collection of books proved him to be so. Under such auspices, I essentially increased my store of knowledge. I remember (and the remembrance at this very distant period is still painful) that he was absent once for an interval, to me an eternity, of almost two months. What a dreadful void, and how was I to fill it up? I had exhausted the circulating library above-mentioned, long since. I had read again and again the little library of my Mentor, when in the corner of a village shop, I discovered an odd volume of the Town and Country Magazine. Might I be permitted to borrow it? The nod of assent was a signal to me to hurry home with it as fast as possible. I did not exactly know what to make of it, but it had the charm of novelty, and occasionally at the end of each month's magazine I found some tolerable poetry. By the way, this incident induces me to mention a circumstance for which I could never satisfactorily account. I was, from the first moment of having ability to read, exceedingly fond of poetry, and almost as soon as I could write, made

a com-

a compilation of those pieces which most suited my taste, and best pleased my fancy. I had subsequently read many popular authors, various admired specimens had been pointed out to me, many of them were indelibly engraved upon my memory. I have since composed a great deal in this branch of literature, and some of my compositions have been very favourably received. I attained afterwards a facility of versification, which seems hardly credible. I once in the course of a short day translated an heroic epistle from Ovid. It was printed, and has been approved by scholars. But at the period of which I am speaking, my repeated efforts to write any thing in verse, were ineffectual. My head was stored with poetical images. I had all the ardour of poetical feeling. I had scenes before me calculated to awaken and inspire any spark of genius, however latent ; nay more, I fancied myself in love : but still it would not do. I could not succeed. What I wrote, wanted strength and nerves, wanted rithm, wanted harmony, wanted every thing. How is this to be explained ? I must suppose that I had too great an abundance of ideas, and had not the skill and judgment to arrange them.

The scenes of Elysium which I have been describing, were not doomed to last. What would I not give, once more to see the fields, and woods, and streams, through and near which, with romantic

and unwearied step, I so often wandered, with no companions but my desultory thoughts and unsubstantial visions. Accept, beloved village, this tribute of unaffected gratitude. I left your plains with anguish—I remember them with extacy.

A representation was made by my master, that he saw in me, indications of qualities and talents which pointed to some better station, than that of a village apothecary, and he recommended the sphere of my education to be enlarged; that I should be removed to a great school, and finally to the university. Whether I should have been more useful to the world, or intrinsically more happy in myself, if the humbler path had been pursued which was first chalked out for me, He only knows from whom no secrets are hid. Flattering representations in favour of a beloved and only son, are seldom listened to by parents with a deaf ear; they were cordially welcomed by mine. In the shortest interval possible, the plan recommended for my future instruction, was executed.

Inde iræ et lacrymæ.

CHAPTER IV.

I WAS now placed under the care of a great dragon of learning. My sensations, on my first arrival, at a scene so novel and so strange, cannot easily be expressed. I was long and seriously unhappy. I had so much to learn, to arrive at the level of those who were now my associates, so much to unlearn, to avoid derision and contempt, that my situation was for a time truly pitiable. I was humble, retired, and, as they thought, vulgar; whilst to me, they all appeared insolent, rude, intolerable. I had not been taught, or taught imperfectly, to make Latin verses. This was my first labour, and arduous it was. I conquered, however, the difficulty by perseverance, and became progressively reconciled to my situation. I cannot say more, for perhaps the period of my life, which I look back upon with the smallest degree of satisfaction, is the time consumed in this seminary. Perhaps I should qualify the term, consumed. I became a good scholar, in the ordinary

acceptation of the word, but I by no means passed my time to my satisfaction, and lost, as I then thought, and still believe, no unimportant portion of time, in learning to unravel the complicated perplexities of Greek metre, which after all I very imperfectly understood. I could, however, at the time of my departure, compose in Latin with tolerable ease, read any Latin author without difficulty, and Greek with no great degree of labour. At this place and time, when probably the foundation of my literary character was laid, I have not half so much to remember, at all deserving commemoration, as I have of the hours spent at my remote but beloved village. Two incidents present themselves.

My difficulty in making verses long pursued me. The pains I took to conquer this inaptitude, this stupidity, if you please, were inconceivable; many a severe rebuke, and far worse than rebuke, had I to sustain from my Orbilius. At length my luckier stars beamed upon me all at once, in a manner beyond my comprehension. After being tossed about in a tumultuous ocean, the storm subsided, the clouds dispersed, and I saw land. We had always a double portion of verses for our Saturday's exercise. I am not quite certain that the subject on this occasion was not "Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac." I always went to this task with a heavy

 heart,

heart, but some how or other, for I cannot explain the process, words seemed to present themselves suitable, and in their proper places, and with little or no exertion I completed my number, with an equal mixture of self-complacency and self-astonishment. On the Monday *I showed up*, with greater confidence than I had ever before experienced. The master read my verses, sneered, which he was wont to do, and said nothing. I well knew what he meant, but was not discouraged. I felt within myself, that I had crossed the asses' bridge, and I determined to persevere. I did so, and in the course of the week showed up another and a still better copy of verses. My master, when he had proceeded about half way through them, paused, and looking at me significantly, exclaimed in a half angry tone, Are these verses your own? I replied in a tone which satisfied him of the truth, Yes. I had in consequence, the appellation of good boy, a term very sparingly and reluctantly bestowed.

The other incident was this. I had not yet conquered the difficulty of writing English verse. Indeed I had long given it up in despair. I determined to make another effort. At a certain part of the school we were allowed occasionally to make English verses, instead of hexameters and pentameters; but it was an act of hardihood to do so, for

for the failure was attended with inevitable disgrace and punishment, derision from the boys, flagellation from the master. I resolved, however, to flesh my maiden sword in the enterprize. I succeeded with one single exception. I had my head full of old English poetry, of which I was exceedingly fond, and I unluckily transferred an obsolete epithet from Spenser, to a version of an ode from Horace. It was not unaptly applied, but it marks the extreme shrewdness and felicity with which boys catch the opportunity of conferring a cognomen. It gave me a nick-name, and I could not complain, that it was either absurd or unjust.

I know not whether it be worth the mention, but here it was that I first had lessons in the French language, from a raw-boned Scotchman, whose dialect was as much like the Parisian, as the barbarous vocabulary of Oonalashka resembles the polished language of Moscow.

I would now give the character of my instructor, but as I wish my secret not to be disclosed, I am aware that I must use no common circumspection. I do not now indeed dread the lightning of his eye, the thunder of his voice, or the weight of his arm; but I do not wish the bonds of complacency and civility, so long established between us, to be broken. If any one therefore shall think he can individually apply what follows, be it at his peril, not mine.

My master then, be it known, was a most extraordinary personage; not less distinguished in literature than in politics. Indeed they who know him best, and do not love him least, have constantly been of opinion, that if he had consecrated more of his time to the first pursuit, and much less to the latter, he would have enjoyed a far larger portion both of public esteem and of public honours. As a master, he was severe, wayward, and irregular. What he imposed in the form of exercise, was not always consistent with the time and capacities to be employed. He would, in solemnity of tone and manner, declare from his awful tribunal, that henceforth he should be in the school at six, and punish those who were absent with the utmost severity. He would observe this for two or three mornings, when it passed away like a dream, and was heard of no more.

Prejudice against individual boys, and strong partiality in favour of others, is perhaps in some degree unavoidable, but he did not always take the trouble to conceal or disguise it. I was not in his favour; but at this distance of time, and at a period when no foolish self-love predominates, I verily believe that he had no justifiable motive for his dislike. An anecdote here occurs, not much worth relating, perhaps, except to demonstrate, that confusion and perplexity of countenance and demeanour, on being accused

accused of an offence, do not always demonstrate guilt.

A very reprehensible act of indelicacy had been perpetrated in the apartment of one of the upper boys, such as it might be reasonably supposed no gentleman would commit. It could only have been done by one in the higher part of the school, or by a servant; the lower school was denied the opportunity of access. The upper boys were assembled by the master in his library, a place which none of us ever approached without dismay. After a long preparatory discourse, each was called upon to declare his innocence upon his honour. Why he suspected me, I never could imagine, but he from time to time cast such terror-striking looks on me, that they were irresistible. I declared myself innocent upon my honour, but I was so perplexed and agitated, that I must have appeared guilty to every one but the real culprit himself.

It requires at this moment no ordinary effort of charity and forbearance, entirely to forgive so great an act of cruelty and injustice. The injury done to me was incalculable. It inflicted a deep wound upon my mind; it debased and depreciated me in the eyes of my peers; it checked every ingenuous ardour, and drove me almost to despondency. Every thing unseemly which occurred

after-

afterwards, was imputed to my agency, and my situation became intolerable. I could specify many instances of similar undeserved personalities, but I had justice rendered me afterwards. My Orbilius, at a subsequent period, whether he discovered his error, or found that I was not cast in the mould which he had imagined, made honourable atonement. I accepted it, and peace was made.

And now for the other side of the picture, for the person of whom I am speaking had very contradictory qualities. His taste was exquisite, acute, accurate, elegant, and this he seemed to communicate and inspire. It was really delightful to hear him read, and I do not think that this accomplishment, which is never sufficiently cultivated, can possibly be carried to a greater degree of perfection, than it was by him. He possessed also extraordinary powers of eloquence; his easy flow of words could only be equalled by his nervous, appropriate, and happy disposition of them. He was proud of this talent, and somewhat ostentatious in the display of it. When he gave the upper boys a subject for a theme, he would descant upon the subject in all its ramifications, for the best part of an hour. Very amusing indeed, and instructive also, but somewhat superfluous as to the immediate object, of enabling boys to compose an essay of twenty lines. This gift, delightful as it was, was

accompanied by one evil; when not among boys, it disposed him to disputation, and in disputation no small portion of his life was passed. I cannot say that he was ill-humoured, but when touched, no minister could be more sore. With great powers and great learning, much opportunity and earnest invitation, he has done but little to secure a posthumous reputation. A few disputative tracts, originating in personal and local altercation, some scattered volumes, manifesting his political creed, attachments, and speculations, and a few sermons on particular subjects and occasions, form the entire works of an individual, who might have enlightened, instructed, and adorned society. I know not whether he yet lives. If he shall be removed to a better world—*Requiescat in pace.*

Medioque ut limine curras
Icare, ait, moneo.

CHAPTER V.

IN some interval which preceded my removal to the university, I came in contact with Porson. At a succeeding period of life, I lived for a continued series of years in considerable intimacy with him, but it so happened, that after this our first interview, we did not for a very long time, meet again. It was at the house of a clergyman, whose kindness encouraged, and whose judgment often directed my studious pursuits. I was informed by him that I was to meet an extraordinary boy, one from whom the greatest things were expected, he having already excited both surprize and admiration. I proceeded to the house with emotions of respect and awe, prepared to listen and admire. I was alone with him for an hour: he discovered the greatest talents for silence; I could not get a word from him. After dinner, as I had the prerogative of being older, I tried again; it would not do; he was invincibly reserved, and we parted with little, or rather

rather with no colloquial communication—I, with the impression that he was sullen, which I do not think he was, and he probably with the idea that I was a great chatterer; in which, perhaps, he was not much mistaken. I had, however, sufficient sagacity to discover that he was "no vulgar boy," and I retained this impression so forcibly, that not long afterwards, finding myself in the village where he was born, I visited the schoolmaster who was his first teacher, and made enquiries concerning him. The old gentleman, who joined to his occupation of schoolmaster, those also of exciseman and shopkeeper, was not displeased with my curiosity. "There," says he, "is where Dick used to sit, and this is his slate, but he soon got beyond me." I have more than once mentioned this circumstance to Porson, and he assented to its truth, though I have seen statements of his earlier life, which seemingly contradict it.

At length the momentous period arrived, big with my future fate, when I was to be fixed at the university. I entered upon this career, with all the ardour of hope and expectation, with the resolution to acquire both knowledge and reputation. Alas! a very short interval convinced me how vain and unsubstantial were the dreams I had indulged. Reputation, it appeared, was only to be obtained by the acquisition of a branch of knowledge, of which

which I at present possessed very little, and for which I had rather repugnance than inclination. However, there was no alternative, and I set doggedly about it. I so far succeeded, that at my departure, I did no discredit to the society of which I was a member. At this point, let me be allowed to digress a little on the subject of our universities. They do indeed seem to require a strong and powerful reforming hand.

When an East Indiaman first arrives off the Hoogly river, in Bengal, a crowd of black merchants, and other orientals of various descriptions, hurry on board, as if to seek whom they may devour. One of these gentry will go up to a young Englishman on the quarter-deck, and accost him with—"Massa, what appointment are you come out with?" "I am a cadet." "Oh, Massa, very bad—no gold mohurs—no pagodas—very bad." To another he will say, "Well, Massa, what appointment have you got?" "A writership." "Oh, Massa, excellent good—plenty of mohurs, pagodas, rupees—make me Massa's debash, head-man—Massa want no money—no nothing—Massa pay one time or other."

Well would it be, if when young men first entered at the university, even such a distinction was made, that the poor cadet was left to himself to make his way as he can, and that only the

Massa

Massa writer (alias the known inheritor of wealth and distinction) was encouraged in the career of sensuality and extravagance. But this is far from being the case; and lamentable it is to say, that every young man, without distinction, on shaking off the trammels of school, at his very first appearance in the character of a man, at Oxford or Cambridge, has every facility afforded him to pursue a career of thoughtless expence; nor does he recover himself, if he does recover at all, till remorse harasses his spirits, and fetters every better propensity by the compunctious recollection, that he has involved himself in debts and difficulties, which it must require the exertion and the labour of years to remove.

Surely this ought not to be possible. But where is the remedy, or rather, where the preventive? It is beyond doubt a matter of considerable difficulty; but still something might be done. Something like sumptuary laws might be established to prevent the sons of peers, and the sons of honest commercial persons, of private gentlemen, or of clergymen, from being confounded and immersed in one common vortex of dissipation and expence. I have a letter before me from Oxford, dated Baliol college, 1766, in which a person of considerable experience in that university states, that fourscore pounds a year is a sufficient allowance for a commoner,

moner, but that a gentleman commoner should be allowed two hundred. I had personal knowledge of an individual at Cambridge, the whole of whose college expences did not exceed forty pounds. This perhaps would hardly now be practicable, but surely the heads of the universities, and the tutors of colleges, might, by their firm and salutary interference, prevent such extraordinary and extravagant excesses, as now pollute their discipline, and disgrace their establishment.

Might not parents be protected by a fiat from the caput, from enormous bills incurred at taverns, livery-stables, and confectioners? Might not tutors, without invidiousness, quietly communicate with the tradesmen of their respective colleges, on the subject of the present means and future expectations of the young men under their protection, and thus prevent any great accumulation of credit on one side, and of debts on the other? Might not private dinners in private rooms be strictly prohibited, and the possibility of making foolish, expensive, and pernicious jaunts to London, and elsewhere, be prevented? I am satisfied that something might be done, and I am certain that something ought to be done. I speak feelingly, smarting as I do in the persons of near and dear connections, and knowing no inconsiderable number of parents and guardians who sympathize with me. Formerly, and at the period which

which I am about to describe more at length, I verily believe that, except in the rooms of noblemen, and of a very few young men of great and known hereditary property, the more expensive wines were utterly unknown; whereas, at present, most of the young men have, occasionally at least, their claret and champagne; and a friend of mine shewed me the other day a bill for three months only, amounting to a hundred pounds, for these articles, incurred by a jackanapes, dependent upon the liberality of distant relatives, without a sixpence of his own.

Formerly an occasional excursion to Gogmagog Hills, or on some gaudy day to Huntingdon or Newmarket, satisfied the Cantab's ambition, with the addition of but a few pounds to his annual expences; but now fifty, sixty, eighty pounds a year, run up at a livery-stable, is thought no mighty matter; and sorry am I to say, that the fellows who keep these places, encourage the young men in their extravagance, with the delusive expectation that they will be paid some time or other.

Formerly the collegians met sociably, after dinner in the hall, to drink wine in each other's apartments, and expended two shillings, or perhaps half a crown, on something like a desert, which usually consisted of a few biscuits, apples, and walnuts. Now forsooth, two pounds will hardly suffice for this indul-

gence,

gence, which is carried to a most pernicious and culpable excess: now there must be ices, the most costly fruits, sweetmeats, and the like. The expence of a desert was formerly so trifling, that it hardly came into the calculation of expences. Now it forms a very serious part of a young man's items of incumbrances; and I have seen a bill for this unnecessary luxury, incurred in the period of a year, by a youth whose parents were obliged to practise much self-denial and forbearance to maintain him at college, exceeding fifty pounds. Now ought this to be? And may it not, with a little exertion on the part of the superiors at the universities, in part at least be remedied? I could say much more on this subject, for a thousand abuses, absurdities, and irregularities, press upon my mind, but it is time that I should return to myself, and the *good old time*.

Flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri nec vulnere major.

CHAPTER VI.

ON my first arrival at the university, I felt myself on the wide sea, out of sight of land, with little knowledge of the compass, and in a vessel by no means sea-worthy. Ere long, however, I learned to take an observation; became better acquainted with my real situation, and steered along with tolerable steadiness. I had not, however, been a great while at college, when my bark in a squall struck against a sunken rock, and had well nigh foundered. Two young men of the college, of much higher pretensions than myself as to worldly prospects, of much humbler, perhaps, as to intellectual endowment, offended me by their neglect, and disgusted me by their arrogance. In a thoughtless moment, I inscribed an epigram in one of the chapel prayer-books, so apposite, that it could be applied to nobody else, and so severe, as unavoidably to provoke their indignation and resentment. They

were of some standing, I a raw freshman. The consequence was, that they formed a party against me, and, from the plausible argument that no one was safe from such a talent, so exercised, I was avoided as a dangerous malignant. This affliction (and a great one it was for a time) might easily have been averted, but for the insincerity of a young man, to whom I was more particularly recommended, and who called himself my friend. He was the first, who discovered this specimen of rashness and folly, and instead of erasing it, and remonstrating with me on the danger and impropriety of my conduct, he carried it to the parties concerned, induced, as I am rather inclined to suspect, by some secret jealousy of my supposed superiority in learning, which threatened to interrupt his views. This false friend, for such he was, at least in this instance, has long since been called to the settlement of his last awful account. May he there receive the same unqualified forgiveness for all errors, which he has long since had from me on this account.

The mischief, however, was but temporary, and the advantage was great and permanent. Left in a great measure to myself, I avoided many provocations to expence and dissipation, many scenes of youthful thoughtlessness and folly, and compelled, as it were, to fly for refuge to my books, my mind was soothed,

soothed, enlightened, and improved. I had at length the triumph, and a grateful one it was, to see my acquaintance solicited by those who had disdainfully rejected it, and the tables were so far turned, that the notice was obviously considered as a favour on my part, which would once on their's, have been deemed the extreme of condescension.

Here let me indulge an emotion, pardonable, I hope, of self-complacency. They who from long observation and experience are best qualified to judge of the scope and extent of my talents, (if I may be said to have any) have invariably affirmed that my excellence was satire; that if I had exercised myself in this unlovely branch of writing, I should have obtained reputation. If I really had this quality within me, it was kept where it ought to be—in a napkin. I never gave way to it but in the circumstance above detailed, and in a very few other instances. One was to expose the imbecility of an otherwise truly amiable man. He had considerable talents, some learning, an exquisite taste for music, and most agreeable powers of conversation; but he permitted himself to be hen-pecked by a crabbed old landlady, with whom he boarded, and made himself ridiculous, by the obsequiousness with which he submitted to her caprices. I introduced them in an Amœbæan Eclogue, in which their characters. peculiarities, and foibles, were so

strongly and happily delineated, that every hearer was impressed with the truth of the resemblance, and delighted with the vivacity of the composition.

The other essay was far more important, was studied with care, artfully contrived, and elaborately finished. A man who was my senior in years, and superior in station, had treated me ill, had provoked my resentment, not by one solitary act of oppression, but by numerous marks of enmity and persecution. He had some strong and striking peculiarities and foibles; he had made himself obnoxious in various places of residence, by his insolence of temper, by engaging in personal animosities and squabbles, and by various demonstrations of an arbitrary and tyrannical disposition. To this person I addressed a letter from his Satanic Majesty, thanking him for the services he had rendered the diabolical empire, as exemplified in various overt acts at different places, which I circumstantially detailed and described.

When finished, I invited a confidential friend to hear me read it, and I am, at this very distant period, strongly impressed with his continued exclamations on its force, truth, severity, and humour. He compared it to the best things of the kind in our language, and indeed said every thing which could soothe and satisfy my vanity. When he left me, I began to reflect on what I had done, and its probable consequences.

quences. I examined myself with some severity, and the result was much self-reproach. I had indulged many unamiable propensities—anger, revenge, and every quality which was in opposition to candour and to charity. I threw my satire into the fire, and since that time, though I have had abundance of temptations, I never wrote severe satire.

But to return.—The period of my first appearance at the university was marked by one circumstance unfavourable to my literary ambition. The number of students of my own standing was great, beyond all ordinary precedent, and no small proportion of them were distinguished as well by their literary diligence, as by superior abilities. Many of those who yet remain, are at this moment of the highest reputation, and are displaying their great talents in the senate, and in the highest situations of the bar, and the church; so that my tutor immediately told me, that in any other year I might have expected an exalted situation, but as things were circumstanced, I must moderate my ambition.

Sic neque Peliden terrebat Achillea Chiron
Thessalico permixtus equo, nec pennifer Atlas
Amphitryoniadem puerum, sed blandus uterque.

CHAPTER VII.

WITH the above chapter, Egotism nearly terminates. The remainder of the manuscript consists chiefly of unconnected scraps and memorandums, written with less or greater care, as the subject prompted, or as opportunity presented itself, but obviously with the determination of forming the whole into one connected series, at some future period. The reader will unite, as he thinks proper, what follows with what precedes.

MY TUTOR.

"Of Professor * * * * * there is not any biographical sketch. He was the son of a village blacksmith, nor is he, I verily believe, though now arrived at eminence, at all ashamed of his humble origin.

origin. He discovered, when a very boy, such an aptitude for figures, such acuteness and skill in the combination of numbers, that he was soon recommended to the notice of the clergyman, who, fortunately for my friend, was a man of learning himself, and a zealous encourager of it in others. He assisted in the education of the youth, liberally and effectually, and in due time procured his admission at college. His progress was uniform and auspicious. He distinguished himself far above his fellows, by his mathematical attainments and philosophical pursuits, and received in due time the reward of his diligence and his merits. He enjoyed the highest honours in the power of the university to bestow; he assisted the studies of many of the most eminent men who have adorned, first the seat of Alma Mater, and afterwards, their country; he has enriched the branch of learning which he so successfully cultivated, with some of the most valuable publications of modern times; and he yet lives *, and long may he live, with professional dignity and honourable ease. A word ought to be said of his patron, for I also, in some degree, experienced his kindness.

Dr. C. was a man of no ordinary talents, of extensive reading, and deep reflection. He unfortu-

* It must not be forgotten that this was long since written.

nately

nately bewildered himself in the subtleties of metaphysics, and he had formed some peculiar opinions as to his theological creed; but he was an amiable, excellent, and accomplished man, and was father to a gentleman who now enjoys the very highest reputation in a branch of the medical profession, and who, with his parent, is equally entitled to this tribute of respect. Mrs. C. also, was eminent for her abilities, and, amidst the anxiety of rearing a large family, contrived to amuse herself, and others, by producing some of the best novels in the English language.

Here let us relate an honourable anecdote of this worthy personage. A most singular and eccentric character, who got a very scanty livelihood by teaching the classics and mathematics, (both, it may be apprehended, very imperfectly) used to go to the doctor's house, at the distance of about five miles, every Saturday, and stay till Monday. For what he did, whatever that might be, probably teaching the younger children arithmetic, he professed himself to be perfectly satisfied with the hospitable welcome with which he was received. He abruptly, for some cause or other, discontinued his visits. After an interval, he determined to apply to the doctor for the present of a guinea. Strange to say, (yet many can vouch for the truth of the tale) though he had written a great

deal,

deal, and read more, he had never had occasion, even at the age of fifty, to write a letter, and actually he had never written one. With the assistance of a friend, a letter was sent, entreating the gift of a guinea. Some days elapsed without an answer, and the silence was construed to be a refusal. The silence was however accidental, and a letter soon arrived, enclosing not a guinea, but five pounds, with many expressions of kindness, and assurances of esteem. The object of this bounty was one, who, whatever might be his merits, never made more by his employment than about eighteen shillings a week. A volume might easily be filled with anecdotes of this extraordinary personage, personally known and well remembered by him who records this fact.

But to return to Mrs. C. The titles of her works were, " Fanny Meadows," " The Daughter," " The School for Wives," and " The Exemplary Mother." All these books were written with the ardent desire of promoting the influence of Christian morality; and whoever has perused these productions of her pen, and was acquainted with the virtues of her heart, must readily acknowledge that she exemplified, in every station of life, those characters of ideal excellence which her fancy painted. She will again be mentioned in the progress of this work.

COLLEGE LIFE CONTINUED.

Under the Professor's guidance and instruction, considerable progress was made in mathematical and philosophical studies; and that this must have been done, appeared from his always speaking of his pupil's advancement in terms of strong approbation, and with the assurance on his part, that he entertained no doubt of his arriving at the highest honours. This, however, did not actually happen. His heart was not in these studies; he had a constant hankering after the classics and belles lettres, and again and again detected himself in the depth of old English literature, when he should have been preparing himself for the Professor's lectures. The book which first gave him a taste for old English writers, the poets more particularly, was "Percy's Reliques," which he read over and over again with inconceivable satisfaction.

He was proceeding quietly and happily in this path, when an incident occurred, which disturbed him not a little. He was called upon in his turn, to compose and repeat a declamation in the chapel, and a prize of books was at this precise period, bequeathed by a former master of the college, to the best declamation of the year. This was a great stimulus, and roused all his energies. But his mortification was undescribable, when sitting down to compose on the given subject, he found he could make nothing of

of it. The mind, it is true, was crowded with ideas, illustrations, characters, anecdotes, but he was unable to combine and arrange them. It was still worse when he attempted to express them in Latin. He could make Latin verse readily, and with some degree of elegance. He had indeed written themes, made translations from various English authors; but the thing was totally different: a regular composition of several pages first to be digested, and afterwards recited, seemed to present difficulties invincible. To make bad worse, he had brought with him to college something of a reputation for classical attainment, and at examination first, and afterwards at the ordinary college lectures, he certainly did not lose the footing he had gained. But original composition was a very distinct matter, and more particularly in Latin. The time was limited, the last day came, and he had made very little progress. He however put something together, and with the help of a little self-command, and a tolerably good manner and modulation of voice, he got through better than he expected. He was, however, abashed and ashamed to put the composition into the hands of the tutor, which it was customary to do. It was very indifferent, and at best but English Latin. It must be unnecessary to say, that the declamation prize was not gained this year, but it was the next.

"Here let me speak the truth.—(*Loquitur pro tempore Sexagenarius.*)—I never encountered any literary difficulty in the whole course of my studies greater than that of a proficiency in writing Latin, properly so called. For alas! though I did obtain the prize in the subsequent competition of my brother under-graduates, I think that at this time I should be afraid and ashamed to peruse the successful essay. It must have been from a mere relative superiority, and from no intrinsic merit in the composition itself. It is very singular, but very true, I could read the language with sufficient facility; I could speak it with a sort of fluency, and in my Act, and other exercises of the School, was complimented for this very talent by the Moderator, who was an approved scholar, and was afterwards the author of a popular tract on Greek and Latin metres. Yet I could not catch the idiom—the rhythm was English. At a subsequent period I was more successful, and at length I could write it habitually, with correct and real Latinity. But in the interval, a circumstance occurred which I will candidly relate.

I have written more than one Harveian Oration for different members of the college, who were my friends. I was present at the delivery of the first which I wrote, and so, unluckily, was Sir William Fordyce, a most excellent scholar. When it was finished,

finished, several of the members complimented my friend on the composition; but I had the mortification of hearing Sir William whisper a stander-by, that it was good English Latin. What he said was perfectly true. My next essay was better."

Perhaps it should in strict propriety have been related, that the writer of these memoranda concerning himself, did not proceed to the university wholly unacquainted with mathematical learning, and in justice a tribute of respect should have been paid to one who well deserved it.

There were a number of tradesmen of the middle rank, or rather somewhat below it, who formed a society for their mutual improvement and assistance in knowledge. The very idea implies them to be what they actually were, men of considerable talents; indeed, as well as can be remembered, there was not one among them, who does not deserve a separate memoir. Humble and limited as their education must have necessarily been, the very meanest of them had some knowledge of the classics, or had made some proficiency in mathematics and philosophy. It were to be wished, that more particulars could be obtained concerning them. One was the most extraordinary and eccentric character that ever lived, to whom some slight allusion has been made before. He had been apprentice to a cooper, a private soldier, a journeyman-weaver, and a writer to an attorney; yet he

was a very good Latin scholar, and had attained no contemptible proficiency in Greek; but he was an excellent mathematician, and of no mean acquirements in philosophical knowledge. As his income was of course exceedingly scanty, he made the experiment upon how little he could actually subsist, in case of necessity; and strange as it may seem, he made something less than a halfpenny a day suffice. He bought a farthing's worth of potatoes, and a farthing's worth of salt, and he saved from each day of both, what proved sufficient for his dinner on Sunday.

This, however, was not the person who assisted the Sexagenarian. The name of his friend was Peter B—y. He was what is called a Throwster, of which no further explanation can here be given, than by saying that his occupation was to prepare the yarn for the weaver. His situation was of the humblest kind, but never was there a more acute, intelligent, or able man. His knowledge of mathematics was surprizing; but how he obtained it, nobody could imagine. He was perfectly self-taught, or at least had no better instruction than a common charity-school supplied; and what he might have obtained both of acquirements and celebrity, with the advantages of education, and under more favourable circumstances of local situation, it is not easy to ascertain. Be this as it may, it was impossible

not

not to admire the precision and clearness of his mode of instructing; and the Sexagenarian left him, after spending an hour in the day with him for two or three months, as well acquainted with Euclid and simple equations as it was necessary to be. No mention would have been made of this person, whose memory much deserves respect, but for his mental endowments. He had, however, even after he had passed the middle age of life, most extraordinary agility. He could do, what few other persons would ever attempt. He used to take a few steps, and putting one of his feet against the wall, would turn the other over it, so as to make a complete revolution of his body. He performed many similar feats of activity.

It is not known that any specimens of his talents were printed, except in the Ladies' Diary, to which he was a frequent contributor; and to which, if the reader will refer, if he shall have the opportunity, he will, from about the years 1768 to 1780, have sufficient demonstration, that this venerable and early instructor of our friend, merits the tribute of respect which is here paid him.

Parce venturis, tibi mors paramur,
Sis licet segnis, properamus ipsi.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN this place also, as far as these Recollections can avail, let us rescue from the oblivion it by no means merits, the memory of a man somewhat; as appears from the dates, our friend's junior in standing, but of extraordinary talents, the greatest simplicity of mind and manners; and though of no mean proficiency in classical and mathematical learning, artless, modest, and entirely unassuming. Alas! he died prematurely; and, from the unfortunate bias which he subsequently took, he might probably not have entirely fulfilled the promise of his talents, and the expectations of his friends. His name was G * * *; he was the son of a pork-butcher, but he discovered when a child such acuteness of remark, and powers of reflection, that his parents determined to give him the best education which their humble means afforded.

He

He was unlucky in imbibing his first rudiments. He was placed under the tuition of the eccentric character introduced in one or two preceding passages of this narrative, and to be mentioned again hereafter, who boldly and openly professed not to be a christian, for the most preposterous of all reasons, namely, that the lives of the professors of christianity, did not correspond with its precepts. He did indeed allow a final cause, but his ideas even on this head, were rude, perplexed and confused; they bewildered himself, and confounded others. But the quality by which he was most strongly and peculiarly characterized, and which from principle he communicated to others, was a universal scepticism. His first and last maxim to his pupils was believe nothing but on proof. The effects of this injunction on a mind so constituted as was that of this young man, may be easily anticipated. He doubted of every thing, extended his suspicions to whatever came within the sphere of his observation, and, as far as recollection goes, the impression remains strongly fixed, that he ultimately fell a victim to the gloomy sentiments, which ill-founded notions and prejudices on the subject of religion inspired.

He was recommended to the Sexagenarian by a common friend, an amiable clergyman, and excellent scholar, who for a time directed the

course of his studies, and assisted the young man's literary views. The writer of these memoranda, as appears from his notes, undertook to read with him certain parts of Homer, Horace, and Virgil. It was his custom to interrupt him with perpetual questions, which were sometimes answered to his satisfaction, but often far otherwise; but what was most surprizing, the most animated and beautiful passages excited no emotions of gratification or delight; and on being asked whether he did not admire such and such descriptions, as characteristic of superior genius, he would say, they are very pretty, but what is the use of them? I learn nothing from them; they prove nothing.

With mathematics it was far otherwise. Euclid in particular was the constant theme of his praise and admiration, and his progress accordingly kept pace with his partiality, in this branch of study. In progress of time, he was admitted a member of Pembroke-hall, in Cambridge, where he studied so intensely, that his health was materially injured. Our friend, it seems, saw him but once afterwards; he then retained all his early peculiarities, with a proportionable increase of scepticism, and more particularly so, in what regarded religion. When next enquired after, he was no more. Having an opportunity of visiting the place of his nativity, the friend who writes this record of him, was anxious

to

to obtain some further anecdotes concerning him. But alas! no one was found who had even the remembrance of his name; gladly therefore do we render this imperfect tribute to his talents, his attainments, and his truly amiable manners, bating the waywardness which the extreme singularity of his opinions threw around him, and which to strangers made him appear in a less acceptable point of view.

But it is time to return to the university. According to the manuscript, our friend's studies appear to have proceeded in the even and ordinary course. He got progressively some addition to his stock of knowledge, and his tutor and fellow-collegians anticipated for him higher honours and distinctions than he afterwards attained. He affirms that he was much captivated with the simple but energetic manner of the celebrated Dr. Ogden's preaching; he also occasionally frequented a chapel, where a Mr. Robertson preached, who was a very popular teacher among the dissenters, and who afterwards published various works which were well received: he, however, decidedly gave the preference to Dr. Ogden. He also makes repeated mention of Michael Lort, of bibliographical memory, old Cole of Milton, Masters, the histo rian of Corpus Christi College. Concerning these individuals, we could relate many particulars from

our friend's papers; but the subject has been so ably handled by Mr. Nichols, in his Anecdotes of Bowyer and his Press, that it seems less necessary. The great antiquarian Gough, the very accomplished Michael Tyson, Wale, the artist, &c. &c. came frequently within the sphere of his personal knowledge; but for the reason adduced in the preceding paragraph, we forbear any particular details concerning them. Old Masters, it seems, had a son of singular character, person, and demeanour. He affected, on all occasions, the greatest parsimony as to dress, and other expences; his suit of clothes was made of what the young men of that day called Ditto, as we believe they do still; he knew that his fortune would be considerable, but he preferred living in a garret, to one of the better rooms to which he was entitled; his spoons were of pewter; his tea apparatus the meanest that could be procured; but he was sharp and sensible, and alledged, in vindication of his whimsicality, that he wanted things for their use, and not for show. He would certainly have been distinguished in life by many great eccentricities, but he died prematurely of a consumption.

There was another contemporary of a singularity of character, which seems worthy of being recorded. He was educated at a public school, was a very good scholar, of agreeable manners, and of rigid

accuracy

accuracy as to his moral conduct; but he had the infirmity, amounting almost to disease, of the most invincible indolence. There was no rousing him to exertion of any kind; he could with difficulty be prevailed upon to stir from the precincts of the college; with still greater difficulty it was, that he could be induced to rise in the morning to chapel. He had been expostulated with, threatened by his superiors, and at length was unequivocally assured, that if he did not appear at chapel some morning in the following week, he should certainly be rusticated. Every morning but one had passed away, and he was still not visible. As our friend had an esteem for him, he undertook to call him himself, on the only morning remaining for his probation; he determined to see him dress, and conduct him to chapel. He accordingly went to his apartment in due time; woke, and so far roused him, that he sate up, and began to dress, but very reluctantly. To prevent, as was imagined, the possibility of his lying down again, he took the pitcher of water standing by his washing-stand, and emptied it into his bed. He then went to chapel, expecting him every moment. Alas! he came not.

The writer of these notes afterwards went up to his room, and found him fast asleep upon the wet bed-clothes. The result was, that he was sent

sent from college. On subsequent enquiry after him, it was found that he had got into orders, but that the same unaccountable perverseness and indolence still accompanied him. He would keep the parishioners waiting in the church-yard, till they went away in disgust. It is feared that he was afterwards reduced to great inconveniences, and we believe that he is now dead.

About the same period, the college was electrified by an occurrence which fortunately does not very frequently happen. A young man, of good family and connections, had been admitted from one of the great public schools; but when the day fixed for his leaving his parental house for the university arrived, he suddenly disappeared, to the extreme consternation of his friends. After a diligent enquiry, it appeared that he had been seduced by a notorious beldam of high rank and fashion, with whom he was residing in some remote and obscure place. He was rescued from her temporary grasp, and brought to his destined abode; but his mind was vitiated, and he constantly longed for the gardens of his Armida. No great time elapsed before the sorceress pursued him, and once more caught him in her toils. It is supposed she was tired of him at last, for after a while he returned to his duty, and continued in it without further molestation and interruption; but he had incurred a habit of profuse

expence,

expence, incompatible with his situation, with an aversion to any thing like study or confinement. He obtained, however, by his connections considerable preferment; but we understand that he died at no advanced period. His paramour, we are inclined to think, yet lives, the victim, it may be reasonably supposed, of the bitterest remorse. If her mind should ever wander to the person alluded to above, her sensations of self-reproach will not be greatly palliated.

Qui pectore magno
Spemque, metumque domas vitio sublimior omni.

CHAPTER IX.

IT looks perhaps something like story-telling, but one incident leads to the remembrance of another, and this seems no improper place to relate from our manuscript, a fact, or rather a series of facts, which in hands accustomed to the manufacture of such articles, would make no uninteresting novel.

Among the Sexagenarian's college acquaintance, was a young man of elegant person, manners, and accomplishments. He distinguished himself on every occasion, and left the university with the highest character. As he was our friend's senior, they were not at that period very intimate, but they met, it seems, afterwards in life, and for many years' continued upon terms of cordial friendship. He was invited to an honourable situation in a very

 illustrious

illustrious family, and it is hardly necessary to add, after what has been premised, that he discharged the duties of it, to the entire satisfaction of his employers. He was thus in the progress to all that rank and fortune could bestow, when one of the daughters of the family became susceptible of the very strongest impressions in his favour. What was to be done? To remain in his situation was imprudent; to encourage the too apparent partiality was dishonourable, for marriage was impossible. The matter in a very short interval became so palpable, that it was proposed to him to travel for three years, with the assurance that if he married on his return, a very handsome provision should be made for him. He accordingly went abroad, and was absent for the time specified. Immediately on his return, he formed a connection, in which the heart had not so much to do, as the desire of being honourably settled, and of placing himself beyond the reach of danger and suspicion, from a quarter, to which he still looked with a kind of lingering regret, and from which also he reasonably expected the promised mark of favour and distinction.

In the interval, he and the writer of our MS. encountered one another and renewed their college acquaintance. He visited our friend, and became almost an inmate of his family. They had at this time with them a young lady, of the most captivating manners,

manners, great mental endowments, elegant in her person, and of very considerable fortune. Unfortunately, she also had entangled herself in a connection, in which her principal view was a regular establishment. Her parents were dead, and she boarded, not very comfortably to her views and feelings, in one of those houses where some respectable female receives and protects young ladies of fortune. These ill starred parties, forgetful of their mutual engagements, conceived the strongest attachment to one another, thus placing the Sexagenarian and his family in a situation of the greatest perplexity and distress.—Incidents occurred, and scenes were frequently repeated, which it is not consistent with the object of this narrative to detail and describe; but which would be allowed their full share of pathos and interest in any of the better works of imagination.

After an interval, perhaps somewhat too long protracted, the streams returned to their proper channels.—Their sentiments of delicacy and honour led each of them, to the honourable performance of their first engagements.—The gentleman received the distinctions which had been promised him, but whether from the causes which have been recited above, whether from infirmity of health, or from worldly vexations, it cannot be said, but true it is, that his mind became soured, and his manners captious and irritable.

irritable. In contradiction to his former character of courtesy and kindness, he was always involved in controversy and dispute, and at length died at a premature age, unpopular and unbeloved. Of the lady it is only necessary to say, that she became the amiable mother of numerous children, and for any thing known to the contrary, may yet be alive to peruse this narrative; if she does, she will bear willing testimony to its accuracy.

During his residence in the university, our friend appears to have constantly frequented the divinity schools whenever Dr. Watson presided as Regius Professor. He expresses with great warmth how much he was charmed with the grace of his manner, the dignity of his deportment, the elegance of his latinity, and the fluency of his diction. He seems to have regarded him with awe and reverence, yet he certainly had a certain solemn pompousness of demeanour, which rendered him less acceptable to many.—He was not at the time of which we are speaking elevated to the Episcopacy, but he was soon afterwards. An honest publican, who was his neighbour, in order to testify his great respect for Dr. Watson, took down his long established sign of Bishop Blaize and substituted for it the head of Dr. Watson; a wicked wag of the university, saving his presence, we believe he is now a Bishop, wrote an epigram on the occasion.

Two

Two of a trade can ne'er agree,
No proverb e'er was juster,
They've ta'en down Bishop Blaize do you see,
And put up Bishop Bluster.

At this period also Dr. Hallifax presided in the law schools with great dignity and effect. He was an admirable scholar, and spoke Latin with peculiar facility and elegance. About the period of our friend's leaving the university, he also was made a Bishop, and the edition which he subsequently published of Butler's Analogy, sufficiently demonstrates that those honours were not improperly bestowed. Bishop Watson yet survives; but it is a matter of some regret that none of his friends have undertaken to give a more extended biographical sketch of Bishop Hallifax. He was a very considerable man, of great abilities and of profound learning. He also filled highly dignified and important offices, and it seems unjust that one so circumstanced and conditioned, should be suffered to pass away, without some more substantial memorial of his worth and usefulness, than has yet appeared.

When about half the period of residence at the university had been fulfilled, Mr. Pitt appeared among the students. The great and illustrious Pitt, whose talents, patriotism, and firmness saved his country, and handed down a lesson to Europe, which in the event, preserved that also. But let us forbear to anticipate events and circumstances to which

which the narrative will in due course lead. Let us be satisfied with saying here, that the Sexagenarian well remembered his first appearance at the university. He excited no interest or curiosity from his person or manners. He had even at that early period a certain austerity of aspect, and stiffness of manner, by no means calculated to conciliate on a first introduction. He was characterised by an air of much deeper thoughtfulness than is usually to be discerned in persons so young, and he was very seldom seen in the society of young men of similar rank and situation with himself. His most usual companion was his tutor, upon whose arm he generally leaned. He was remarkable for the plainness of his dress and was, it is known, particularly correct in his attention to the local rules of his college, and to the general regulations of the university. It is also on record, that he lived at inconsiderable expence, an expence which some of the young pert coxcombs of the present day would contemplate with a disdainful sneer.—Poor creatures!—They are generally satisfied with the voluptuous pleasures of to-day; his great mind was probably expanding into future times, and anticipating the period when his genius and talents might have their due and proper exercise upon nations.

Our friend very frequently saw Mr. Pitt subsequently in life, and observed that his external carri-

age and demeanour remained unaltered. Yet he had opportunity of knowing from those who lived with Pitt in the greatest familiarity and intimacy, that in the privacy of retirement, he was condescending and affable, even to playfulness, and would read with glee the lighter kinds of poetry to the ladies.—One expression can never be forgotten, which was used by the man who knew him best, namely, his private secretary.—"Mr. Pitt was so very amiable in private and domestic life, that it was like living with an angel."

So much has been said and written on the subject of Mr. Pitt, that it seems at first superfluous to discuss it further. But these are the Sexagenarian's opinions on this great man.

"My own fortunes were too deeply implicated in his, to pass the æra of his memorable life with very slight mention.—I always admired, and as far as I could, supported his principles.—I exerted all my powers in behalf of the great and anxious questions, which exercised his firm and lofty mind, at the most momentous crisis which, perhaps, this country ever saw; when the acknowledgment of being the advocate of Pitt, and of the measures prompted, guided, and matured by him, was attended with personal risk, or at least with menaces and with alarms. I boast of being one of these same alarmists; but I had noble support and honourable

nourable associates, whose genius, talents, virtue, and integrity, might well endure to be weighed in the opposite scale with those who, perhaps, whilst they felt alarm themselves, from a far different source, affected the language of ridicule, disdain, and security. Their alarm was, lest Mr. Pitt and his band of real patriots, should frustrate the attempts of his adversaries, and save his country. But he did save it; and I humbly and gratefully thank the Supreme Disposer of human events, that I have been permitted to see the successful, the glorious termination, of that wise and sagacious system of politics, contrived by his wisdom, prosecuted by his firmness, and sanctioned by the wise and good of every nation in Europe. With respect to myself I was, indeed, but a very humble instrument, but I played the best part I could, and had the gratification, the happiness of knowing, that Mr. Pitt thought my labours effectual.—That he did think so appeared in the event.—I had substantial marks of his good opinion and friendship."

Multiplicat tamen hunc, gravitas autoris, honorem,
Et majestatem, res data, dantis habet.

CHAPTER X.

MR. PITT'S tutor was so intimately connected with every thing relating to his illustrious friend, that we cannot any where more properly introduce what appears in our manuscript about him. This eminent person's mind is of far too high a stamp to experience any thing like mortification or chagrin at the mention of his origin, and the rank of his forefathers. It has, indeed, been said, that some remoter branch of the family had been of the rank of baronet. Be this as it may, when our friend first went to the university, he spent a part of the day where he remembered seeing the name, connected with some lucrative mercantile concern. This he afterwards found was the father, who, on his son's elevation, retired from business to a very respectable

respectable and comfortable residence in the place where he had lived so long and so reputably; and died not long since, full of years and peace. On our friend's arrival at Cambridge Dr. P. was soon pointed out to him, and he was at first very unfavourably impressed with his forbidding appearance. His countenance was, to his apprehension, strongly marked with harshness and austerity. This idea weighed so deeply upon his mind that afterwards, when in the Senate House under examination for his degree, Professor * * * * * thought he was not likely to have justice done him, and desired Dr. * * * * to see what he could do, he was so much under the influence of prejudice against him that he declined it, to his most obvious disadvantage.

He felt himself, however, bound in duty and gratitude, to acknowledge that never were first impressions more fallacious.—He was afterwards admitted to the Bishop on terms of familiarity, indeed we may say friendship, and a more amiable, courteous, excellent man never lived. But to expatiate on these qualities here, would be wandering from the course. Fortunately for Dr. * * * * *, Pembroke was the college selected for Mr. Pitt's place of education.—The society could then boast of no other person equally qualified to superintend the studies of a youth, so circumstanced, and so endowed. It was perfectly natural, that a great intimacy

should be progressively formed and cemented between the instructor and the pupil, and it is alike honourable to both, that this attachment continued without interruption, to the very last moment of Mr. Pitt's too abbreviated life.

Among his other qualities and accomplishments Dr. * * * * had one, by the exercise of which he had attained the highest distinctions in the power of the university to bestow; and which could not fail of being peculiarly useful and important to Mr. Pitt in his situation of Chancellor of the Exchequer. This was a remarkable acuteness and knowledge with respect to every thing connected with numerical computations.—This talent was of course exercised to good account.—Mr. Pitt was not at all backward in acknowledging the merits of his early instructor, and the claims of his friend. If we mistake not, his first preferment was a Prebend in Westminster; this was not held long, before in quick succession it was followed by a Canon Residentiaryship, a Deanery, and a Bishopric.

In all these situations Dr. * * * * proved himself no indolent consumer of the emoluments of his high offices: a more vigilant, active, useful Prelate never adorned the bench. The able works which he has produced in succession, are to be classed among the most valuable publications of modern times. Not alone useful to students in theology, to

to the rights of the church, and the general interests of literature, they form standard books of reference and authority for all writers on theological subjects, now and hereafter. Perhaps the Refutation of Calvinism is that which displays most effectually the Bishop's powers of argument, extensive reading, and controversial skill. This work has been repeatedly attacked, but never will be answered. They who shall have the charge of pupils intended for the Ecclesiastical profession, never can be said to have discharged their duty, unless they enforce the most familiar acquaintance with, and the repeated contemplation of the Elements of Theology. But we can only touch on these subjects, for having much to say of many, it appears necessary to curtail our friend's memorandums, and be satisfied with giving their substance, even when speaking of those who, like the Bishop of * * * *, would justify long and circumstantial detail.

It has been understood that Mr. Pitt took much and anxious pains to elevate his tutor and friend to the see of Canterbury, and that he would have succeeded, but that the King considered himself as pledged to Bishop * * *. Nobody entertains the smallest doubt that the Archbishopric of York was intended for him, if Lord Grenville had continued in office. It is equally notorious that at the decease of Bishop Randolph, the Bishopric of London

 don

don was pressed upon him, which, however, for various reasons, important to himself and his family, he declined. There is one more fact to mention concerning this distinguished prelate, and we must have done.

A whimsical old gentleman of Lincolnshire, whose name was T——, conceived a great partiality for the Bishop, and principally from his punctual and conscientious discharge of the Episcopal duty. After a few interviews this attachment increased, and he openly avowed his determination to make Dr. P * * * * his sole heir and residuary legatee. But the matter was supposed to be suspended but on a slight thread, for Mr. T—— had done the same by others, and made similar promises again and again. Indeed, if our friend was rightly informed, the circumstance of his tea not being made one evening in a manner perfectly agreeable to the old gentleman's palate, was very near overturning the baseless fabric. He went home exceedingly chagrined and out of humour; but on the suggestion that it was another's fault, and that the Bishop could not possibly help it, he recovered his temper and suffered things to remain as they were. He died, and the property to a very great amount came into the Bishop's possession: the whole could not be estimated at so little as two thousand a-year. One pleasing circumstance attended

attended it: on felicitating the Bishop on an event so highly flattering in itself, and beneficial to his family, his lordship assured our friend, as appears from the manuscript, that there were no poor relations who could justly complain of being injured. This estate, with its appurtenances, has since been settled on the bishop's eldest son.

The Bishop had a brother, of Pembroke college also, who was nearly our friend's contemporary. He had the reputation of talents which had the same bias as those of the Bishop, but he was of infirm health; and at the usual time of examination for degree, he was not able to encounter the fatigues and anxieties of the Senate House, and was accordingly put to his probation, privately in his room. It must have been a vexatious circumstance, for he had so distinguished himself in the schools, that it was generally imagined he would have been the senior wrangler of his year. This honour was, however, well bestowed on a Mr. Oldishaw, a gentleman of Emanuel college, who was afterwards domestic chaplain to Bishop Sutton, and now, if we mistake not, resides on preferment in Norfolk, given him by his patron, where also he has the rank of Archdeacon.

Mr. * * * *, as might naturally be expected, was a participator of his brother's good fortune. He obtained the chancellorship of L——, and a prebend

prebend in the cathedral of N——. He was to have been Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, but this, if our information be correct, was objected to by the king himself, who learning that it might by possibility happen, that the Dean with his brother might form a majority in the chapter, for this, and for this reason only, refused his consent.

Bene ubi quod dicimus consilium, accidisse, hominem cautum eum
Esse declaramus, stultum autem illum quoi vortit male.

CHAPTER XI.

CLOSELY connected with Mr. Pitt and the Bishop, was another gentleman whom, as appears from the manuscript, our friend knew at college, and afterwards with more familiarity on the great theatre of the world. He cannot be more properly introduced than in this place: more particularly as he held a very distinguished situation for a long series of years, and rose finally to worldly prosperity, exceeding that of both his illustrious friends. Mr. ***** was a native of Norfolk. There have been contradictory reports of his parentage; but he was the son of a reputable coal and corn merchant at Colteshall, and who, dying young, left his widow and four small children in very

very indifferent circumstances. The Rev. Dr. * * * * *, uncle to the subject of this article, was at the time of his brother's death, master of * * * * college, and in him, the widow and orphans found a most kind and benevolent protector, for he took them all to reside entirely with him.

Mr. * * * * * received part of his education at the Free School of Norwich, but was afterwards removed to Harrow. He took his degree with considerable reputation, and afterwards, if our friend's recollection did not fail him, had a travelling fellowship. The time, however, came when it was necessary to determine on his ultimate destination in life. It was fixed that he should take orders: this he by no means liked; but he had, however, proceeded so far towards the accomplishment of the proposed object, as to cut off his hair. In this interval he was offered by Mr. * * * of the treasury, a temporary situation as clerk in that establishment.

The moment was peculiarly auspicious: Dr. P. who was then private and confidential secretary to Mr. Pitt, wanted some assistance, and Mr. * * * * * was recommended for the purpose. When the Bishop retired, Mr. * * * * * succeeded to his situation about Mr. Pitt's person, and remained in it as long as Mr. Pitt continued to discharge the functions of prime minister. The inference in favour of his abilities, integrity, and other merits, must be sufficiently obvious.

vious. Mr. Pitt, though it must reluctantly be confessed that he was never very forward in encouraging the labours, or promoting the interests of literary men, was never backward in conferring marks of his liberality and esteem on the individuals to whom he was attached, and whose abilities he exercised. Mr. ***** had various places of honour and emolument bestowed upon him: he was secretary to Mr. Pitt as Governor of Walmer castle; he was Receiver General of Stamps; he enjoyed a lucrative appointment in one of the West India islands, we believe Jamaica; he was paymaster of the out-pensioners of Chelsea, which appointment was subsequently extended and improved, by being made to comprehend the Irish Pensioners resident in this country. Mr. *****'s flow of worldly prosperity did not, however, terminate here: by his first wife, he obtained very considerable property. On her decease he married Miss C——, a relation of Lord S——; with her, it should seem, he has not succeeded to less than one hundred thousand pounds. He purchased at Newport, in Essex, the splendid seat of the Hon. Percy Wyndham, formerly belonging to the Marquis Thomond. Here he enjoys, with an amiable wife and a numerous family, the real *otium cum dignitate*.

In different conversations which the Sexagenarian had with him on the subject of Mr. Pitt, he uniformly

formly had occasion to conclude, that this truly great man was as amiable in private and domestic life, as he was wise, magnanimous, and sagacious in the conduct of public affairs. He was exceedingly attached to every individual of his family, and to the last hour demonstrated the most dutiful and pious reverence to his mother. Our papers contain one anecdote of him, in which his temper must in some degree have been put to the test. Mr. ***** lived in a street remote from the treasury, and used to go every day at ten o'clock to the Minister's house in Downing-street: one morning the Secretary unfortunately lost, as he supposed from his pocket, on Constitution Hill, Mr. Pitt's bunch of private keys. The consequence was, that all business was suspended till every lock was forced, and new locks and keys provided. Mr. Pitt, however, did not demonstrate the least ill humour or chagrin.

Tout ce qui luit n'est pas or.

CHAPTER XII.

INTIMATELY connected with the above distinguished personages, but more particularly with the Bishop of * * * * *, was * * * * * * * * * * * * *, the first and present Bishop of ———. He, I should think, will not feel a false shame in being classed among those who, having nothing to boast on the score of their birth, make their way to a situation of eminence and honour, by the exercise of laudable industry, and no inconsiderable abilities. What his father was, does not appear, nor is it of consequence. He was, when young, dependent upon an uncle, who was a respectable attorney. His first destination was for trade, and he was bound apprentice to a grocer, in which situation the Sexagenarian had seen him employed; but he had a taste and talent for more exalted things than weighing plums, and breaking sugar, and had also the good fortune to have his wishes seconded and promoted by his kind relative. He was admitted of * * * * * college,

lege, where he took his degrees with much credit. After taking orders, he returned to the Provincial town, where his friends resided, and from whence he discharged the humble duty of a curate in various neighbouring churches. He was at length a candidate for a preferment, the appointment to which was vested in the parish, and after a strenuous opposition he succeeded. There was a decent house, and an income perhaps of two hundred pounds a year, and probably at that period, the utmost of his ambition did not soar to any thing much more elevated. At this crisis, most fortunately for him, his friend, Dr. P. was placed on the bench of Bishops, and immediately nominated Mr. ********* to be his domestic chaplain.

The brightest prospects now opened to his view, nor was he disappointed. His first preferments were two good livings in * * * *, in the vicinity of the bishop's residence, to which was afterwards added a Stall in the Cathedral. It appeared about this period to government, to be expedient to fix an ecclesiastical establishment in the province of ——, of which a Bishop was to be the head. The intimacy between the Bishop of L. and the Prime Minister still, indeed always, continued, and his recommendation of his friend and chaplain, to fill this eminent office, was accordingly accepted. Dr. ********* was consecrated Lord Bishop of ——, with a noble salary, afterwards increased

to

to 3000l. a year. Here perhaps he still continues, in the useful and honourable discharge of his high functions. It has been doubted, by those who knew him best, whether this splendid banishment was exactly in consonance with the Bishop's natural propensities. He was, as a young man, of an elegant taste, fond of society, and particularly of female society; attached to the belles lettres, and no contemptible poet. It was a strong contrast to these habits and propensities, to assist in the illumination of Esquimaux, Cheroquees, and their Squaws.

Dr. * * * * * * * * has appeared before the public as an author, but principally as a writer of poetry. Whilst resident at Cambridge, he published a quarto tract of poems, sufficiently elegant, but somewhat of too amatory a cast. He had a peculiar turn for epigrammatic writing, and there are preserved in our manuscript, one or two which probably never have been printed; the insertion of them may tend to enliven our narrative.

About the period before alluded to, an ingenious blind man made his appearance where the Bishop then resided, and, as he had done in various other places, undertook to give philosophical lectures. His name was Moyes, concerning whom, more particular accounts than we are able or desirous to give, may be found, it is believed, in the Gentleman's Magazine, and other periodical

periodical publications of the day. It was a very fashionable thing, and particularly among the ladies, to attend his lectures. Their tender sympathy was excited towards him, from the circumstance of his blindness; but he was also of a goodly form and countenance, lively in his manners, eloquent in his delivery of his lectures, which he also contrived to season with surprizing narratives and amusing anecdotes. One of the hypotheses upon which he chose to dilate, was that of latent heat in bodies. Our lively friend, for such he was then, and probably still continues, availed himself of the popular malady, to produce the following epigram.

> Blind Cupid, tired with his celestial joys,
> Descends to earth in shape of Dr. Moyes,
> With ——— dames delights to take his seat,
> And fires each female breast with latent heat.

In the same provincial town was established a Catch Club, of which the members were each and all of them, of great musical and vocal accomplishments. Our Sexagenarian seems to have known them well, and had often been delighted with the exertion of their talents. Unfortunately, from some trifling cause or other, a violent schism took place among them. Dr. then Mr. * * *, did not lose the opportunity of exercising his sarcastical weapons, and the following jeu d'esprit was circulated.

Tis

'Tis said that affected by fogs of November,
The Catch Club is in a sad case,
But by losing in time every mortified member,
The body's recovering apace.

Were the attempt to be made either by hunting among the loose pages of our manuscript, or by local enquiry, it would be easy to get together a great many of these trifles; but these may suffice. Some of the venial levities of younger days, promulgated by another Bishop, will be introduced elsewhere. But there seems to be here, somewhat of a deviation from the regular path; and the manuscript appears in danger of entangling our eccentric friend amid the wilds of Canadian forests, or bewildering him in the crowd of his ecclesiastical superiors.

At the period, to which his notes have thus far conducted him, it must be remembered that he merely is seen as an humble under-graduate of Cambridge.

Ridiculus sermo cui vita rebellis abhorret
Ergo cave Doctor dissonus esse tibi.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER some pages of erasure, and scraps not exactly intelligible, we again meet with some connected paragraphs. What follows seems a detached memorandum, relating principally to a character well known, and highly respected, in his day; and we therefore give it in our friend's own words.

"The interval between a young man's earliest admission at the university, and the taking of his first degree, can hardly be expected to involve may matters of importance. At a remote period, and when we are far advanced in life, so far, that its close becomes almost discernible through the gathering clouds, memory delights to dwell on scenes that are past, and meditation lingers on the different individuals with whom we started in the race together, whose loss we deplore, or who yet fill stations in the world within the reach of our observation. A Sexagenarian must necessarily have many to lament, and others who, though they have

not

not prematurely disappeared, so far excited his attention, or interested his feelings, that he looks back to them with a mingled regret and esteem.

"I had occasion, during my progress to my degree, to consult a physician, and I was directed to Dr. Glynn. He was a most singular, eccentric character, but had many amiable qualities, and was a learned and accomplished man. Detached anecdotes of him may be found in various publications, but I have often lamented that no authentic and more circumstantial account of his life and manners has been given, by some familiar and intimate acquaintance. He was not always disposed to admit patients, and I well remember that when I first waited upon him, I distinctly heard him pacing up and down his room, spouting Greek. I knocked two or three times, but no notice was taken. I became impatient, and fancying my case to be one which would not admit of delay, with a venial eagerness I should hope, I repeated my knocks. Again no notice was taken. At length, I ventured to open the door, and, to my great consternation, found the old gentleman still traversing his apartment, and spouting aloud. On my entrance he stopped, and somewhat harshly demanded my business. I threw as much obsequiousness into my manner, and as much of a supplicating tone into my voice, as I could, and he was so far softened, that he asked

 me

me to sit down, and listened attentively to my case. He was afterwards kind to me, and called at my rooms more frequently than perhaps was necessary, as far as malady was concerned. I learned also from my tutor, that he would accept of very little as a compensation for his trouble, for physicians' fees were then paid by the tutor; of the present practice I know nothing. I remember that his first and greatest favourite was Juvenal, the whole of whose writings he appeared to have at his fingers ends. He certainly must have written many things worth preserving, for the mind which could have composed so beautiful an Essay as the lines on the Day of Judgment, to which the name of Dr. Glynn is annexed in Seaton's Prize Poems, must also and successfully have been exercised on other subjects of literature.

" I think it was during my residence, that he took the name of Cloberry, in consequence of the will of a relation, who left him his estate; but I do not believe that he was ever so called by any resident member of the university, all of whom seemed to recognize something of agreeable and affectionate familiarity in the appellation of Dr. Glynn. It should be added, that in contradiction to the distance and austerity, in some degree necessary, perhaps, to the heads and seniors of a university, Dr. Glynn was remarkably kind and obliging to his juniors,

juniors, and would often invite young men to his apartments. I wish I could remember more particulars concerning him. I know that he assisted both Mr. Bryant and Mr. Mathias in the Chattertonian controversy, but all my enquiries have not enabled me to discover whether he was the author of any other literary productions. Every person will remember the affectionate tributes to his merit, which appeared in the Pursuits of Literature."

Si duceris ira
Servitii patiere jugum, tolerabis iniquas
Interius leges, tunc omnia jure tenebis
Cum poteris rex esse tui.

CHAPTER XIV.

GILBERT W.

THE name of this personage occurs in various parts of our manuscript; but the scrap which follows, did not seem unworthy of insertion, and appears to have been drawn up with some care and pains.

The celebrated Gilbert W. was also a contemporary. He has written his own life with some diffuseness, and he who writes this account is not disposed to controvert any of his assertions, as they relate to himself. With respect to others, the case is very different. He viewed every body, who at all presumed to have opinions opposite to his own in matters of religion, politics, or literature, with a jealous and a jaundiced eye; nor could it be easy in the common

common intercourse of life, ever to meet with a man in these instances so inflexibly pertinacious. Our friend, it seems, and we use nearly his very words, knew him on his entrance into life. He knew him in life's progress, knew him till within a near period to his dissolution. He was invariably the same; petulant, fond of dispute, impatient of contradiction, and estimating every one's talents and merits merely as they harmonized with, or opposed his own prejudices and propensities; yet, in his character and conduct, he involved this singular contradiction—his demeanour in private society, was mild and urbane, and certainly unprovoking; but the moment he took his pen in hand, he appeared to divest himself of his customary garments, and to clothe himself in storm and tempest, hurling his thunderbolts like another Jupiter from Ida.

His first appearance in the schools at Cambridge can never be forgotten. He had excited a general opinion of his superior abilities, and as his waywardness of temper was also universally known, curiosity led numbers to hear him when he had to sustain the character of Respondent against three Opponents. All were surprized at his acuteness, and admired his dexterity, but all were offended with his petulance, and indignant at the asperity of manner, with which he seemed to browbeat the Moderator. Most of the auditory in appearance

had made up their minds, that he was a man not to be beloved, but that he would certainly make some noise in the world.

Our friend further writes, that in a very short interval after this public exhibition of his talents, he met him at the rooms of a common acquaintance. He warmly expresses the astonishment he felt at perceiving the same man, whose external carriage and demeanour had in public so excited displeasure, enter into conversation and argument with a sort of mildness, which by the contrast looked like affectation. But thus it always was, and this justice is willingly rendered him; that however reprehensible his public principles, his asperity in political animosities, his want both of temper and judgment in his criticisms, his pertinacity of opinion, and the total absence of candour, nay, it may be said, of charity, in his measuring all virtue and all knowledge by the standard of his own prejudices—yet when seen in the bosom of his family, he certainly appeared to conduct himself with the greatest mildness. Nor did we ever hear of but one assertion to the contrary, but this is of such authority, that it is impossible not to yield it our assent. A learned and amiable judge, after the business of the assizes was over, paid a visit to Dorchester jail, at the time when W. was there, most justly suffering the penalty of an atrocious and abominable libel. He had

not proceeded far into the interior of the prison, when he was annoyed by the loud complainings of a boy, apparently suffering from a severe beating. Upon enquiry, he found that it was Mr. W. inflicting parental and perhaps salutary chastisement, on his son. Allowance may, however, be reasonably made for the circumstances in which he then was placed, and which might have a tendency to sour the benignity of his temper. The impression, however, upon the amiable judge was, that such behaviour did not seem quite in character with the avowed principles of this friend of human kind, this perpetual exclaimer against war, and of every species of severity of man against man. The above anecdote was communicated by the judge himself, who witnessed the incident, and the gaoler said it was a daily occurrence.

His system of educating his children was certainly a little singular; but as it is only in part detailed in our manuscript, it is impossible to decide peremptorily upon its merits. One thing is thus specified :—" Calling upon him one morning when he resided at Hackney, I was shown into his library; I there found him standing over one of his daughters, who was not more, apparently, than fourteen; she had a volume of the octavo edition of Clark's Homer before her. On my expressing some surprise, he desired me to examine her in Greek. I did so; she

she read a few lines very readily, construed them without hesitation, knew the derivation of the more complicated words, and discovered a familiar acquaintance with the Greek syntax."

We have since heard that this young lady has invariably been of the most amiable character and manners, and filled a very useful and honourable station in society.

Our Sexagenarian had at different times intercourse by letter with W. and though they were notoriously and avowedly at variance, upon many essential and important matters, they lived for a time on terms of remarkably good fellowship. It was at length violently broken asunder by W. never to be renewed, and by the following occurrence. Our friend, as he represents the fact, had been for some time engaged in a literary work of considerable extent, and among other communications which he received from different friends, Mr. W. accommodated him with a few memoranda. We are willing to give any share of blame to our friend, which the severest reader may think proper to impute to him; but on the publication of this work, the few notes transmitted to him by Mr. W. did not appear of sufficient importance to demand, or to warrant, specific acknowledgment. He, however, thought far otherwise; and, in the first ebullition of his indignation, wrote the following curious epistle;—

"Mr.

"Mr. W. has seen Mr. ——'s last publication, in which, among other acknowledgments, there is no mention made of Mr. W.'s assistance. Mr. W. therefore sets down Mr. —— for a complete barbarian, as actuated by some church and king motives, all of which, God be thanked, are coming to a speedy issue in this country."

It may be asked of those who undertake to be the advocates of G. W.'s tenderness of heart, and benevolence of conduct, by what feelings he could possibly be influenced, when he wrote the above note. What could he intend by the sentence, "influenced by some church and king motives, all of which, God be thanked, *are coming to a speedy issue in this country*."

As Dr. Johnson observed of Andrew Millar, when told that on receiving the last portion of the manuscript of the dictionary, he thanked God he had done with him (Johnson); so it may be observed in the present instance. But for what could W. thus piously thank his Maker, unless for the hope which he enjoyed by anticipation, that he might see the church overturned, and the king destroyed; which, as these things could not be accomplished without many scenes of bloodshed and misery, must seem alike creditable to the piety and humanity of him who prayed thus with himself.

A mutual friend, who had much influence with our Sexagenarian, and apparently possessed the same

same with W., kindly undertook to heal the breach; but it would not do—he was implacable—and the Philanthropist never forgave or forgot the supposed injury.

Of Porson there will be occasion to say a great deal in another place, but we are anxious to rescue his memory from an injurious and unjust aspersion cast upon it, in W.'s Posthumous Letters to Mr. Fox. We shall then have done with Mr. W.

In those letters W. undertakes to give a character of Porson, who, by the way, had always a contempt, which he was at little pains to conceal, for W.'s critical abilities. In this character, it is lamentable to say, there is more truth than could be wished; but when it is affirmed that Porson was dull in conversation, it may be maintained that W. knew nothing of the man. If it be true, as perhaps it may, that Porson never spent but one day at W.'s, it appears from his notes that our friend spent that day with him, and accompanied him thither. He well knew Porson's sentiments of their host, and thought that he rather exerted himself more than usual on that day, and that the conversation on all sides was lively and interesting. Be that as it may, Porson could on no account be represented as dull. If he did not like his company, he would perhaps be silent; but whenever he did say any thing, they must have been dull hearers, who did not immediately discern rays of intel

intelligence, acuteness, and information, whatever the subject introduced might be. It is extremely difficult to account for W.'s thus committing himself on the subject of Porson, and for his asserting what he must have been conscious at the time, it was in the power of so many persons living, to contradict and refute.

On the whole, perhaps, the biographical sketch which W. has given of himself is agreeable enough, for it can hardly be expected that an individual should exhibit a representation of his own infirmities and defects. Our friend certainly retained no particle of enmity against his memory, but there are memorandums before us, from which it appears that the venerable Sylvanus Urban, Gent. has at different times received letters from W. of which the spirit was to the full as harsh and acrimonious, as that which has been transcribed above.

Ω μῆτερ ικετευω σε μη πισειε μοι
Τας αἱματωπους και δρακοντωδεις κορας.

CHAPTER XV.

WITH respect to what follows in the pages immediately succeeding, he who undertook to select from, and place in something like order, the scraps and memorandums of the Sexagenarian, confesses that to him the whole is perfectly unintelligible.

But as it is not ill written, and certainly alludes both to some extraordinary personage and very particular events, it is inserted for the exercise of the sagacity of contemporaries, if any shall yet remain, who can break the sphinx's head.

" How can I entirely pass over, or in what terms shall I reveal one of the most singular and extraordinary facts that ever occurred, but which in my time excited an universal fermentation in our university. A thousand feelings press upon my mind at

at the remembrance of it, each and all tending to restrain my pen from diffuse or circumstantial description. A star appeared in our horizon, brilliant as the sun of the morning;—in a dire moment, when every eye was expecting its increasing splendour, it suddenly sunk in night:—but the night was not eternal—the star rose again—it still illuminates our extensive sphere. I myself have repeatedly basked among its rays, and enjoyed its genial warmth.—The phænomenon exhibits one of those very rare instances, where the steady exertions of diligence, prudence, and circumspection, aided by talents, and directed by genius, rise superior to the enormous pressure of disgrace and contempt: where a secret and latent vitality lurks in the sap of the blighted rose tree, which being transplanted to a genial soil, a balmy air, duly watered and carefully watched, the principle of life slowly and gradually circulates and ascends, and the senses are finally charmed and delighted with fragrance and with beauty. I forbear to say more, but may in this place not improperly introduce the following anecdote.

"A young man of the college remarkable rather for his knowledge of dogs and horses, than for the brilliancy of his literary attainments, had incurred the displeasure of his tutor. He was sent for to the tutor's apartment, and after much expostulation and

and remonstrance, a Spectator was put into his hands, the longest paper selected, and he was ordered, on pain of rustication, not to leave his rooms till he should have rendered it into Latin. On his return, in no very cheerful mood, he found in his rooms *a friend.* He immediately began his melancholy tale. "Here," said he, "am I to be confined till the vacation, for it will take me at least till that time, to complete the abominable task of translating this eternal paper into Latin." His friend desired him to compose himself, to sit down, take pen and paper, and write as he dictated. He did so, and in an inconceiveably short space of time the task was accomplished. He did not, however, venture to take it to the tutor till the day following, and very great astonishment was even then expressed at so early an execution of what had been imposed. The young man departed in high glee; but he had not long been gone, before he was hastily sent for again. "Young man," said the tutor, "do not make bad worse, by telling me a falsehood. I well know that this exercise is not of your own composition; but I insist upon knowing who did it for you." Thus on compulsion the name of the real author was of necessity revealed. The reader may guess the rest. It was an early effulgence of that same brilliant star, which set for a time to rise again with renewed and extended radiance.

" The remembrance of this tutor excites a sigh of deep regret. Nature on the score of genius had done a great deal for him, study more. He was a philosopher, a poet, well acquainted with the classics, an excellent linguist, a truly accomplished man. Remarkable for his kindness to his inferiors, more particularly so to those under-graduates whose means did not allow them the opportunity and advantage of private tutors. To such, even beyond the precincts of his own college, he would himself supply the deficiency, without hope or prospect of any compensation but their gratitude. How shall I relate the sequel. He has long ceased to animate and enliven his friends, who loved him. He was, I fear, too ardent a votary to that power, who of all the fabled divinities of Greece and Rome, treats his followers with most unkindness, who repays their libations with malady, their songs with degrading infirmities, their triumphs with defeat.—Peace to his ashes.—If ever man deserved a tear of sympathy, it was * * * *."

On peut trouver des femmes qui n'ont jamais eu de galanterie; mais il est rare d'en trouver qui n'en aient jamais eu qu'une.

CHAPTER XVI.

A PORTION of the Manuscript now presented itself, not a little perplexing from the frequent erasures and interlineations, whilst not seldom, these were a second time crossed out with the pen, as if the writer could not exactly make up his mind, whether the incidents noted should remain at all, or in what terms they should be expressed. Thus, for example, by holding up the paper to the light, the words "College Pranks" were with some difficulty discernible. These had been erased, and for pranks, the word "Vagaries" was substituted. This word also had been rejected, and, as appeared from the ink at no great distance of time, "College Follies" was inscribed in a larger hand, as if intended for the head of a chapter.

But

But of these "Pranks," "Vagaries," and "Follies," there were not many which seemed recorded for any other purpose than for the moralizing sentiments and reflections which seemed to have accompanied the recollection of them. The anecdote which follows, from the warmth and earnestness which the partly pleasing and partly painful remembrance, evidently excited in the writer, must long and sensibly have occupied his mind. It is communicated in substance thus.

After about a year's residence in the university, an accident introduced him to the society of a lovely young widow, whose brother was a respectable tradesman, but had occupations which occasioned him to be much absent from home. His sister kept his house, and in her brother's absence had many lively parties, composed principally of females of the better class in the mercantile line, and of young gownsmen. He frequented her society, till a very strong attachment was mutually formed and avowed. Marriage, as it would have been the utter ruin of both parties, was never mentioned by either, but a tender and affectionate intercourse took place, which had subsisted for many months,—[Here the manuscript has such blots and erasures, that many lines are totally illegible.]—The narrative is afterwards thus resumed:—In absence they corresponded for a

long time with the most unabated attachment, when at length, (for tenderness is sharp-sighted) our hero fancied he perceived the style of his widow to be somewhat colder. Her letters were less frequent; they now contained excuses for their brevity, and after a while they were altogether remitted.

What he suspected had actually taken place, as he had ample testimony on his return, after the long vacation in October. A young man, somewhat above his standing, who was remarkable for his personal confidence, for his wit and humour, and above all, for his gallantries, had addressed himself to the Fair Inconstant, even before she had known him who now complained of her perfidy. He failed, however, in his attack at this time, and better fortune hailed our friend. The connection upon whom the new gallant was dependent, and with whom he lived, (a learned and venerable clergyman) was compelled by circumstances to reside principally in the university. He artfully availed himself of this opportunity, and of her lover's absence, to renew the siege, and after close and continued assaults, he supplanted his rival.

After some desultory remarks on female vanity and fickleness, of no great interest or importance, the subjoined words occur in the margin in the form of a note, and evidently were written in a long interval of time after the anecdote itself.

The

The sequel of the story of this my successful rival is not a little whimsical, nor can a greater contrast be imagined between what he was, when he contended with me in calling

> Eyes, which are the frailest softest things,
> Tyrants—Butchers—Murderers—

And what he is now; between the levity, facetiousness, and improvidence of his youth, and his present severity, loftiness, and pride. That all should acknowledge and lament youthful indiscretions, should exhibit a contrary conduct, and, by example, encourage the young and the thoughtless to decency and rectitude of demeanour, is expedient and wise; but surely it is not amiable to be cited as an exemplar of rigorous austerity, of inflexible tenacity, with respect to the obsequiousness of inferiors; of a too severe exactor of penalties, inconsiderately incurred by the want of reflection and experience. Such a transition, from contemplating with delight "eyelids where many graces sate," to minute and aristarchical animadversions on youthful freaks, might, one should suppose, have been somewhat checked by the knowledge and conviction, that there are still in circulation, composed by this now greatly exalted personage, Poetic Trifles and Levities, of which the mildest repre-

 sentation

sentation that can be given is, that they are prodigiously amatory. But let this pass; this man is now * * * *.

Here again is a considerable hiatus in our MS. but it is impossible not to smile at the anecdote which succeeds, of which the substance is this :—

One of the tutors of the college was far from being popular, and the principal reason seemed to be, that he was what was then denominated "a Tuft hunter;" that is, one who prefers the society of a peer to that of a commoner, a lord to a baronet, and proportions his obsequiousness in an exactly graduated scale of rank and dignity. It was understood that his Reverence was to dine with a young nobleman, more remarkable for the quantity of claret he could exhaust,, than for the brilliancy or variety of his intellectual attainments. The opportunity was accordingly taken to screw up his door so very securely, as to render admission by it impossible till the morning. Let the reader judge of the sensations, wrath, and indignation of a very pompous man, returning at a late hour of the night, with perhaps as much wine as he could decently carry, in vain attempting to procure entrance to his apartment. After some persevering exertions, which were ineffectual, the porter was summoned, and with due examination, aided by numerous lights, the mischief was discovered. The conspirators,

conspirators, who affected to be roused from their beds by the noise which the catastrophe occasioned, assembled, with well-feigned commiseration, and with professed eagerness, to assist, and ultimately enjoyed the wicked satisfaction of seeing their plot fully accomplished, by assisting the unlucky and *ill-starred* tutor to get admission to his rooms, by means of a ladder placed against the window.

The above nobleman, by the way, ought not to be passed over without a little further notice. He so far forgot in subsequent life the dignity of his elevated station, as to play the part of Pandarus to one greater than himself. The beauty, however, of the lovely object in question, proved so irresistible, that he fell a victim to it himself, and betrayed the trust reposed in him. The circumstances have since been partially related by the lady herself, and the whole would involve sufficient materials for a most curious novel.

Vidi jam juvenem premeret cum serior ætas,
Mœrentem stultos præteriisse dies.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE good humoured manner in which our Friend relates a jest, successfully practised upon himself, shows that he enjoyed it almost as much as they who contrived it. He received a card from a young man, of higher rank and connections than himself, from whom he had just reason to expect such an act of civility, in return for some good office which he had, before he arrived at the university, an opportunity of rendering him. He accordingly accepted of the invitation to supper, which the card conveyed, and went at the appointed time. On his arrival, he was introduced to a large party, all of whom were perfect strangers to him, and appeared to look so strangely and coldly upon him, that he began to suspect what was really the case, that the invitation was a forgery, and that it was intended to laugh at him.

him. He made an effort to retire, but was prevented, and after a short interval, joined heartily in the laugh against himself.

It appears from a loose memorandum, that our friend, notwithstanding his systematic regularity, and rigid attention and conformity to College discipline, had once a very narrow escape from incurring the severest censure of his superiors, from which accident alone preserved him. A thoughtless young man, of very eccentric character, had most improperly introduced a female of degraded fame and manners into his apartments, and with equal indiscretion had supplied her with liquor till she became ungovernably intoxicated, nor was he himself a great deal better. About midnight, he so far recovered his recollection as to wish to get rid of his unruly guest. This, however, was no very easy task. She refused to depart; and when with some violence he had got her into the quadrangle, she began with most vehement screams to utter the cry of murder. In this dilemma, the young man went and called up our friend, who with more good nature than considerateness, rose to assist him. The woman continued screaming, and when the tutor and some of the fellows appeared to see what was the matter, no other young man was visible but the subject of this narrative, pulling the young woman with difficulty along to the porter's lodge.

Here

Here the advantage was experienced, of a previous good character; nothing else could have preserved him from disgrace and punishment. He had the address to secure his friend from detection, and to save himself. His narrative was, that being disturbed by the cry of murder, he left his rooms to see the cause, and finding a drunken woman in the quadrangle alone, he thought that in propriety it became him to conduct her to the porter. This, however improbable it might sound, was credited, and no disagreeable consequences ensued.

The character and history of the young man, involved in the above foolish act of profligate inconsiderateness, is so very singular, that many remarks and anecdotes concerning him, subsequently occur. From these collectively, the following concise narrative was deduced.

His father died when he was yet a child. He was left to the guardianship of his mother, a very weak and foolish woman, at whose decease he was to succeed to considerable personal property, and a clear unencumbered estate of about a thousand pounds a year. Nothing could possibly be better conditioned than this estate was; it was a freehold, and compactly circumscribed by a ring fence. The youth's education was totally neglected; and he was suffered to do whatever he pleased. When about sixteen, he expressed

expressed a great desire to go to college; but as he was totally uninstructed, except in the commonest village school learning, some consultation was necessary about the most practicable means of extending his education, and improving his knowledge. It occurred that there was a distant relation of the same name, established in a curacy at the provincial town, who might be glad to undertake his introduction to the rudiments of Greek and Latin.

This was accordingly done, and after remaining under his cousin's care for about two years, my gentleman was removed to college, and by way of counsellor and guardian, his relation accompanied him. However, he soon threw off all restraint, and dashed boldly and uncontrouled into all the irregularities and extravagance of the place. Whether he waited or not to take any degree, does not appear; but certain it is, that in a very short period of time, his profuseness reduced his mother to the extremest difficulty and distress, and materially lessened their common income. In this dilemma, it was thought expedient that he should go abroad, and accordingly he departed for the continent, and fortunately for his future and declining days, with some young men of fortune, two of whom have since made a distinguished figure in the political world. A short time was sufficient to waste what remained of his property, and in a very brief inter-

val

val after his return to his native country, not an acre, nor a single shilling remained, of all his valuable patrimony. That the poor old mother died in the utmost penury, it can hardly be necessary to state; the son, if he yet lives, subsists on an annuity allowed him by his former gay companions, who in this instance assuredly did not verify what is usually asserted about the desertion of friends in adversity. It remains to exhibit a slight delineation of his character.

He was remarkably good-natured, even to excess. He would thoughtlessly give away the guinea which was his last. With equal thoughtlessness he would borrow whatever he could obtain from others, without the remotest idea of returning it again. He once carried his mother to an inn in a provincial town, where he ordered a sumptuous dinner, and the most expensive wines. When the bill was produced, though they went in their own carriage, it appeared that neither mother nor son had a sixpence in their pocket. They were relieved from the awkwardness of their situation by the writer of this narrative, who as he never expected, so did he never see a shilling of his money again. When young, and the talent was probably continued to him, the original of this portrait had an extraordinary faculty of exciting mirth, by the most unaccountable and unexpected sallies of humour and

 ridicule.

ridicule. To this he was probably indebted for the protection which he subsequently received, when he most wanted it. He had almost always an avowed disregard of what are invariably respected as the decencies of life, and would, without scruple, if asked by an old acquaintance where he was to be found, give his card at a common brothel, or at the lodgings of some celebrated courtezan. At the same time he could assume the mildest manners, and conciliate the kindness of the most timid and the most modest of the sex. His ruin was certainly to be imputed to a neglected education, and the unpardonable indulgence which was shown him in his earliest years. He doubtless had those qualities of heart, and those endowments of intellect, which, if they had been directed, chastened, and disciplined, by a skilful and experienced guide, would have rendered him as useful and as amiable, as he certainly turned out unworthy of any virtuous esteem.

Stet quicunque volet potens,
Aulæ culmine lubrico,
Me dulcis saturet quies
Obscuro positum loco.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NOTABLE contrast to the preceding was another singular and eccentric character, a fellow-collegian of the same standing. He has been slightly alluded to in a former part of this narrative, and deserves to be yet further remembered. His father was a farmer of some respectability, and he as the eldest son, was allowed to choose his profession, which he was originally induced to make that of a linen-weaver. He toiled on year after year very inauspiciously; he contracted, however, a fondness for reading, and at the age of at least thirty-six, took it into his head that he would go to college, and be a clergyman. He accordingly

ingly converted his stock and moveables into money, and with the assistance of a neighbouring clergyman, got just Latin and Greek enough to pass examination at college.

He had calculated his means with such extreme precision, that with the advantages he was to receive from being a Sizer, the sum of forty pounds, was to cover the whole of his year's expence college, and he never exceeded it. He was [illegible] of mean abilities, but of indefatigable indu[illegible] his with no other help than such as the college proper afforded, he obtained his degree reputab[illegible]red limited himself in every particular as t[illegible]ong occupation, dress, exercise, and the minuti[illegible] cles of expenditure. For example, once [illegible] week he would invite some one to breakfast, once a fortnight to supper; whilst a hat, a coat, &c. &c. would be made to last for two years each He was much respected for his inoffensive manners, his consistency of conduct, his regularity and industry.

Although he must unavoidably have accustomed himself to great privations, he was always cheerful; and often by the force, which greater experience gave to his remonstrances, deterred his younger companions from acts of inconsiderateness and folly. His great ambition was at length satisfied to the full. He obtained orders, and a decent curacy.

curacy. Here for many years he conscientiously practised the duties of his situation. Preferment he never sought, nor if he had, with his humble pretensions, was he likely to have obtained it. But his public spirit was constant and unwearied, [illegible]ceiving some local improvement of great [illegible] to the provincial town, near which he [illegible] made a very extensive circuit, princi[illegible] [illegible] to solicit contributions for this pur[illegible] [illegible] who were able and disposed to [illegible] Nor did he rest till he had accumu[illegible] hundreds of pounds, for the accom[illegible] his favourite object, which he vested [illegible] hands of proper trustees. He died not long since at an advanced period of life, with the blessings of the poor, and the esteem of a respectable neighbourhood.

F[illegible], very far different, in fate and fortune, from the two individuals above described, was a cotemporary of a different society, who (if any man ever had) had most abundant cause to bow before the shrine of the divinity, who with such seeming capriciousness, *sævo læta negotio*, distributes her smiles and favours. His father was a respectable clergyman in moderate circumstances; his education rather confined, but certainly in some private seminary. He went to the university with no particular pretensions of talent, learning, or application;

tion; but he had a fine person, and conciliating manners, and it should almost seem that he trusted to these with greater confidence than to any of his acquired endowments. It was for a time doubtful which of the learned professions he should assume, but he finally determined on the law. At this period, he was mild, unassuming, and generally acceptable to his numerous acquaintance. He lived on the fair give and take system of equality, with those whose pretensions were not higher than his own, and partook of his bread and cheese supper with men of his own standing, with a good humoured cordiality. All at once he ceased to be seen among his quondam friends.

On enquiry, it was found that his person and address had recommended him to the partial notice of a lady of very large fortune, acquired by industrious relations in commercial pursuits. The change had an extraordinary effect upon his memory. He forgot his former and humbler acquaintance. He acted the great man, at least in one part of the character, and in fact he really became one as to rank and station. All have their infirmities; prosperity is hard to bear, and minds, even stronger than that which distinguished the object of these animadversions, might be in some danger from so beautiful and splendid a prospect opening all at once upon them; from being suddenly elevated to

the

the dignity of a senator, to large landed property, and a splendid establishment, in exchange for a situation, relatively at least, humble and insignificant.

Tarpeium limen adora
Pronus et auratam Junoni cæde juvencam,
Si tibi contigerit capitis matrona pudici.

CHAPTER XIX.

STILL different, and far, very far less auspicious, was the fate of another of their cotemporaries. His father filled the situation of an organist in a Provincial town, but had saved money enough to give his son a decent education, and establish him at the university, with the design of his taking orders. He passed through the ordinary course with an unexceptionable character, in due time was admitted with some credit to his degree, was ordained subsequently, and was elected fellow of the college. Most unfortunately for him, his exertions to procure what appeared to be an eligible curacy, in a very remote and retired situation, were but too successful, and to this he owed his utter and irretrievable ruin. He was a well made, handsome man, of great good nature, and very agreeable manners.

There was, as ill luck would have it, another Potiphar's wife in the village; he was exposed to precisely the same temptations as the Joseph of Scripture, but unhappily did not possess similar virtue. He too easily fell into the snare. The connection was discovered, and a prosecution was the consequence. It but little availed him, that there was no pretence for the charge of seduction on his part, that the frail lady was the mother of a numerous family, that the husband was much absent from home, that opportunies to assail his firmness were studiously sought, and that pretences to have him almost constantly in the house, were ingeniously invented. Far heavier damages were awarded against him than he was able to pay, and in consequence, he absconded. The society of which he was a member, was but too well justified in withholding the preferment, to which in his regular turn he would otherwise have been entitled; and he had the mortification to live to see a generation almost pass over him, and severally enjoying, what if he had but listened to the voice of duty, or even of prudence, he would fully have participated. He was however permitted, and this was no small indulgence, to retain the emoluments of his Fellowship.

The catastrophe of his fortune and life was disastrous; he took to drinking. It is more than apprehended, that notwithstanding his collegiate

oath,

oath, which was indispensable to the enjoyment of the revenues of his fellowship, he married. The woman was content to live with him, retaining her maiden name. He at length died prematurely, very much the victim of remorse, arising from his accumulated irregularities. The moralist, with tears of pity and regret, might here expatiate on the destructive consequences of one false step, on the entrance into life. Had this poor man been fortunately under the protection, or within the sphere of the admonitions of some sincere friend and experienced counsellor, he might have adorned the society which he disgraced, and benefited the system which he injured.

" The subject of cotemporaries (such are our friend's remarks) is at an advanced period of life more painful than pleasing. Many of those whom we most loved and esteemed, are separated from us to meet no more, but in another scene of things. Of the majority, perhaps, of the rest, there is so much to lament and to regret, in the failure of their views and hopes, in their calamities, their follies, and their errors, that remembrance presents the mind with a motley picture, where there is more gloom than sunshine, more thorns than flowers."

There was one fellow-collegian in particular, who appears to have excited an extraordinary degree of interest in the writer of these remarks.

 He

He was of a studious and somewhat indolent character, perpetually proposing to his fancy the tranquillity and happiness, he flattered himself with hereafter enjoying in the marriage state, and in domestic life. This was the constant theme of his conversation, and the extremest limit of his ambition.

He was connected with families who had ample means of satisfying his wishes, as far as revenue was concerned, and accordingly, at no distant period after he was qualified to receive them, Benefices were bestowed upon him, equal to his warmest wishes. It is lamentable to detail the final consequences. He married a woman without principle. His flattering views of happiness in the domestic life, vanished in smoke, and if he yet lives, he lives the scorn and ridicule of many, who were well warranted in their prediction of what actually ensued.

Another individual, of very superior talents, and who had many and various attainments, as well as the most pleasing and conciliating manners, failed in his expectations of happiness, with still more provoking perverseness. He had obtained considerable distinction at the university, and might, if he had thought proper, have succeeded to something far more substantial than mere University honours; but he chose to marry, and unluckily he united himself to a person so inferior to himself in

education and acquirements, that when he retired to his paternal inheritance, he found that he wanted a suitable companion. This induced him to plunge into business, for which, perhaps, of all men, he was the least qualified. He laid out the whole of his property in the purchase of great tythes in different places.

The consequence was, that for the remainder of his life, he was perpetually involved in law-suits; and though he was generally right, and successful also, his spirits were harassed, his constitution gradually impaired, and his means exhausted. This estranged him from his wife, soured his temper, and finally shortened his days. He was imprisoned in the Fleet, where a lingering disease carried him off, and in his dying moments he had no other consolation than that which he received from his medical friend, who, most fortunately for him, had known him intimately at college, and who took care with great benevolence, that the necessities of his miserable situation were duly supplied.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER College anecdote presents itself in this portion of the manuscript, which, though ludicrous at first sight, terminated in a disastrous catastrophe. There was a very respectable fellow of one of the minor colleges, who, in expectation of valuable preferment from his society, had formed a connection with a lady of his own years. Unluckily, the incumbent, whose decease was earnestly expected, was one of those personages, of whom there are many, who exemplify the old proverb of "creaking doors," &c. The old gentleman thought proper to live a great while, nor did he at length take his departure, till the engagement had continued for so extended a period, that the season of youth and manhood too, had passed away; till the infirmities of approaching age excited discontent and murmurings on one side, and wrinkles produced deformity

deformity on the other. The engagement, however, was now to be fulfilled, and the day was appointed for the marriage; but on the morning of that day, the bridegroom elect was found dead in his bed, the victim of his own despondency, or perhaps reluctance from confirmed habit, to change his ordinary modes of life.

It would appear expedient to close this melancholy catalogue, and revert to other subjects, but that the catalogue itself changes its aspect, and some examples, exhibiting a brighter contrast, assert a claim to notice. Not all of those who entered the theatre of the great and bustling world nearly about the same period, terminated the exertions of their youth and manhood, under auspices so disastrous and afflicting as some of those specified above.

" Memory brings back one in particular, who arrived at the most exalted station to which the profession on which he entered could possibly lead, whose titles (if he yet survives) would occupy a spacious page; who basks in the sun-shine of royal favour—patron of learning—protector of indigence—rewarder of merit. How splendid, how enviable a pre-eminence! * * * * * * * * * *"

At this portion of the manuscript, so many erasures and substitutions occur, that the most persevering diligence and investigation can with difficulty make out, that there was some drawback to this

highly

highly-coloured eulogium; some expectations excited by this same illustrious personage, with respect to the writer, which never were fulfilled; some promises made, which were neglected and forgotten. At least, towards the conclusion of what seems to have been a sort of chapter appropriated to the subject, these words are distinctly visible:— * * * " * Surely this was cruel—a very moderate portion of that which was voluntarily placed within my view, almost within my touch, would have satisfied the warmest wishes of my heart—would have diffused cheerfulness and tranquillity around a large and numerous circle of dependants—would have soothed the sufferings of disease, and animated the languor of declining years. The purple light of hope, which beamed for a while with a steady brightness, was suddenly, was abruptly withdrawn, nor could my own activity, or the exertions of my friends, ever learn the cause."

But let us descend a while from this lofty eminence, from this perihelion, where we are overpowered, and in danger of being consumed by excessive radiance. There are gradations of altitude to which those beneath may look without being too much overawed, and from which those above may contemplate inferior objects, without the risk of being vertiginous. In preceding parts of this narrative,

rative many eminent men, cotemporaries of the writer, have been introduced, as having arisen to Episcopal dignity. It remains to speak of a few other individuals, in their day well known and esteemed, and rewarded with consequent honours in their several lines of life.

Of one in particular, it is with a sort of surprise remarked in our manuscript, that "he is not yet a Judge." There was a large family of them, but the individual of whom mention is here made, was the only son. The mother had formerly been in no higher a condition than that of a mantua-maker; the father was a land-steward to different men of fortune. In this situation he saved considerable wealth. The son was sent to Eton, where he was contemporary with Porson, and the writer has frequently heard him remark, that on his first going to Eton, Porson by no means was distinguished above other boys, either for parts or application. The subject of this article, however, made great advances in classical learning, and left Eton for the university, with a very high character as a sound scholar. His reputation was progressive at college, and he eminently distinguished himself on taking his degree. He chose the profession of the law, nor was it a great while, before he rose to a considerable degree of practice. There was no professional honour to which he might not have aspired, but

but that he took a perverse line in politics, and contrived, as far as political interest and influence were concerned, never to be on the right side. He has however invariably preserved the most unimpeached character for integrity, abilities, and professional knowledge, enjoys a most extensive and lucrative practice, and is highly regarded and esteemed by all who know him.

Jus est mari, nunc strato æquore blandiri, nunc procellis ac fluctibus inhorrescere.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN insertion here occurs in the manuscript, which has the appearance of having been written at a subsequent period, and introduced in this place, as if to preserve something like chronological accuracy.

" The man of whom a concise account is now about to be given, in every respect, whether we consider his talents, his virtues, or his fortunes, merits a more circumstantial detail, and a better biographer. His father was a very respectable tradesman in a provincial town, where he arrived at honours, bestowed only on the most eminent and most opulent citizens. However, from some cause or other, when he died, his property was found inadequate to the maintenance of a son and a daughter. The son was destined for the law, and placed with an eminent attorney, but soon be-

coming

coming tired of the drudgery of the desk, he went into the army; and the daughter was taken under the protection of a wealthy family, from which she afterwards happily married. The person of whom we are speaking had a commission in the Marines, and was in all Lord Rodney's celebrated battles. He has been heard to describe with extraordinary pathos and effect, as the sublimest spectacle, and at the same time the most terrible, he ever witnessed, the blowing up of the seventy-four Spanish ship in the battle with Don Langara, in the Bay of Gibraltar. He served as Lieutenant under Captain Macbride, in the Bienfaisant. A detachment from this ship was employed to take possession of the Spanish Admiral Langara. Langara was pleased with the courtesy and gallantry of this young man, and an acquaintance, indeed friendship, took place, of which he reaped the advantage almost twenty years afterwards.

He was, when on some military service, taken prisoner in the Mediterranean, and brought to Langara, who immediately recognized his quondam acquaintance, and offered him every indulgence in his power. The Englishman requested that his papers might be preserved without injury, which his official situation rendered highly important. The request was not only complied with, but after treating him with the greatest kindness and hospitality, Langara gave him his release.

Finding,

Finding, that in spite of all his activity and exertions, promotion in the department of the Marines was very tardy and very precarious, he quitted this line of service. He afterwards went to the West Indies with General Bruce, as his Secretary. His gentle and conciliating manners made friends wherever he went, and he was recommended by General Bruce to his relative Lord Elgin, who was then English Minister at the Court of Brussels. On coming over to England with dispatches, he was, in an evil hour to him, introduced to the patronage of a very great man; from which patronage flowed all the troubled waters in which he was ever afterwards immersed, and finally sunk.

He was much too honest and simple for a court. His talents were discerned and acknowledged—his manners were admired; but his incorruptibility was his ruin. He was appointed, with certain coadjutors, to a very responsible situation in a foreign country. He had various accounts of foreign Princes to check, and, in the simplicity of his heart, conceived that his first duty was to watch the interests of his country. In the accounts of one foreign Prince he detected a trifling error of 1200*l.* With great delicacy and respect, he ventured to communicate the circumstance to his Highness. Sir, replied the Prince with great indignation, did you think I was bred in a counting house? In short, the

the evidence of his probity, and of the want of it in those with whom he acted, is alike irrefragable: nor have the accounts in which he was concerned with others, to the amount of more than half a million, ever yet been duly balanced.

Whilst abroad, he was much noticed by Sir Charles Stuart, brother to Lord Bute, who had the command in Portugal. This gentleman was so much impressed with the accuracy and excellent precision in which his military accounts were kept, that he wrote home in his favour, and recommended the general adoption of his plan.

He embarked with the fleet under Lord Nelson, when he went to Egypt, but separated from him at Marmora, and went to Constantinople. Here he renewed his acquaintance with Lord Elgin, and travelled through Greece with Mr. and Mrs. Nesbit, parents of Lady Elgin.

On his return to his native country, he gave a memorable example of the most inflexible integrity, which nevertheless served to embitter the remainder of his life. He was required by some individuals with whom he was connected in service, to do that with his and their common accounts, which it may be presumed they thought compatible with rectitude, but which to him seemed disreputable and dishonest. Notwithstanding repeated importunity of friends, the most flattering invitations, and splendid

did promises, he continued firm and immoveable, and pertinaciously resisted every effort and every offer. As his seeming obstinacy had a tendency to implicate some individuals of high station, in what would have had but an awkward appearance, if any parliamentary enquiry had been set on foot, attempts were made to prevail upon him to accept of a lucrative appointment abroad. But this also he constantly refused, from the manly impression that it would look like shrinking from the investigation of truth; and he also thought that artifice, fraud, and self-interest, might be exerted in his absence, to do that with respect to his accounts, which never could take place, when he was present to explain or refute.

But the continued vexation and chagrin arising from this perpetual contest with eager and powerful opponents, added to the effects of laborious service in hot climates, at length had a serious effect on his strength and constitution. He retired from the noise and tumult of the metropolis to his native place, where he flattered himself with the hope of spending a few tranquil years with a daughter whom he loved, and in the society of a few friends whom his spirit, his integrity, and his accomplishments had conciliated. But it was unfortunately too late—he died in the interval of a few months

after

after the last object of his wishes was placed within his view. Few lamented him more than he who pays this affectionate, though fleeting tribute to his memory. His mind, as has before been remarked, was uprightness itself; and though in many hard fought contests, both by sea and land, he had given the most unquestionable proofs of his bravery, he was particularly mild, gentle, and unassuming. He had withal, a remarkably fine taste in the arts, and for painting more particularly; and having preceded the great ravager Bonaparte, and his myrmidons, in his excursion to Italy, he, by honest means, though for perhaps little money, obtained some very choice and valuable curiosities of art, both in sculpture and painting, from the finest galleries at Rome, and the most splendid collections of Naples, as well as in other places.

Several of these specimens adorn the best Collections in this country. One of them in particular, strongly exemplifies the perverse fortune which seemed invariably to accompany him. The picture he most valued and esteemed, was one from the Villa Albani, at Rome. It was indeed exquisite, and, as since acknowledged, the undoubted production of a very great master. Unfortunately for its owner, circumstances required a supply of ready money.—He trusted to the force

of

of truth and nature, and so confided in the intrinsic merit, and obvious excellence of the composition, that he sent it without any sort of restriction or reserve, to a celebrated auction-room. He was too proud and too honest, to resort to the usual methods on such occasions, and left his picture to its fate. On its exhibition, the dealers affected doubt and suspicion as to its being a genuine picture of the master to whose pencil it was assigned; and this so far prevailed, that an opulent tradesman, from the pure emotion of feeling, and the impulse of natural taste, was allowed to carry off the prize for the small sum of three hundred pounds. But the picture had excited curiosity; and these same dealers, on its being removed beyond their reach, went to visit and examine it again.—It is not long since, that one of these gentlemen sent to offer twelve hundred pounds for the picture, which was refused.

Not unworthy of recital with respect to this personage, is an accident which once happened to him, and which nearly cost him his life:

He was on a shooting party with an old general officer, and in a spot, access to which they mutually presumed could not properly be denied them, in beating a small covert, our young friend (for such he then was) trod upon a man-trap, which caught him in the leg. He was unable to extricate him-

self, but luckily his friend was at no great distance. By their joint efforts he was released, but he was most severely lacerated, and it was a very long time before he effectually recovered. But let us now turn into another path.

Partes autem quibus eruditi homines censeri vel maxime solent, saltem ut e multis aliquas afferamus, sunt, acuta inventio, rei obscuræ explicatio, inveterati erroris depulsio, multijuga lectio, locorum in priscis scriptoribus corruptorum emendatio, dicendi elegantia et nitor, atque alia his cognata.

CHAPTER XXI.

THERE was another considerable person, of precisely the same standing, in whose progressive reputation our Sexagenarian appears to have taken a lively interest.

He was born of respectable parentage, in a provincial town, who, however, bestowed no better education upon him, than the grammar school of this same town afforded. He was accordingly transplanted to the university, unaccompanied by that eclat, with which young men are often introduced from public schools, with inferior pretensions both of learning and abilities. He was soon, however, distinguished; and the progress to his degree was marked by the general prediction, that

he would attain the highest honours. In this interval, and in the course of the university exercises, the writer of this sketch became acquainted with him, and was greatly impressed with his acuteness and ingenuity. The prediction concerning him was verified to the fullest extent.—He was in the very first class, and arrived at the summit of his literary ambition.

He did not wait a great while for the usual testimony of the approbation of his college; but not long after he had obtained a Fellowship, partly from infirm health, and partly from the desire of extending his literary acquisitions, he went abroad. How successfully he obtained one at least of his objects, literary reputation, has been demonstrated by some of the most learned and valuable works which modern times have produced.

Learning, however, in the abstract, does not always lead to independence; and the person of whom we are speaking, was perhaps principally indebted for his subsequent elevation in life, to a political work, in which it is far from easy to decide which is most entitled to admiration, the force of its argument, or the auspicious period which was selected to introduce it. The French Revolution had begun to circulate its venomous and destructive poison through the different states of Europe, and through Germany in particular. To effect this with greater

greater certainty, the powerful engine of the press was but too successfully employed. And as this country was from the very beginning the firm, unshaken opponent of French principles, all the powers of argument, of misrepresentation, indeed of falshood, were exercised, to debilitate the influence of England, to assign undue motives to all its public acts, to shake its alliances, and impair its credit.

Fortunately at this time—this momentous time, an Englishman was found in Germany, who had the patriotism, the spirit, and the sagacity, to vindicate his country from the hostile attacks of the mischievous hireling writers, in the interest of France, and who exercised with superior skill, in the cause of truth and justice, weapons which the revolutionists and their crew had sharpened and employed for the basest and worst of purposes. The work in question was published in German at Leipsic, (since so memorable for the discomfiture and overthrow of Bonaparte) in the year 1799, and not only vindicated Great Britain from the foul slanders of the German Journalists, either in the absolute pay of France, or meditating similar anarchy at home, but proved incontestibly that a rupture with France, was a thing unavoidable on the part of this country.

Such

Such is the force of truth, and such was the power of the writer's arguments, that the first and most distinguished Reviews in Germany, the Algemeine Literatur-Zeitung, the Gottingen Review, and even the famous Mr. Genz, acknowledged that the point proposed, was fully established, and Great Britain fairly vindicated from the calumnies directed against its Ministers. That such a production would secure for its author a favourable reception on his return to England, could hardly admit of a doubt. Accordingly, on his revisiting his native country, he was without delay introduced to Mr. Pitt, through the medium of the Bishop of L. He had an immediate mark of ministerial favour conferred upon him, which he is still permitted to retain, with a promise of succeeding in reversion to a dignified and lucrative appointment, which he now fills with the highest reputation.

The subject of politics, however, seems to have been forced upon him by local and peculiar circumstances; the natural bias of his mind, and his studies, had a very different direction. The most celebrated Theological writers on the Continent had exercised his talents, and occupied his time so effectually, that the result was the publication of a work, which no scholar would choose, and no theological student ought, to be without. Others, equally

equally important and valuable, in the strict line of his profession, have succeeded; and whether his profound erudition, his sagacity in detecting error, his subtilty of disputation, or his facility of writing, be considered, there are but few authors of modern times who can submit to a competition with him. He bears, however, his faculties meekly; and though in a very lofty situation, his manners are extremely conciliating without the smallest symptoms of superciliousness or arrogance, even towards his opponents.

Illud magis vereor ne ignorans verum iter gloriæ, gloriosum putes, plus te unum posse quam omnes, et metui a civibus tuis quam diligi, malis.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEN the mind contemplates a number of young men assembled at the University, with various talents, propensities, and pursuits, upon a footing of local equality, and communicating with one another on terms of greater or less familiarity; and again, after an interval of half a century, makes enquiry into their relative condition and connections; how wonderful a contrast is exhibited, and what food is administered for deep and serious reflection!

These pages have already detailed some, it is to be hoped, not uninteresting examples of unexpected elevation, as well as of extraordinary and melancholy depression, to say nothing of the diminution of the long, long catalogue, by the resistless ravages of death. One splendid instance of suc-

cess

cess and temporal prosperity has already been detailed. Here, however, was nothing to shock probability. The advantages of birth and splendid connection accompany a man through life, and he must be eminently deficient in talent, sagacity, or prudence, who does not in his progress through the world, turn them to adequate account. One favourite of fortune remains to be introduced to notice, who possessed no hereditary advantages, but who, meeting with a ladder placed against the Temple of Greatness, boldly ascended step by step, till he triumphantly reached, and remained enthroned, at the summit.

It is sometimes exceedingly convenient to deal in the article of "Supposes." It is a very useful word to a lively fancy, and supplies many a chasm in an imaginary structure, which would seem mutilated, imperfect, and deformed, without it. It is adopted on the present occasion, because it will appear to many the most suitable.—The facts are so contrary to the ordinary chances of life, that they who are not in *the secret*, may be inclined to believe them "suppositions" altogether.

Suppose, therefore, good and gentle reader, a schoolmaster, established in a country town of no great celebrity, but which still furnished him with so much employment, that attention to his business enabled him to educate his two sons at a public

school.

school. Suppose this good man to die, and his widow again to marry respectably, and settle finally in the metropolis. Suppose the elder son, though of infirm health, to marry a woman of large fortune, a valetudinarian like himself.—It is no extravagant effort of imagination to conceive both of these personages to pay the debt of nature, and the surviving brother to become the inheritor of the possessions of them both. Here we appear to have advanced a few steps up the ladder.

Now then, let us suppose the surviving brother called to the bar, and, by abilities and assiduity to which the bar has affixed a jocular name, to obtain progressively a considerable practice.—Are we not mounting still higher? Now, then, let us picture to ourselves a great, a very great man, possessing the disposal of seats in a certain assembly, usually understood to display the most inviting avenues to fame and fortune. Fancy this great man, in perplexity from some unexpected accident how to supply the loss of *a friend*, vacating one of these seats, with an individual, who by no means must be inferior to his predecessor in obsequious attention to his patron's political interests, his intentions, and injunctions. Accident, the veriest accident, might introduce the practitioner of the law to *huggery* of another kind.—What think you now, good people? are we not in a fair way to

get

get to the top of the ladder? Conceive us, then, permanently fixed in this same honourable assembly; and a combination of talent and diligence, a proper degree of well-timed flexibility, with a due proportion of smiles and bows, may easily be supposed to accomplish all the rest.

But that which is to succeed can surely never be *supposed*. Can it be *supposed*, that one so favoured by a concurrence of fortunate events, should treat with neglect those to whose interposition and recommendation, he immediately owed his greatness? Can it be *supposed*, that he was detested by his dependants, for the most unrestrained insolence and intolerable arrogance? Can it be believed, that the friends and play-mates of his boyish days, equals to him in ability, far, very far superior in merit, should be contumeliously kept at an awful distance, sometimes oppressed with an assumed condescension, at others disgusted at unconcealed haughtiness? Can it be imagined, that when local circumstances assigned to him a division of influence and authority, in conjunction with individuals of high hereditary rank, he should proudly assume a preeminence; should direct, dictate, issue his imperial fiats, mandates, and decrees, and make all bow before his golden image?

Will it be believed, that, as the Chinese ceremonial requires, the head of him admitted to the

 Royal

Royal presence to be knocked nine times against the floor, and were this obeisance once, and once only, omitted, it is deemed high treason, and requires the utmost severity of punishment; so from the lack of some such attentions to this high and mighty person, there are many individuals who have reason to deplore, in bitterness of sorrow, their unpardoned inconsiderateness; and can ascribe their ruin to nothing, but the seeming want of reverence to his consequential importance?

No, no, no, none of these things can possibly be within the reach of the wildest suppositions; they can only have existence in the chimerical dreams of the most extravagant fancy. Nor will it ever obtain a moment's credit, except indeed a similar representation should be made from * * * *.

But here prudence bids pause—

> Securus licet Æneam rutulumque ferocem
> Committas: nulli gravis est percussus Achilles.

**Tollimur in cœlum curvato gurgite, et idem
Subducta ad manes imos desidimus unda.**

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM such princes of the people, let us once more descend to notice an individual, whose fortunes indeed were very different, but whose abilities, although exerted in contrary pursuits, were not at all inferior, and whose peculiarities were of the most singular and striking kind. His father followed the occupation of a sadler, in a town of considerable eminence in a remote province. The family consisted of this son and two daughters, who, on their father's decease, found themselves left with a very scanty provision. The young man had a taste and turn for learning, to gratify which the more easily, he went for some years to the continent, where, among other attainments, he so acquired the manners, singularity, and even grimace of the people, among whom he sojourned, that on his return the Agnomen of Abbé was spontaneously and universally given him.

He

He subsequently became a member of the university, where he was invariably respected for his talents, his diligence, and his learning, and as constantly laughed at for his eccentricities and whimsicalities of manners. He took orders with very little prospect of any preferment, but by a rigid economy, added to some trifling literary employment, he managed to make a respectable appearance. At a very early period, he distinguished himself for his profound and accurate knowledge as a Cambist, in matters of commerce, exchanges, and specie, and became an avowed opponent of Dr. Price, and others of that class. A nephew of the celebrated Dr. Price, who was a dissenting minister, and of considerable abilities, resided in the neighbourhood of our Abbé, and similar pursuits and propensities had introduced a familiar acquaintance between them. At this period, Dr. Price's nephew was well known to be a writer in the Monthly Review, and in a country town, this was a circumstance which conferred a sort of local dignity and importance.

The subject of this article had printed some Tract or other on his favourite topic, in which Price and his friends were not mentioned in the terms of respect, to which this relative of one of them thought they were entitled; and the consequence was, that in a subsequent Review, the publication above alluded

alluded to was handled with no common severity. There was no difficulty in imagining the author, or if there had, this was removed by the person attacked, who found an opportunity of seeing the manuscript of the offensive article. This he thought was a grievous and unpardonable violation of the laws of confidence and honour, and the consequences which ensued, though somewhat serious, border on the ludicrous.

The aggrieved person called as usual upon his quondam friend, and requested his company to take a walk. This was complied with without hesitation. When they had proceeded to some distance, and came to a retired spot, the critic was not a little astonished, at seeing his companion strip to his shirt, and with many and bitter reproaches, insist upon satisfaction for the baseness and treachery with which he had been treated.

Remonstrance and expostulation was in vain, and there was no alternative between submitting to a hearty drubbing, or standing upon the defensive. The result was, what not unfrequently happens in similar cases, the offending person, who was the more athletic of the two, proved the conqueror, and the mortified and discomfited author retired from the contest with one of his ribs broken. Another adventure in which he was engaged, and from which he did not escape with much brighter laurels, seems worthy of being recorded.

A family

A family of rank and opulence had their villa at a short distance from the Abbé's residence. They had a taste for learning, and were remarkable for the distinction which they paid to literary characters. They were seldom without some more or less eminent individuals in their house, and among others, they always treated the Abbé with particular kindness. The lady, however, of the mansion had rather a propensity to what she considered as innocent mischief, and would often amuse herself at the expence of her guests.

One evening the party was kept up till a very late hour, by the recital of ghost-stories, to which our hero had listened with extraordinary attention. On returning to his apartment, and ruminating upon what he had recently heard, he thought he perceived something like motion in the countenance of an old family picture. He was a little startled, but on looking more attentively, he evidently saw the eyes of the picture open and shut, and at last a loud groan was uttered. He could bear it no longer, but rang his bell, and running out of his room, made the old staircase reverberate with the cries of thieves and murder. The family, who were prepared for the event, all assembled, with well feigned astonishment and sympathy, to hear the cause of his alarm, and to search his apartment.

When

When an eclaircissement took place, it appeared that the head had been taken out of an old picture, and a groom, properly instructed to act his part, was placed behind the tapestry.

One of these jests was however carried rather too far, and threatened a much more serious termination. A young lady, of somewhat masculine appearance, and less polished manners, which induced the belief that she had more courage than the event demonstrated, was upon a visit at the house. On going one night to bed, she perceived the bolster and pillow rise gradually, and elevate her to a considerable height. She gave a loud scream, and fell into a fit, from which she was with difficulty recovered. But to return to our Abbé.

After a tedious apprenticeship as a curate, he obtained at length a small living, on which he proceeded to reside. What often happens in similar circumstances, happened also in this. His establishment consisted of one maid-servant, plain, ignorant, and of the very meanest extraction; her, however, he thought proper to marry. The consequence was a numerous family, and the most deplorable poverty. This latter evil, he attempted in some degree to palliate, by the exercise of his pen in the particular branch of science for which he had long been justly eminent. Nor was it wholly

without success. Fortunately for him, he had some connection with the conductor of a literary journal of extensive circulation, who knew his merits, and availed himself of his talents and industry. The particular proofs in this way, and through this channel, which were exhibited of his knowledge as a Cambist, attracted the notice of a very distinguished individual, who had the disposition as well as the opportunity, of encouraging and rewarding literary merit. He was accordingly introduced to this personage, and at no great distance of time, presented to a piece of preferment so considerable, that it held out to him the hope of passing the remainder of his life in ease and tranquillity. He died, however, if not prematurely, at least before he effectually enjoyed the benefits of his new situation. For his wife and family, there could be but a very scanty provision. The active benevolence of a friend, promoted a subscription for them, but this could not be of any great magnitude or importance.

* Non tu scis Bacchæ Bacchanti si velis adversarier
Ex insana insaniorem facies, feriet sæpius,
Si obsequere, una resolvas plaga.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MENTION has before been made of the Abbé's two sisters. The character of one of them was so very singular, and her fortunes so bordering on the romantic, that they ought not entirely to be passed over.

The sisters at first kept a school for young ladies, and as they were clever and accomplished, and promised something of refinement, beyond the ordinary level of provincial schools, they were for a time very successful. But it is more than probable that this success was interrupted and finally destroyed by the wayward and very eccentric character and conduct of the younger. She was of

* In allusion to the Bacchanalian women, who struck every one they met with a Thyrsus ;—oppose them, they will hit the oftener.

the

the Wolstoncraft school, a great stickler for the dignity of the sex, and the rights of women. She was an authoress, a poetess, and afterwards an actress. She exhibited the remarkable phænomenon of representing on the stage, the principal character in a tragedy written by herself, which nevertheless was damned. She printed a volume of poems by subscription, and her conduct with respect to the printer, brings to mind a story of a simple clergyman, which may as well be told first.

A poor vicar, in a very remote province, had, on some popular occasion, preached a sermon so exceedingly acceptable to his parishioners, that they entreated him to print it, which, after due and solemn deliberation, he promised to do. This was the most remarkable incident of his life, and filled his mind with a thousand fancies. The conclusion, however, of all his consultations with himself was, that he should obtain both fame and money, and that a journey to the metropolis, to direct and superintend the great concern, was indispensable. After taking a formal leave of his friends and neighbours, he proceeded on his journey. On his arrival in town, by great good fortune he was recommended to the worthy and excellent Mr. Bowyer, to whom he triumphantly related the object of his journey. The printer agreed to his proposals, and required to know how many copies

he

he would choose to have struck off. "Why, Sir," returned the clergyman, "I have calculated that there are in the kingdom so many thousand parishes, and that each parish will at least take one, and others more; so that I think we may venture to print about thirty-five or thirty-six thousand copies."

The printer bowed, the matter was settled, and the Reverend author departed in high spirits to his home. With much difficulty and great self-denial, a period of about two months was suffered to pass, when his golden visions so tormented his imagination, that he could endure it no longer, and accordingly wrote to Mr. Bowyer, desiring him to send the debtor and creditor account, most liberally permitting the remittances to be forwarded at Mr. B.'s convenience. Judge of the astonishment, tribulation, and anguish, excited by the receipt of the following account, or something very much resembling it.

The Rev. * * * * Cr.	£.	s.	d.
By the sale of 17 copies of sermon -	1	5	6
Dr.			
By printing and paper, 35,000 copies of said sermon - - -	785	5	6
By balance due to Mr. Bowyer -	£784	0	0

They

They who knew the character of this most amiable and excellent printer, will not be at all surprized to hear, that in a day or two, a letter to the following purport was forwarded to the clergyman.

Rev. Sir,

I beg pardon for innocently amusing myself at your expence, but you need not give yourself uneasiness. I knew better than you could do, the extent of the sale of single sermons, and accordingly printed but 50 copies, to the expence of which you are heartily welcome, in return for the liberty I have taken with you, &c. &c.

Very similar to the conduct of this clergyman, was that of the young lady of whom we have been speaking. She sent for the printer, and giving him the manuscript, desired him to strike off a thousand copies. The manuscript contained enough for a tolerably thick volume of royal octavo. The printer himself represents the succeeding dialogue to have taken place.

"Have you made any estimate of the expence?"

"No; but I *must* have a thousand copies."

"How many subscribers have you?"

"About two hundred; but I know, indeed I have no doubt, of an extensive sale. I *must* have a thousand copies."

"Perhaps,

" Perhaps, Madam, you may not be aware, that of your two hundred subscribers, all will not send for their copies, and of those who do, some will not send the money; that the expence is immediate, as no long credit can be given; so that, after the first advertisements, the poems of an unknown author are generally considered as waste paper."

" It does not signify, Sir, I *must* and *will* have a thousand copies."

The result may be easily anticipated; a thousand copies were actually printed, but after a lapse of several years, no less than seven hundred and fifty still groaned upon the shelves of the printer's warehouse.

This was a most extraordinary young lady. She certainly possessed considerable talents, but she was vain, conceited, and pragmatical; and, as was before observed, a worthy disciple of the Wolstoncraftian school. Having failed as a teacher, as an authoress, and, above all, as an actress, she offered herself and was accepted as a governess in the family of a lady, who had formerly been brought up by her sister and herself. The lady was of an old and considerable family, and heiress to a large property; her husband was the elder son of a baronet, of no great pretensions on the score of intellect, but a well meaning, good sort of a man. Till the governess came among them, the family had

lived

lived tranquilly together, with no other or greater interruptions than are found to occur in all families. No sooner had the poetess entered upon her office, than she took it into her head, that delicacy was offended by the familiarity and unconcealed affection, with which her quondam pupil outwardly treated her husband. She endeavoured to persuade the wife that this was highly indecorous, and unhappily she but too well succeeded. Her familiarity was turned into cold civility, her affection changed into a reserved demeanour, and the whole character of her behaviour assumed a new form.

The husband was not insensible of the alteration, which at first excited his astonishment, and afterwards his indignation. On discovering the cause, he very naturally insisted that the governess should be dismissed. The foolish wife, however, resisted this, and so implicated her own case with that of her counsellor, that she declared one would not go without the other. The husband was firm, and the result was, that the indiscreet wife sacrificed three young children, and the society of her husband, with whom she had hitherto lived happily, to share with her female friend the disgrace, contempt, and privations, which accompanied their departure.

The husband instituted different suits in Doctors Commons, for the establishment of his just rights, in every one of which, the decisions, as might be expected,

expected, were in his favour. The fugitives at length found it expedient to retire from Great Britain to a remote island in its dependencies, where they lived, and may perhaps yet live, victims of self-reproach, of the grossest folly, and most unjustifiable perverseness. The name of this sage female counsellor, ought perhaps to be published by way of punishment. It was, however, printed in the proceedings of the Consistorial Court, where her conduct was most severely animadverted upon, by the Judge who presided. It is withheld in this place, merely from respect to the memory of her deceased brother,

Si lucri quid dètur rem divinam deseram.

CHAPTER XXV.

"LAUD we the gods," we are at length released from a narrative involving so much extravagance and folly; proceed we to one somewhat motley indeed, in its hue, but neither distressing in its progress, nor offensive in its termination.

The subject of this sketch, when first known to the Sexagenarian, was a dissenting minister; he had very respectable talents, but did not shine much as a preacher. He had, however, an elegant mind, with which he had taken considerable pains; and though no very profound scholar, he was well acquainted with the modern languages, and was, in truth, an accomplished gentleman. The career of a dissenting minister in a provincial town, does not display a very wide field for ambition of any denomination; it is not at all surprising, therefore, that our friend became tired both of his situation and profession, and strenuously entered upon the study of

of the law. If he was not splendidly successful in this new career, it was soon manifest that he had changed for the better. He married a woman of fortune.—The lady who perhaps would have rejected his pretensions as an obscure dissenting parson, had no objection to be designated as Counsellor * * *'s wife. She did not, however, live a great while, and he inherited her property.

He pursued his occupation diligently, and attended the circuit in that part of the kingdom where his early connections were formed; and before a great length of time had elapsed, married again.—As far as secular matters are concerned, he was still more fortunate than before.—He now was able to contemplate and enjoy the *otium cum dignitate*, and, from local circumstances and connections, was elevated to a high official situation, where he had formerly spent his youth. In the exercise of his professional talents, he was occasionally apt to forget (a very venial transgression) his origin and former occupation; but there were generally some good natured friends at hand, to give a stimulus to his memory.

He was one day examining a witness who either did not, or was not inclined to remember things so circumstantially as the cause in hand required, when our Barrister became a little angry, and exclaimed, "Why, Friend, you do not seem to remember

member any thing;" "Yes, I do," replied the witness, "I very well remember your being a Presbyterian Parson." This occasioned so much laughter, that the Barrister was greatly disconcerted.

One talent this gentleman possessed to an extraordinary degree of perfection; he could retain the longest sermon from the pulpit, or speech in the senate, or at the bar, with the most circumstantial minuteness, and transcribe it almost verbatim.

Noscenda est mensura sui, spectandaque rebus
In summis minimisque; etiam cum piscis emetur
Ne mullum cupias, cum sit tibi gobio tantum
In loculis.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FAR more singular and eventful was the history of a brother Barrister, a cotemporary of the former, and of the writer.

His parents were of the very humblest situation and circumstances; his education of the most confined limits; his views not extended beyond that of a writer in an attorney's office. With this prospect, he was articled to a very respectable practitioner in a country town. After a certain period of residence, he conciliated the good opinion of his employer, by extraordinary diligence and attention to his duty, and discovered progressively, evident marks of superior abilities. Here also he contracted an insatiable thirst for reading, which he indulged to such excess, that he would sit up the greater part of the night for this purpose, to the neglect and injury of his health.

At

At the termination of his engagements, his conduct was so acceptable, and his services so manifest, his influence withal among the clients was found to be so extensive, that his principal was induced to receive him into partnership; and the firm thus established, carried in its name a degree of confidence, and obtained such an extent of business, as perhaps was hardly ever exceeded in any of the provinces. The immediate cause was never generally understood, but suddenly, when the prosperity of the concern seemed at its height, a separation took place between the partners, and each proceeded on his own bottom. It was indeed whispered, that the *taste for* reading had proceeded to such an extent with the younger partner, as to occasion the neglect of more important business. Be this as it may, this propensity began to dilate itself into Book Collecting; and within an interval of time of no great extent, a library was formed, both in number and value, of very considerable magnitude and importance. In a short time, the subject of this article found it expedient to be called to the bar, by which, if he increased his income, he lessened his consequence. His education and early habits manifested their effects in his demeanour, which was slovenly, mean, and unconciliating.

These also taught him to disregard certain forms and observances, which, among professional men

on the circuit, are considered as sacred and indispensable; such, for example, as travelling from one assize town to another in stage-coaches, the undisguised practice of *Huggery*, which has before been mentioned, but without explanation. The meaning of the term is,—the paying undue court and attention to attorneys, metaphorically called *hugging* them; but in reality, cajoling and feasting them, by way of obtaining their recommendation to clients.

By these and similar arts, added to a considerable degree of acuteness, and a popularity which he had long acquired among farmers, graziers, and individuals of that description, in his former character of attorney, he certainly obtained very extensive practice. He contrived also to make himself so acceptable and so useful to an individual of high rank and influence, that he obtained a responsible and extremely lucrative appointment. At the same time, he undertook the conduct of a cause of great intricacy and importance, for a pauper. The incident was this: an extensive and valuable landed property, with a large mansion annexed, had been for a long time in abeyance. The whole was not worth less than 30,000*l*. On failure of male issue, the descendants on the female side put in their claim, among whom this pauper stood foremost. The Barrister, however, was so convinced of the solidity of his title, which of course he examined,

and

and re-examined, and cross-examined, with indefatigable assiduity, that he undertook to carry this man and his cause through every court in the kingdom, upon certain conditions; and moreover, he engaged to supply his client with a guinea per week for his support, during the process.

The conditions were, that if the Barrister succeeded in gaining the cause, in consideration of taking upon himself all the risk, expences, and labour, he should enjoy the estate, whilst the claimant was to receive an annuity for life of three hundred pounds.

In the mean time, the reign of taste extended itself beyond its ordinary limits. Books were multiplied without end—duplicates, triplicates, and quadruplicates. There was also a fine and extensive library in chambers in one of the Inns of Court. Bronzes of great curiosity purchased—old china of very great expence, procured without bounds—a pinery cultivated—with such other pursuits, as indicated greater capacity of mind, than of purse—of liberality, than discretion. Let it be remembered also, and recorded to his honour, that in the interval of his greatest prosperity, he was the avowed friend of literary men, and, as far as his means and influence extended, was their patron also.—He was their liberal and active friend; he accommodated them with his books; and conferred

upon

upon many who needed aid, substantial marks of friendship.

A whimsical circumstance once occurred, which seems not altogether unworthy of being recorded. A self-taught genius of very humble situation, who, with great and strong natural talents, possessed but very limited opportunities of cultivating them, had made considerable progress in a particular branch of science. Having, however, access but to very few books, he had adopted without reserve the system of his teachers, with all their prejudices and all their errors, and had formed, which is a common mistake in similar circumstances, the absurd idea, that few, if any other books than those which he had seen, were necessary. On being introduced into the library of our Barrister, his astonishment was excessive, at the number of the books. He was informed that he was welcome to the loan of any, which he might conceive to be useful or essential to the prosecution of his immediate pursuits. He accordingly commenced, after examination of the library, to transcribe the titles of such as he should like to possess. At first the number was limited to five or six. On a second visit, and after a second survey, the number was more than doubled; after a third visit, they were yet more extended; till at length, from repeated visits and examinations, the catalogue of this self

denying philosopher, who habitually exclaimed against all luxurious indulgences, and particularly against the passion of collecting books, exceeded in number two thousand; which he honestly confessed he thought important and useful to the object of his own confined and particular pursuit.

Now, mark the sequel of this Barrister's most eventful history. Some years since, the Sexagenarian being, by accidental circumstances, on the spot which had been the scene of his varied and multiplied performances, made enquiry after him. He had witnessed his progress from obscurity to distinction—from ignorance to no inconsiderable knowledge—and felt both curiosity and a portion of friendly interest concerning him: indeed, he acknowledged obligations to him. Judge of his astonishment and regret, on receiving the information that the Barrister was in prison—his lucrative office filled by another—his library dispersed by a public auction—his bronzes, drawings, antiques, scattered among collectors and amateurs.

That he subsequently found ways and means to extricate himself from his bonds—to obtain a second time, under extraordinary difficulties, no contemptible portion of employment in his profession; that he a second time laid the foundation of a valuable library, and again got together many curiosities of antiquity and specimens of art; is an evident

dent demonstration of no common abilities—of a mind, which, properly directed and exercised, must, by an undeviating path, have conducted him to affluence and honour.

Adde repertores doctrinarum, atque leporum
Adde Heliconiadum comites, quorum unus Homerus
Sceptra potitus, eâdem aliis sopitu, quiete est.

CHAPTER XXVII.

FROM this long list of contemporaries, our Manuscript once more changes the scene, and turns back to college concerns. Here, the sameness of each passing day may easily excuse our proceeding, almost at once, to the last great catastrophe of— the taking the degree. It may just be related in the interval, that a personage occurred, with whom the writer of these notes formed an intimacy, and the recollection of whom, seems to have excited a mixture of satisfaction and melancholy. It was again the turn of our Sexagenarian to pronounce a declamation in the chapel; and having been honourably distinguished with the prize, on a preceding occasion, an anxiety was naturally induced not to appear altogether undeserving of what had been conferred. In the interval of preparation for this great

great event, for such it then appeared, chance brought him into the society of a young Welch clergyman, from whose conversation so much satisfaction was derived, that the subject of the proposed declamation was introduced, and underwent much discussion. So many new ideas were in consequence communicated on the subject, so much knowledge, and extensive reading displayed, that the greatest advantages were experienced, and an intimacy formed, which was only dissolved by that irresistible power, which separates all human connections.

Grateful recollection (says our MS.) most willingly pays the tribute which follows, to this same Welch clergyman.

" His birth and parentage were as obscure as any Welchman can be induced to allow his genealogical table to be; but the opportunities of education and learning were easy of access, and he availed himself of them to the utmost. The means of going to the university were not afforded, but the facility of obtaining orders was greater at that time than at present; and even now, in that part of the kingdom, where benefices are at the same time numerous and small, the circumstance of a periodical residence at the university is often dispensed with.—Having procured ordination, his ardour and ambition soon ascended beyond the summits of his native

tive mountains, and earnestly spread their wings towards the south. There is an interval in his life, which memory at this time is not qualified to supply; but at the time when accident formed the friendship which is here commemorated, he was second master of a Foundation School, well endowed and numerously filled. With the emoluments of this, added to a curacy, he lived very respectably, and was well received in the first society of the town and neighbourhood.

" He was remarkably accomplished—not indeed profound, or critically versed in classic erudition; but he was a respectable scholar, and understood familiarly all the modern languages. A very strong emotion is excited, from the recollection that from this individual was received the 'FIRST GUINEA, which the writer of these pages had, by way of compensation, for literary labour. How very bright and golden it appeared, and how very valuable it was esteemed, it is not in the power of common language to express.

" The Welchman possessed all the lofty and irritable feelings of his countrymen. He was correct in his demeanor, polite in his manners, warm in his attachments, but captious, and extremely susceptible of any violation of his dignity. It appears that the writer of this narrative, wanting to consult him, recognized him at a distance, as he

was

was proceeding to call upon him. He hastened his step, and, perhaps somewhat too eagerly, tapped him on the shoulder. He instantly turned round with all the fierceness of offended pride, and in a tone of anger exclaimed, " I hate such familiarity." He knew, however, that he had not a sincerer friend, and no alienation ensued. Still, this high-minded Welchman could not, with all his attainments, and with most respectable connections, obtain any preferment of importance in his profession.—A small vicarage, of not more than fifty pounds a year in value, was the apex beyond which he could never rise. His manners and attainments, however, conciliated the esteem and affection of a very lovely woman, the daughter of a tradesman of the higher order. With her he lived for some time in much domestic felicity, and had some charming children. Things, however, at length went wrong.—Disappointments, and perhaps the dread of poverty, preyed upon his lofty spirit—his mind was unhinged—the intellectual powers lost their balance—and he died prematurely in confinement."

Hic mihi servitium video dominamque paratam
Jam mihi libertas illa paterna vale.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BUT surely it is time that we should get our old friend from college, and accompany him to the active scenes which we have been describing. The awful period of examination for degree approached, and perhaps it may be truly observed, that the youthful and ingenuous mind, ambitious of distinction, but with the greatest industry and application, conscious of various deficiencies, never subsequently experiences so much perturbation. The personage immediately in question, had previously distinguished himself in public disputations, and had established a character for superior knowledge. This knowledge he really possessed, and it was the opinion and belief of those who knew his attainments, that he was very much superior in fact to many, who obtained precedence above him. But his health was impaired; his spirits failed him; he

he shrunk from vigorous competition; and although highly distinguished, and honourably placed, his precise situation was neither equal to his own hopes, nor to the expectation of his friends. His elastic it of mind soon however returned, and he renewed his studious pursuits with increased ardour, and at all events resolved on a retired and literary life.

A few months had passed without any temptation to deviate from those paths, which familiarity and habit began to render delightful, when a proposition was made which required very serious deliberation indeed. The object was no less than to exchange a life of literary ease and indolence, for one of certain labour and precarious emolument, independence for subserviency, and subserviency to one individual in particular, from whose severity and waywardness, much mortification and uneasiness had formerly been experienced.

By the way of balance on the other side, the employment proposed was literary; a path might be opened eventually to useful, perhaps to splendid connection, and frequent communication was indispensably necessary with one, to whom the greatest scholars of the day bowed their heads, whose learning was alike various and profound, whose intellectual powers of every kind were bounded by no ordinary limits, whose conversation could not fail of being instructive, and whose friendship was by

many

many considered as synonymous with patronage. Pride co-operated with certain other feelings, and the offer was accepted.

What follows in this and the succeeding chapter, is a literal transcript from the Sexagenarian's Common-Place-Book.

And what were these other feelings? How often and how unavailingly has the question been discussed, whether individuals addicted to learned pursuits should marry. Petrarch, and many other sage and celebrated personages, have adduced some notable arguments on this subtle question, which one single smile from Laura, one kind glance from youthful beauty, one endearing emotion of avowed affection, would in a moment disperse into the thinnest air.

Such was the case in the present instance—

If lusty Love should go in quest of Beauty.

Where could he have more effectually found it, than in the object, the hope of possessing whom, outweighed every other consideration. Oh what a field is here opened! If fond recollection were to go back to these early hours, to retrace the difficulties which were presented to the accomplishment of mutual wishes, the ardour with which they were overcome, the triumphant exultation with which the Rose of Sharon was conducted to the tent of Kedar,

Kedar, large volumes might easily be written. A hard restraint must be exercised, for what has love to do with literature? Yet if occasionally a few anecdotes should insinuate themselves into the narrative, originating in this source, and tinging with a brighter or a darker hue, many scenes in a protracted life, the reader may pass them over, or peruse them as he shall think proper.

The situation, as before observed, was accepted, and its duties, however irksome, were steadily performed. That which happens in the ordinary course and contingencies of every human life, happened here also. Of the inconveniences which were foreseen, some were greater and some less in their pressure than was expected; so was it also with respect to the advantages: on the whole, an equilibrium was preserved, with no important variation, during the whole of the period which was thus occupied, in the discharge of what was by no means an unimportant office. The place of residence was remote from the more attractive scenes of learning, taste, and refinement; but still "full many a gem of purest ray serene" has beamed from its recesses; full many a blushing flower of delicious sweetness has been transplanted from its bowers; many of the most illustrious names of ancient and of modern times, derived their origin from this our Bœotia.

Here let a tribute of the tenderest affection and regret be paid to the memory of one of these bright gems, whose lustre was too soon, alas! how soon obscured, in the dark unfathomed cave of death. He who employs the pen now used in delineating the character before us, knew him in boyish days, witnessed the earliest dawning of his genius, viewed his progress with delight and astonishment, occasionally aided his literary labours, remarked also with no common anguish the approach of that incurable malady, which finally and abruptly hurried him to his grave.

Nestoris annosi vixisses sæcula, si me
Dispensata tibi stamina neta forent.
Nunc ego quod possum. Tellus levis ossa teneto
Pendula librato pondus et ipsa tuum,
Semper serta tibi dabimus, tibi semper odores
Non unquam sitiens florida semper eris.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HENRY'S father was a clergyman, discharging humbly and meritoriously his professional duties in a country village. He discerned early marks of superior talents in his son, and placed him under a distinguished master, whose instructions have produced many eminent men and accomplished scholars.

The youth's health was always delicate, which gave him a propensity to retirement, to books, and particularly to poetry. There was a characteristic taste, delicacy, and feeling, in his earliest productions, which will at this distant period stand the test of the severest criticism. Under the instructor above alluded to, he became a very good, if not a very profound scholar; and he went to the university

ity with the greatest ardour for literary pursuits, still retaining his early prepossessions in favour of poetry.

The bias which he took towards ancient English poetry, and the perseverance and zeal with which he pursued and cultivated a knowledge of the earliest English poets, probably arose from his introduction to Thomas Warton, whose History of English Poetry, and other productions in illustration of our ancient bards, were his great and constant favourites. With the feelings which this kind of reading inspired, aided by the delicate frame of his constitution, and the natural sensibility of his temper, he at this period wrote some beautiful pieces of poetry, which he was induced to print. They were soon disposed of, and were for a long time enumerated among the scarce tracts of our language, but they have since been reprinted.

It was not at all likely that such exquisite susceptibility of mind and temper as characterized our friend, should be a long time without fixing on one individual object, to share his tenderness and sympathy. This accordingly happened, but "*hinc illæ lacrymæ.*" He surrendered himself a willing captive to the charms of a lovely and accomplished woman, of the same age and similar propensities with himself, and with respect to whom, there was but one thing wanted to secure to a union between

them, as much of happiness as can be the lot of humanity. The attachment was supposed to be reciprocal; this is to appearance implied by the following fragment, written, as it should seem, on revision of some verses composed by the lady in question.

The time was once when oft the long day through,
Far, far too busy for my present peace,
O'er these the pensive fablings of your muse
I hung enamoured, whilst with anxious glance
The kindred feelings of my youthful years
In visionary view full glad I found,
And blissful dreams familiar to my heart,
O'er which sweet Hope her gilding pall had flung.
Such, oh! such scenes, with Myra to have shared,
Was all my fruitless prayers ere asked of Fate.

* * * * * *

Mischance stood by, and watched, and at an hour
When least I thought her near, with hasty hand
All my fair pictured hopes at once defaced.

The lines which follow are much too beautiful to require any apology for insertion.

The traveller thus when louring skies impend,
In sorrowing silence leaning on his staff,
From some ascent his weary steps have gained,
Breathless looks back, and pausing, wonders well
The lengthened landscape past: now hid he finds

Mid

Mid far off mists and thick surrounding showers
Each city, wandering stream, and wildering wood,
Where late in joy secure he journeyed blythe,
Nor met the phantom of a single fear,
Where every cloud illumined by the sun,
Hung lovely, and each zephyr fragrance breathed.

[*Cætera desunt.*

The obstacle, however, could not be removed, and it was deemed expedient and prudential that the connection should be dissolved. It was so, but our friend never got the better of the shock, which his sensibility sustained. He absented himself from his friends, and when he again appeared among them, he introduced a wife; but such a wife!—no more like her by whom he had been rejected, than he himself to Hercules. Who she was, where he found her, why he married her, are matters which, if known at all, can only be so to a very few. But the vessel was too much shaken, and battered, and crazy, to weather many of the gales of life. There was deadly and corrosive poison lurking within. It was deemed adviseable that he should try the air of Lisbon. He prepared to do so, and in his progress thither, before he embarked, he visited him who now pays this tribute to his memory. But oh how altered! He was also alone; he who wanted, he who merited every care, every attention of the tenderest sympathy, had, when approaching almost

to

to the last stage of pulmonary decay, no friend, no companion, no kindness to soothe his sufferings, or cheer him on his way. Shame! shame! shame! She whose duty, if not affection, should have prompted her to undertake the benevolent office, remained behind; and if not foully slandered, went to the theatre with a paramour, within an hour after parting with her husband, with every probability of seeing him no more. She married this same fellow afterwards; but both are dead, and may God forgive them.

But as we were saying, he proceeded to Lisbon, where he would have died a victim to the want of proper attention and attendance, but that the incidental recommendation of a friend, procured for him hospitality of no ordinary kind or extent. All was, however, unavailing, and he returned without benefit. He did not survive a great while afterwards, but to the last, retained his native sweetness of temper, unruffled by sufferings, and his elegance of taste and powers of intellect, unclouded and undiminished. Peace to his ashes. A purer spirit has not heaven. He died at the early age of twenty-four; yet in that short interval, he directed the national taste to the investigation of natural and simple beauties, which had long lurked unnoticed and unknown, in the productions of our earlier bards; and had he lived, would, beyond all doubt,

have pursued the course of his studious propensities, and have brought to maturity somewhat of still greater importance to the literature of his country.

A few specimens of this young man's taste and talents will be found in the Appendix, but the following Song, which is not printed with his works, seems to merit insertion here.

SONG.

(The sentiments borrowed from Shakspeare.)

1.

Young Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets mourn,
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.

2.

His shroud which death cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made,
All mourned to see so sweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

3.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were placed,
Which plucked before their time,
Bestrewed the boy like him to waste,
And wither in their prime.

But

4.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

5.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd so well,
Ah me! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell.

6.

Each maid was woe, but Lucy chief,
Her heart o'er all was tried,
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her loved one died.

——— aut equos
Alere, aut canes ad venandum aut ad philosophos.

CHAPTER XXX.

SCHOOL-FELLOW with the above, and afterwards his intimate companion and friend at college, was an individual of almost similar endowments. They were certainly, in many instances, of kindred minds. When these notes were written, he was alive, and may he yet live, the delight of those who know him, and an ornament to society. Yet there are a few circumstances concerning him, which appear not unworthy of being recorded. There might, when a boy, be a certain waywardness of temper, or there might, which is more probable, have been something in the treatment he received from his Orbilius, at which his generous and manly mind revolted. Whatever it was, on some occasion, or some provocation or other, he suddenly disappeared from school.

In

In a few days, however, he was again seen in his proper place, and this is perhaps the only incident of his life, which he remembers with any thing like self-reproach. On his going to the university, he very soon distinguished himself by his love of literature, and in truth he was an admirable scholar. But a few years beyond twenty had passed over his head, when he superintended a periodical work, in which many illustrious personages were combined, which was exceedingly well received at the time of its publication, and even now, whenever it turns up in a catalogue, which is not often the case, is bought up with eagerness. He afterwards, to use a provincial phrase with which he is not unacquainted, published an original volume *on his own account*. This also was well received, and cannot now be obtained without difficulty. He took part also in some of the popular periodical works of the day, and was always considered as an enlightened and valuable correspondent.

One propensity he had, which is seldom, if ever, found connected with studious pursuits and literary attainments; and what is still more extraordinary, and still more unlikely to meet with a parallel, the ardent indulgence of this propensity, led to a situation of honourable independence. He had an extreme fondness for hunting, and for fox-hunting in particular. He would at any time be easily prevailed

vailed upon to forsake the bowers of the muses, the repose of study, the charms of classical allurements, to join in the clamours of the huntsman, and unite with the merciless hounds in the pursuit of poor Reynard. The indulgence of this passion, if it may be so called, finally introduced him to the notice and familiar acquaintance of a nobleman, who, beyond all doubt, on further knowledge and experience, could not fail to discover that he possessed other and better qualities, than were displayed and exercised in the sports of the field. This nobleman presented him to a valuable living, upon which he has ever since resided, conscientiously discharging the duties of his function and his station; and by superintending the private education of a few young men of fortune, contributing much to the benefit of society.

Of this person's talents, specimens will also be found in the Appendix, but the following elegant morsel deserves a place here.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGY.

Why will ye tear me, cruel swains, away
From my dear solitude, the dewy spray,
Me the Cicada, who, in sultry hours,
Chaunt to the nymphs who haunt the hills and bowers.

See how the greedy thrush infests your fields,
He rifles all the stores that autumn yields,
Let this destroyer feel the vengeance due,
But why grudge me a leaf and drop of dew.

Far

Far different in fate and fortune was another school-fellow, who was also possessed of talents beyond the ordinary level, and whose family connections necessarily pointed to a path of life, leading to a termination very opposite to the above. He was an Irishman, and connected with some of the first families of that country. He possessed great vivacity of intellect, a considerable desire of information, much good humour, with all the eccentricity that is generally imputed to the natives of Erin. He was in due time called to the bar, and ere long obtained a seat in the Irish House of Commons, which he retained till the consummation of the Union between the two countries.

His mind, ever ardent and ever active, was perpetually forming schemes of wealth and aggrandizement, none of which were found to succeed, and probably for no other reason, but that his talents were not steadily directed to any one individual object. At one time he would be a banker, at another a farmer, at another a grazier. Once he had magnificent speculation for supplying Covent Garden with onions; once also, with still more magnificent ideas, he was to purchase numerous droves of cattle in the north of Ireland, which were to be imported into England, for the supply of the metropolis. He accordingly made application to various noblemen and gentlemen, to obtain

the

the leases of small farms at regulated distances, between Holyhead and the metropolis.

These were to be stations for the cattle in their progress to the London market, and selections were to be periodically remitted to Smithfield. The cattle, however, remained very quietly in Ireland, where at length Mr. ** purchased for a small sum, in a mountainous district, a considerable portion of land, which by care and cultivation was to be made another garden of Eden. Here he had a very large dairy, from which the neighbouring towns were to be supplied with butter and milk: so for a long time they actually were, and this seemed the most rational and the most promising of his various undertakings.

But among all his peculiarities, and in all the busy variety of his occupations, politics formed the darling object of his thoughts; and his steady adherence to the cause of government, in the perilous period of the Irish rebellion, his personal courage, zeal, and activity, will long be remembered to his honour. He used to relate many curious anecdotes which occurred to him and his family, at that momentous epoch; one in particular of his mother, which may be worth commemorating. They had in their family a gardener, who had been thirty years in their service, and who was a Roman Catholic. The old lady, who was of a remarkably mild, amiable, and

unsus-

unsuspicious temper, used to walk without any attendant about her spacious garden and domain, till some of her neighbours who had been molested, cautioned her against the danger of walking without a companion. In consequence of this, she one day called to the gardener, and reminded him of the great length of time he had lived in the family, of their kindness to him, and of her own acts of friendship in particular. She concluded with asking him, whether any influence or authority could induce him to make any attempt upon her life. "Certainly not, Madam," was the reply, "unless my priest should order me!"

When the Union was fully arranged and confirmed, our friend came to England, where his services, his patriotism, his activity, and abilities, were acknowledged and rewarded. He was appointed to a highly honourable situation, the functions of which, for a considerable time—indeed whilst he retained the office—he duly and faithfully discharged.

In this interval he married; how wisely, it is not here necessary to pronounce. They who think forty-five, marvellously disproportionate to twenty, will be of opinion, that he might as well have let it alone. There was, however, a certain sort of restlessness, which so characterized this gentleman, that he was perpetually looking about him for some new

scene

scene for the display of his activity. A near relation was appointed to a high and splendid situation in one of the remote dependencies of the British Empire. It was proposed to him to accompany his noble friend in a great and confidential office. He did so, and if he survives, there he yet remains. Whether he has obtained wealth, or whether satisfied with his situation, he intends to return to Albion no more, is still problematical. One of his first acts seemed to indicate his determination to turn the wilderness into a garden, and make corn-fields laugh and sing in the African deserts. He ordered ploughs, harrows, and every kind of agricultural apparatus, to an extent that alarmed his friends, and were sufficient for a numerous colony.

If he yet breathes the vital air, may all prosperity attend him. Generous, friendly, amiable, with every social quality, he was much beloved by all who approached him with claims of intimacy, with as little of defect and error, as generally falls to the lot of human nature. Let us smile with the reader at two or three instances of pardonable inattention to the forms which the rank he held in life, seemed to call upon him to observe.

He was always remarkable for his slovenly appearance, and disregard of dress. On one occasion, when he was invited by a noble relative to meet a person of high official situation

in

in Ireland at dinner, the nobleman, aware of his nephew's negligence in this particular, ventured to hint that he must come dressed. He was in consequence busily employed at his toilet, when his servant announced that a friend had called in his carriage to take him whither he was going. He hastened himself accordingly, but instead of putting on his dress silk stockings, he stuffed them into his pocket, and hurrying down the stairs, got into his friend's carriage. When they arrived at the nobleman's door, he remarked that he had been desired to come dressed, and he thought himself very smart. At this moment one of the silk stockings appeared hanging half way out of his pocket, and he exhibited the whimsical appearance of being in a full court dress, with a very dirty pair of worsted stockings. Fortunately, he had time to repair his inadvertency, by retiring into a private room, and exchanging the situation of the stockings.

Upon another occasion, no less important than that of attending one of the state dinners of the Speaker of the House of Commons, our friend, as was indeed usually the case, finding himself too late, and not being able to divest himself very easily of his fashionable leather breeches, drew over them a thin pair of black silk. In the progress of the evening, however, the *leathers*, determining to preserve their ascendancy, worked themselves down a consi-

considerable way below the black silk, till they attracted universal notice, and excited general mirth.

At another time he attended a fashionable masquerade, at which most of the dresses were very costly and splendid: our friend, however, went only with a mask, which he sometimes applied, and sometimes neglected to apply to his face. A paragraph accordingly appeared the next morning in one of the papers, stating that Mr. * * was at the masquerade the preceding evening, and it was at first supposed that he was in the garb of an old cloathsman, but on observing him more carefully, it appeared that he was only in his customary dress.

Adnisi certe sumus, ut quamlibet diversa genera lectorum per plures dicendi species teneremus.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHILST we are recording from our notes the productions of early genius, another document presents itself, which, from its singularity, appears deserving of preservation, and which, from its unquestionable authenticity, defies alike all cavil and dispute. It appears to have found its place in this Olio, from the immediate and personal communication of the individual who was the cause of its being written. The story in brief is this:—

In a remote village in Gloucestershire, the son of a peasant had attracted the particular notice of the clergyman and principal people of the place, from the indications which he had, on various occasions manifested, of superior abilities. These appearing to be progressive, and far beyond his original

original destination in life, joint contributions were made to extend his education, and maintain him at the University. This was accordingly done, and with such success, that the object of this liberality did ample honour to his patrons, by his extraordinary reputation, his profound learning, and numerous valuable publications. He was a moon among the lesser stars, and although whilst he lived, partly from waywardness of circumstances, partly from the simplicity and unsuspicious nature of his own temper and manners, and partly from the literary jealousy or constitutional irritability of others, he was involved in controversies, yet the claims of Dr. *** talents and learning, were universally allowed, and the productions of his pen, universally admired.

Whilst yet a child at the village school, the gentleman who was most actively his friend, desired him to write his opinion on what was most to be desired—Peace or War. In a very short space of time, he wrote what follows, and which perhaps was the very first thing he ever did write.

" Whoever reflects on the evils, mischiefs, and troubles, which war embroils a nation in, and the security, comfort, and happiness of peace, must allow that peace is infinitely preferable to war. By which is meant, that peace, in its salutary effects and consequences, is much more desirable than

 war.

war. Nor will any one doubt the truth of this position, who considers the vast expences that must support a war with a powerful enemy, the innumerable dangers to which a people, especially the militant part, are exposed, and the quantity of blood that must be shed in maintaining it; who considers again the blessings of peace, how those fields which before were laid waste, are cultivated, those cities rebuilt which were before demolished, and those arts and manufactures improved which were before neglected.

"History furnishes us with sufficient examples of the truth of this; we need but look back into the state of ancient Greece and Rome, and we shall find that they flourished chiefly in times of peace, and that 'twas then their improvement in the learned arts were chiefly made, which verifies this, that peace is preferable to war The latter of which resembles wild-fire, laying waste wherever it comes; the former may be compared to balmy sleep, strengthening the body politic, and diffusing over it a grateful recreation. War therefore ought to be dreaded, and all proper means used to avoid it, and obtain an honourable peace, since 'tis certain that peace is preferable to war."

There is yet one other specimen preserved, which, with that which precedes, is copied from the Professor's own hand-writing.

Scribendi

Scribendi recte sapere est principium et fons.

" To write with correctness elegance, and good sense, requires an able judgnent, and a diffusive knowledge in literature. There must first be store of ideas treasured up, befor any pure rivulets can flow from it. In short, 'tisneccessary, in order to become a good writer, to unerstand well nature herself, to copy her in her paitings, to represent things in their true light, and the to decorate the descriptions with suitable languag agreeable to Horace.

Scribendi recte sapere es principium et fons.

" Whose authority is o be regarded, as he was himself as accomplished writer as any in the Augustan age. And most certain it is, that a good writer stands in need of ll these qualifications, and a defect of them render writing contemptible and ridiculous. For how cn a writer represent a thing to the age, if he does ot understand it thoroughly himself?

" How can he descrbe it properly, if he does not understand the effect it produces, and the consequences which follow it? 'Tis only a clear understanding of the subjet in all its various branches, that can constitute a good writer; so that Horace's rule, though applied by him to poetical performances, may with equal reason be adapted to other writings, and we may with him conclude, that

Scribendi recte sapere est principium et fons."

A casual

A casual and slight perusal of the above composition, may perhaps not discover any indication of those very superior abilities, which were afterwards exercised in an elevated station, and admired by the world; but more serious examination will detect beneath the surface something like manly reflection, arrangement of ideas, and, if it may be so said, of syllogistic reasoning.

The subject is alluring, and what observes our Sexagenarian in his Notes forbids its being pursued somewhat further?

Laud we the gods once more!
For now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN other words, we are preparing to conduct our reader to the metropolis, there to associate with the demi-gods of genius, learning, wit, and taste.

How circumscribed is man's foresight! How impotent his sagacity! At a moment, when an individual, delineated in a preceding part of this narrative, was sitting with the Sexagenarian, both of them lamenting the narrow circle, the obscure, unpalatable, and unprofitable offices, to which their ill stars had apparently doomed them "for ever and for aye," an express brought an alluring invitation to a permanent and advantageous situation in

The fairest Capital of all the world.

In a few passing days, nay, almost in a few hours, what a change of scene!!

Retirement

Retirement properly so called, for busy scenes and active employments; from a space in which there was not room for ambition, to one where ambition appeared to have no limit; from a spot where a few wild flowers occasionally charmed the sight with their beauty, and the senses with their fragrance, to the prolific and auspicious nursery of every science and every art; from knowing every body, to knowing nobody; from * * * * to London!!

Here let us take time to breathe awhile. He who for the first time in his life leaves the white cliffs of Dover, on an excursion to France, on his landing at Calais, is for a few moments bewildered with the strangeness, the novelty, the wonderful change of the scene. He feels as if he was removed to another planet. The language, the dress, the manners, every thing he beholds, dazzles and confounds him: till at length reflection and judgment resume their influence, and experience makes the contrast familiar. Such was, and such, under similar circumstances, will ever be, the first periods of residence in London, after a long familiarity with the quiet, repose, and ordinary pursuits of the country.

The first impression, the first subject of reflection, the first determination, was that from which there was never any deviation—LITERATURE. A noble field opened its expanded bosom to emulation,

 exertion,

exertion, honour, and reward. But how was an obscure, unknown individual, without connection, introduction, or seeming opportunity of any, to surmount the difficulties, perplexities, and intricacies, which threatened to obstruct his path, and interrupt his progress? Patience and perseverance finally succeeded, and over what opposition will not these qualities triumph?

The first necessary and indeed indispensable step was to form literary connections; but this was by no means found difficult. Similar propensities and endowments soon discover one another, and induce frequent and familiar association. Generally speaking, in London at least, there is great liberality among literary men, a ready disposition to interchange communications, which may be mutually useful, to accommodate one another with the loan of books, to point out sources of information, indeed to carry on, by a sort of common treaty among one another, a pleasant, friendly, and profitable commerce.

One material assistance in forming and cementing literary intercourse, is presented at book-auctions; another, and still a better, occurs in the shops of eminent booksellers. The few old fellows that are yet left, chuckle at the recollection of the numerous and cheerful meetings which used to take place at honest Tom Payne's, at the Mews Gate, and at Peter Elmsley's, in the Strand.

In these places of resort, at a certain period of the afternoon, a wandering scholar, in search of Pabulum, might be almost certain of meeting Cracherode, George Steevens, Malone, Windham, Lord Stormont, Sir John Hawkins, Lord Spencer, Porson, Burney, Mr. T. Grenville, Wakefield, Bishop (then Dean) Dampier, King of Mansfield-street, Townley, Col. Stanley, and various other bookish men.

Honest Tom Payne! and well indeed did he deserve the name so universally bestowed upon him, and happily and effectually has he entailed it on his successor, than whom a worthier character does not exist. He who willingly pays this tribute, does it from the experience of almost forty years.

The earliest literary efforts are almost always of the same kind. The first productions are most probably poetical, but soon, very soon, the ardour of immortalizing "the tangles of Neæra's hair" subsides, and gives place to austerer studies, and more elaborate pursuits. This is more particularly the case, if the *olive branches* should multiply apace, and two puddings are found necessary to smoke upon the board. After poetry is in some degree gone by, as every young author dearly loves to see himself in print, the next display of talent or erudition, is made in the periodical publications of the day. In this particular path, old Sylvanus Urban

has

has been found exceedingly commodious, and many a maiden pen, which has subsequently been entitled to have its letters wreathed with laurels, has first of all inked itself in his pages. If the propensity shall lead to politics, the popular journals of the day are invitingly ready to enlist the zeal of youthful authorship. But the appetite of literary reputation progressively increases, nor will it finally be satisfied, till it fancies at least that it has established some monumental column, "*ære perennius.*"

Camœnarum decus
Exemplar unum in literis
Quas aut Athenis docta coluit Græcia
Aut Roma per Latium colit.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AFTER skirmishing with various success, and after multiplied rencontres, in which some knowledge of the service was obtained, and some dexterity acquired, a determination was made on the part of him whose pen has in our MS. traced records of the dead and the living, to make one great and bold attempt. The result was to be fame and profit. A proposal was made to an eminent bookseller to publish a very extensive work, which appeared to be wanted; the execution of it, however, required what is properly called learning, knowledge of languages, history, geography, and indeed every scholar-like accomplishment.

Strange as it may appear, the proposal, though made by a young, obscure, and almost inexperienced adven-

adventurer in the fields of literature, was accepted. The work was successfully completed. A very large impression was printed and sold, which was in time succeeded by a second. "Sooth to say," observes our MS. "the remembrance of the undertaking, from its magnitude and difficulty, from the little help that was received in its progress, from the very limited access to literary supplies and reinforcements, excites at this distant period an irresistible sort of tremour." Notwithstanding many defects, which were unavoidable, many more which were very justly imputable to the author's deficiency of talent, or of learning, or perhaps of both, the work was accompanied by reputation, and still remains a staple commodity in the market.

Among other advantages which resulted from the undertaking, was the very valuable one of an extensive introduction to the most eminent and considerable literary characters. Ah! that of these so few should survive to peruse this narrative. One connection was formed, which endured to the satisfaction of both, as long as life's frail thread permitted, and this was with Porson. It commenced in this manner:—A crabbed sort of composition in a dead language had made its appearance, which from the singularity of the circumstance, the celebrity of the writer, and the feverish susceptibility of the times, excited universal curiosity. It seemed

to

to defy all attempt to render it into the Vernacular language. The attempt, however, was made, and with such effect, that Porson expressed a desire, a thing not very usual with him, to know the "Cunning Shaver," who had been guilty of this audacious enterprize. In consequence, a common friend brought them together, and an intimacy succeeded, which suffered no interruption till the melancholy period of the Professor's premature death. They had before met in very early life, and their earliest friends were nearly connected. It may be said, that perhaps nobody knew Porson better, very few so well. Much has been said of this extraordinary scholar, but by no means enough; a great deal more is due to him. In what follows, he who wrote this narrative, may boldly defy contradiction.

It is by no means intended to enter into controversy with the only two accounts of Porson which have hitherto been given with any thing like authority, or materially to contradict their assertions. The first appeared in the Morning Chronicle, the second in the periodical publication called the Athenæum. This latter has usually been assigned to * * * * * *, a most learned and able contemporary, and who was, beyond all possibility of doubt, accurate as far as circumstances enabled him to be so. The other account was communicated to the editor of the Morning Chronicle by Porson's sister, who attended his funeral.

This

This lady's name is H * * * *, and her residence is at C * * * * * *, in N * * * * * *. She is probably some four or five years younger than her brother, to whom she bears a strong personal resemblance, more particularly in the lower features of her face, her tone of voice, and peculiarity of smile. After her return from the funeral, she communicated to the editor, the substance of what appeared in that paper on the day following. Its accuracy will hardly be called in question; yet all that she had to tell, must necessarily, as far as her actual knowledge went, be confined to Porson's boyish days, for after he went to Eton, he had but little intercourse with his family. Neither was she circumstantially correct, as she subsequently acknowledged, on being desired to call to mind whether her brother did not imbibe his very first rudiments from a person of the name of W * * * * * *, who kept the village school at B * * * * *, in N * * * * * *, where Porson's father and mother lived. She remembered the fact, but observed, that W. was a plain ignorant shopkeeper, to whom her brother was sent when a child about six years of age, but that he did not continue long with him, it being soon discovered that the pupil could read as fluently as his master. This may or may not have been the truth. That Mr. W * * * * * * was a plain shopkeeper, and that he kept the village

 school,

school, cannot be denied; but that he was so ignorant, as the lady's remark seemed to intimate, may fairly be questioned. He was well known to the writer of this narrative, who had frequently conversed with him on the subject of Porson. He spoke in the highest terms of his early proofs of capacity, and was not a little proud of having been accessory to the formation of the base of that monument, which afterwards lifted its proud eminence so high.

Mr. W * * * * * * had a respectable appointment under the Excise Office, another proof, if one were wanting, that he could not be so exceedingly ignorant. He was also greatly respected by * * * * * *, the squire of the parish, who was subsequently the patron of Porson, as well as by * * * * * *, the clergyman, who was Porson's earliest friend. Thus much for honest Mr. W*****. *Paullo majora canamus.*

CHAP.

Nam et in ratione conviviorum quamvis a plerisque cibis singuli temperemus, totam tamen cœnam laudare omnes solemus: nec ea quæ stomachus noster recusat, adimunt gratiam illis, quibus capitur.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

PORSON was born at Earl Ruston, in Norfolk, on Christmas day, 1759. His father was parish-clerk to Mr. H. who was also Minister of B. Mr. H. was a most amiable and truly benevolent man; and beyond all doubt was the first encourager of Porson's early disposition to learning, and the individual also, to whose exertions he owed the opportunities he afterwards enjoyed, and so well improved. Porson had certainly, when quite a child, the practice of making letters on any sandy or moist surface, upon which they could be conspicuously formed. His relations were wont to draw inferences very favourable to his intellect, from this circumstance;

circumstance; but after all, this is a very common practice, indeed much too frequent to be considered as any indication of a prodigy. Mr. W. who was mentioned in the preceding chapter, noticed in him very soon an extraordinary quickness with regard to figures—this was much more to the purpose—and this he ever retained.

Porson's father and mother were both totally destitute of any education, except so far as being able to read and write. The father was a man of exceedingly strong sense, very silent and very thoughtful, and was accustomed with great regularity, to exercise Porson's memory. To what an extraordinary degree of perfection, exercise finally brought this faculty in the Professor, must be in the recollection of many; yet, strange to say, he who wrote this sketch of his friend, has repeatedly heard him assert, that he had not naturally a good memory, but that what he had obtained in this respect, was the effect of discipline only. His recollection was really wonderful. He has been known to challenge any one to repeat a line or phrase from any of the Greek dramatic writers, and would instantly go on with the context. The Letters of Junius, the Mayor of Garratt, and many favourite compositions, he would repeat *usque ad fastidium.* But, to return; the solidity and seriousness of Porson's father, seem to have been well relieved by the cheerful and sprightly temper

of

of his mother, who was very lively and very light-hearted. She had also a taste for poetry, very seldom met with in the wife of a cottager; she was familiar with the writings of Shakspeare, and could repeat many of his favourite and popular passages.

It is stated by the writer in the Athenæum, who calls himself Hellenophilus, that Mr. Summers, to whom afterwards Porson went to school, was a plain man, who professed nothing beyond English and the common rudiments of Latin. This is not quite correct. Mr. Summers was, and it is presumed is, a very respectable scholar. He was living when this was first written, and was master of the Free School at Happesburg, in Norfolk.

Another inaccuracy in that account must also be corrected. It is there stated, that at nine years of age, Porson, and his youngest brother Thomas, were sent to the village school, kept by this Mr. Summers. But at this period, his brother Thomas was not born. It is further remarked in that publication, that the Rev. Mr. H. heard of Porson's extraordinary propensity for study.—Of course, the writer could not possibly have known that Porson's father was Mr. H.'s parish-clerk.

There is still another error in that memoir, of no immediate consequence with regard to Porson, but

but somewhat unaccountable, considering the quarter from which it proceeded. It is stated in the Athenæum, for Nov. p. 430, that Porson married Mrs. Lunan, the sister of Mr. Perry, Editor of the Morning Chronicle, in 1795, and that she died of a decline in 1797. Whereas, the fact is, that Porson married Mrs. Lunan, in Nov. 1795, and the lady died some time in the April following. The rest of the memoir is generally unexceptionable. With respect to the eulogium passed at the conclusion of the article in the Morning Chronicle, these are the sentiments *ipsissimis fere verbis*, of Mrs. H. as expressed to an enquiring friend.

"I wish it had been suppressed. The Editor, I have no doubt, had the most obliging intentions in the world, when he represented me as an amiable, and accomplished woman; but I really have no taste for such flattery. He must have known, from my situation in early life, that it was impossible I should possess any accomplishments. I wish not to be brought before the public; my only ambition is, at the close of life *to have deserved* the character of having been a good wife to my husband, and a good mother to my children."

It is impossible to record these sentiments, without admiration of their good sense, modesty, and merit. It is with great satisfaction we are enabled to subjoin, that this lady's husband is a brewer at

Coltishall,

Coltishall in Norfolk, extremely respectable, and in flourishing circumstances.

The sentiments of Mrs. H. as above expressed, demonstrate great congeniality of feeling with her brother. No man was ever less assailable by flattery, or disliked it more; nor could any one be possibly more averse than he was to be pointed out—*digito prætereuntium.*—But let us proceed.

At the age of nine, Porson was placed under the care of the abovementioned Mr. Summers, by whom he was well grounded in Latin. He remained with him three years. At twelve, he was taken under the care of Mr. H. who was then employed in the education of his own children; with him he also continued three years. By him he was introduced to Mr. Norris, of Witton, the adjoining parish to Bacton; and this gentleman became his professed patron. First by his example, and afterwards by his strenuous recommendation, a subscription was set on foot for the general purposes of educating Porson, and of maintaining him at the university. The individuals who interested themselves about him, were highly respectable, both with regard to their rank, their character, and their number. Among them was Bishop Bagot, one other Bishop, whose name has escaped, Sir George Baker, Dr. Poynter, Dr. Hammond Prebendary of Norwich, &c. Sir

George

George Baker was the Treasurer. But there was a lady among them, whose zeal and anxiety concerning Porson, surpassed perhaps that of her gentlemen coadjutors. This was Mrs. Mary Turner, the grand-daughter of Sir Charles Turner; she was related to Mr. Norris, by whom Porson was introduced and recommended to her. She afterwards became his principal protector. Her house was always open to him, and whenever he returned from Eton, to pass his holidays in Norfolk, he enjoyed at Mrs. Turner's house the most constant and unrestrained hospitality.

She was afterwards entirely alienated from him; for which the following reasons have been alledged. She was very piously disposed, and was exceedingly anxious that Porson should go into the church. The decision to which he came, of not subscribing to the articles, and consequently of resigning his Fellowship, was to her utterly incomprehensible, and exceedingly shocked and distressed her. But the publication of his Letters to Travis gave the *coup de grace* to our unlucky friend. Some officious person represented this work to the old lady, as a calumnious attack upon Christianity, and as malignantly intended to call in question the truth of the Gospel.—It could only be the work of an apostate, an infidel, an abandoned reprobate. These circumstances pre-

 vailed

vailed upon Mrs. Turner to alter her will, in which she had left him a very considerable sum of money. —He had only a legacy of 30*l*. We must now go back to our chronological order.

Amicus dulcis ut æquum est
Quum mea compenset vitiis bona; pluribus hisce
Si modo plura mihi bona sunt, inclinet, amari
Si volet—hac lege in trutina ponetur eadem.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN the year 1774, when Porson was about fourteen years of age, and had been under the care of Mr. H. for two years, he had already discovered a most extraordinary quickness of parts.

His acquirements, indeed, even at that early period, and his remarkable powers of abstraction and of memory, the force of his intellect in whatever direction it was excited, induced in the breast of Mr. Norris a desire of extending the scale of his education.—It was determined to send him to Eton.

A circumstance relating to this event is communicated by his family, so much out of the ordinary

mode of proceeding in similar cases, that a little suspicion of its accuracy may, without offence, be indulged. It is stated by his relations, that previously to his being admitted at Eton, Mr. Norris sent Porson to Cambridge, to be examined as to his proficiency in the classics, by the Greek Professor.—This was in the midsummer of 1774. It is added, that in his examination, he displayed so much talent, and such extensive acquirements, that he was sent to Eton in the following summer, viz. in 1775.

Now, if this really were the fact, it is more than probable that such an incident never took place before, and can only be explained by the possible circumstance, that the Greek Professor, who was at that period Dr. * * *, was an intimate friend of Mr. Norris, and from a natural curiosity on his part, was entreated to perform this office. But there exists a still stronger reason for supposing there must be some mistake in this matter. Many of his schoolfellows at Eton still survive, and they all affirm, without any variation, that when Porson first went to Eton, he was not particularly distinguished above the other boys, either for learning, acquirements, or studious habits. Further than this, it is said by one, who is well qualified to judge, that is, by no less a personage than the present amiable and learned ————, that as a boy,

a boy, he discovered but an indifferent taste, and in his compositions was very fond of mixing Greek with his Latin, as thus, "*ingemuere* πόθοι," &c. &c.

It may perhaps be the fact, that there is a little confusion and mistake with regard to dates. Porson was necessarily and officially examined by the Greek Professor, when he sate, as it is termed, for the university scholarship; and he might, after his admission at college, and before his actual residence, go down to Cambridge from Eton, or, not improbably in some interval of the holidays, from his friends in Norfolk, for this particular purpose.

It is very certain, that his contemporaries at Eton, with little, very little exception, do not remember much about him. The following particulars concerning him at this period, may, however, be depended upon, being either communicated by himself, or from authority which cannot be doubted.

When at Eton, he wrote two dramatic pieces, and acted in them himself. All, however, that is remembered of either is, that one was more elaborate than the other, and indicated more of plot, ingenuity, and contrivance.—The title of it was, "Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire."

The other was a shorter piece, of less importance, and was occasioned by some private circumstance, or anecdote, among the boys themselves.

It is an extraordinary, but well attested fact concerning him, that the first book he ever read with attention was Chambers's Dictionary, which he fairly and regularly perused from beginning to end. He was always fond of algebra, and was a very skilful algebraist.—He taught himself the principles from the above dictionary.

After Porson left Eton to reside at Cambridge, a very long time elapsed without there being any intercourse between him and his family. This circumstance has brought upon him, particularly in Norfolk, the severest censure. Yet that this apparent, and indeed culpable neglect, did not entirely arise from insensibility to the ties of nature and of blood, is very certain.—Porson was undoubtedly not deficient in filial reverence. His sister had not seen her brother for twenty-two years, when, in 1804, she wrote to inform him, that her father was exceedingly ill, and considered as being in great danger. Porson immediately went down to Norfolk to see him, and at that time continued for seven weeks with his sister. The old gentleman recovered; but when seized with his dying illness, two years afterwards, Porson was again written to by his sister, and again replied to her letter by his presence. This was his last visit into Norfolk, when he passed a month at Coltishall. Now, it must be

acknowledged, that these facts demonstrate any thing rather than filial ingratitude, and tell with the candid mind, more than a hundred idle stories to his disadvantage. The writer of this narrative has also a strong impression, that he used to send clothes and occasional presents to his brothers; though he certainly did not write to any of the family, which, of course, they resented. He had, indeed, a very great repugnance to writing letters, and when he did so, his epistles were concise, stiff, and formal.—A specimen or two will hereafter be given. He certainly did not want sensibility; though his coldness, and reserve of demeanour, might reasonably excite the suspicion that he was unfeeling.

He spent the evening with him, whose notes now record the fact, when the last year of his being permitted to retain the benefits of his fellowship, expired.—It could not easily be obliterated from the memory.—His indignation at not being appointed to a lay fellowship in his college, then vacant; his resentment on perusing the letter which coldly apologised for giving it to another, with a recommendation to him, which he felt as the bitterest insult, to take orders; the anguish he expressed at the gloom of his prospects, without a sixpence in the world; his grief; and, finally, his tears; excited an impression of sympathy, which could never be forgotten.

Another proof that he was not insensible of kindness, deserves also to be recorded. He had borrowed, on some occasion or other, of our Sexagenarian a sum of money. Of course, he was never asked for it, nor in the remotest degree reminded of it. After an interval of more than four years, he came one day, in the familiar manner to which he was accustomed, and said, "I am come to dine, and have brought you the money I owe you—I suppose you thought I had forgotten it."

On his first arrival at college, he of course did not possess a very extensive library, and he used to go to the present Provost of Eton's rooms, to read Suidas and Plutarch's Morals; and even at that early period proposed some very curious critical emendations.

A very singular circumstance occurred about this period, which there may be some who are able to explain—it is not attempted here. Some person or other had taken a copy of Eustathius from Eton college library, and had conveyed it to Cambridge. It was here lent to Porson, who made excellent use of it. The following paragraph is verbatim from our manuscript. "The book was afterwards returned to Eton college, where it now remains, it is to be hoped, as Bonaparte said of the Belvidere Apollo, "*pour jamais*." The expression of "it is to be hoped," is made use of, because the very extraordinary fact not long since occurred of some most rare, curious, and

valuable books finding their way from the venerable precincts of a Cathedral library, to the shelves of a private collection.—May the fate of this Eustathius be different! At present, at least, whoever pleases may see it in Eton college library, enriched by a number of notes by Porson in the margin."

Porson had a very lofty mind, and was tenacious of his proper dignity. Where he was familiar and intimate, he was exceedingly condescending and good-natured. He was kind to children, and would often play with them, but he was at no pains to conceal his partiality, where there were several in one family. In one which he often visited, there was a little girl of whom he was exceedingly fond; he often brought her trifling presents, wrote in her books, and distinguished her on every occasion, but she had a brother to whom, for no assignable reason, he never spoke, nor would in any respect, notice. He was also fond of female society, and though too frequently negligent of his person, was of the most obliging manners and behaviour, and would read a play, or recite, or do any thing that was required.

He was very fond of crab fish, and on one occasion, where he was very intimate, asked to have one for supper; his friend jocularly said, that he should have the finest in St. James's Market, if he would go thither, buy, and bring it home himself. He disappeared

disappeared in an instant, and marched unconcerned through some of the most gay streets of London with the crab triumphantly in his hand.

Much has been said of his irregularities.—That odious theme is left to others. With all his errors and eccentricities, he who wrote this, loved him much, bowed with reverence to his talents, and admiration to his learning, and acknowledged with gratitude the delight and benefit he received from his society and conversation. Yet Porson by no means excelled in conversation; he neither wrote nor spoke with facility. His elocution was perplexed and embarrassed, except where he was exceedingly intimate; but there was strong indication of intellect in his countenance, and whatever he said was manifestly founded on judgment, sense, and knowledge. Composition was no less difficult to him. Upon one occasion, he undertook to write a dozen lines upon a subject which he had much turned in his mind, and with which he was exceedingly familiar. But the number of erasures and interlineations was so great as to render it hardly legible; yet, when completed, it was, and is, a memorial of his sagacity, acuteness, and erudition.

Cujus uti memoro reï simulacrum et imago
Ante oculos semper nobis versatùr et instat.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IT remains to record a few anecdotes of him, some of which, at least, do him the highest honour. During the whole period of his residence in Norfolk with his sister, which altogether amounted to eleven weeks, he never drank more than two glasses of wine after dinner, and never touched a single drop of spirits.—He was most frequently satisfied with one glass of wine. He talked familiarly with the family, joined them in their walks, and principally amused himself with a Greek manuscript belonging to Dr. Clark, which that traveller had brought home with him from Greece or Syria.

He was, from his childhood, a very bad sleeper; and it is to be feared, for it is no unusual case, that he may have been led to occasional indulgences

with

with regard to wine, with the view of procuring sleep. But he was also of a very social disposition, and the universal desire of his company, might eventually cause this to be imposed upon. One thing, it is believed, may positively be insisted upon, that he was never guilty of any intemperance in solitude; and his behaviour when under his sister's roof, shows that he could easily accommodate himself to the disposition and manners of the people among whom he was thrown.

The anecdote next about to be related, will perhaps excite surprize in many, but its authenticity cannot be disputed.

Porson, when in Norfolk with his sister, went regularly to church, nor was he ever prevented from so doing, except when under the influence of one of the violent paroxysms of asthma, to which he was subject.—These were occasionally so formidable, that apprehensions were often entertained, that he would expire in the presence of his friends. On his first visit to Norfolk, in 1804, he accompanied his brother-in-law to the adjoining village church of Horstead. Porson found that preparations were made to administer the sacrament.—When the usual service of prayers and sermon was ended, and they were about to leave the church, Porson stopped suddenly, and asked Mr. Hawes,

if in his opinion there would be any impropriety in his receiving the sacrament. Mr. Hawes instantly replied, "certainly not." Upon this, they both turned back, and received the communion together.

This was an extraordinary fact; and on the part of Porson suggests a singular question. Perhaps he might feel some hesitation from the circumstance of his being a total stranger to the clergyman who officiated; or perhaps it might have reference to the consciousness of his avowed non-conformity to the articles. The matter must remain undecided.

Singular as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that Porson did not hold ——— in so high a degree of estimation as might have been expected from the exalted station, which this venerable personage has invariably enjoyed in the kingdom of letters. It would be invidious, as it is quite unnecessary, to be circumstantial; but the fact was so.

On one occasion, when this personage was enjoying his afternoon's pipe, he turned triumphantly to the Greek Professor, and remarked, "Porson, with all your learning, I do not think you well versed in metaphysics." "I presume you mean your metaphysics," was the reply.

At another time, when something which this gentleman had written and published much interested the public attention, and occasioned many squibs, and

paragraphs, and controversial letters in the newspapers, Porson wrote the following epigram:

> "Perturbed spirits spare your ink,
> And beat your stupid brains no longer,
> Then to oblivion soon would sink,
> Your persecuted ———monger."

On the other hand, it is to be observed, that this eminent man, for so he was, invariably spoke of Porson in terms of the highest admiration and regard.

Whatever might be the case with respect to the person above alluded to, Porson was never at any pains to conceal his extreme contempt for Wakefield. There was at one time a seeming sort of friendly communication; but whilst Wakefield aimed at being thought on a level with Porson in point of attainments, this latter must unavoidably have felt the consciousness of his own great superiority.—Indeed, the difference between them was immense. Without disparagement to Wakefield, his warmest advocates must acknowledge, that although he formed his opinions hastily, he never failed to vindicate them with peremptory decision. In consequence of this eagerness and haste, his criticisms were frequently erroneous, and his conclusions false; neither, if detected in error, would his pride allow him either to confess, or retract his

fault.

fault. The writer of this article once pointed out to him a very great error in his translation of the New Testament; he acknowledged it at the time, but the second edition appeared, and the same error was repeated: he might possibly have forgotten it. Porson, on the contrary, never declared or formed his critical opinions (for of such we are now speaking) hastily.—He patiently examined, seriously deliberated, and was generally correct in his decisions; nevertheless, he quietly listened to the arguments of opponents, and was neither irritable nor pertinacious. How erroneous an estimate Wakefield had formed of Porson, is sufficiently apparent from the Posthumous Letters between him and Mr. Fox.

W. appears to tell that eminent Statesman, with a sort of ill-natured exultation, that nine hundred errors had been detected in the edition of Heynes' Virgil, *corrected*, as he is pleased to call it, by Porson. The fact is not so. The errors were certainly very numerous; but the office of press corrector was far beneath the dignity of Porson, and what mistakes there are, are principally confined to the notes, which a single glance from a critical reader, will in a moment detect and amend. The errors of the text, which is of more material importance, did not exceed twenty in all the four volumes.

Again,

Again, at p. 99, of the work above quoted, Mr. Wakefield is pleased thus to express himself: after assigning two reasons for not having more frequent intercourse with Porson, he gives as a third:

"The uninteresting insipidity of his society, as it is impossible to engage his mind on any topic of mutual enquiry, to procure his opinion on any author, or on any passage of an author, or to elicit any conversation of any kind, to compensate for the time and attendance of his company. And as for Homer, Virgil, and Horace, I never could hear of the least critical effort on them in his life.

"He is in general devoid of all human affections, but such as he has, are of a misanthropic quality; nor do I think that any man exists, for whom his propensities rise to the lowest pitch of affection and esteem. He much resembles Proteus in Lycophron,

"ῳ γελως απεχθεται
Και δακρυ."

The whole of the paragraph, and every particle of the affirmation which it contains, is as foolish as it is false. Porson's conversation insipid! The appeal may safely be made to many characters now living, to Dr. Parr, Dr. Charles Burney, Judge Dampier,

Dampier, the Provost of Eton, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Perry, and to many, many others, whether his conversation among his intimate acquaintance, did not invariably and irresistibly demonstrate intellect, information, and knowledge. That he was not very communicative with Mr. Wakefield on subjects of criticism and abstract erudition, may readily be accounted for.—He despised Wakefield's attainments of this kind, in the first instance; and in the next, had reason to apprehend that improper use might be made of what he might utter. Mr. Wakefield could not pretend to much of "human affection" in the declaration of his controversial opinions, but cut and slashed, and threw his dirt about, without any compunctious feeling.

It may be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that if any friend or acquaintance consulted the Greek Professor, on any difficult passage of any author, he readily communicated his aid, and would, if required, discuss such subjects in conversation.

That our friend was not "devoid of all human affections," examples have already been adduced; that he was "misanthropic," is an assertion equally absurd. He was, perhaps, too social; and it was this love of society, which frequently betrayed him into inadvertencies. As to the Greek quotation

with which this curious passage ends, all that can be said is, it does not apply to Porson.

Mr. Wakefield proceeds to observe, "I will be content to forfeit the esteem and affection of all mankind, whenever the least particle of envy or malignity is found to mingle itself with my opinions." Let the reader contrast this declaration with the letter, given in a preceding part of this narrative, and printed from his own hand-writing. Let him also compare *this* expression of Wakefield's with the diatribe which he addressed to Porson, on his publication of the Hecuba.

A few more anecdotes, from personal knowledge, shall close this part of our narrative. Porson once accompanied the Sexagenarian in a walk to Highgate. On their return, they were overtaken by a most violent rain, and both of them were thoroughly drenched to the skin. As soon as they arrived at home, warm and dry things were prepared for both; but Porson obstinately refused to change his clothes. He drank three glasses of brandy, but sate in his wet things all the evening. The exhalation, of course, was not the most agreeable; but he did not apparently suffer any subsequent inconvenience.

There was a lady, who was allied to some of the best families in the kingdom, exceedingly agreeable,

and very accomplished, who took great pleasure in the conversation and society of Porson. He, on his part, was very partial to her; and she it was who was the occasion of his composing those excellent Charades, which have found their way into many of the public prints, but of which an accurate copy has no where hitherto appeared. They were principally composed in his walks from his chambers, to the house of the author of this narrative, and will be found in the Appendix.

Και ομως ετολμησαμεν ἡμεις, τα ὑτως εχοντα, προς αλληλα ξυναγαγειν και ξυναρμοσαι.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PORSON'S CHARACTER.

HIS character will now be given, as it impressed the judgment of one who studied it much, and knew it well; but the undertaking is somewhat arduous. There were blended in him very opposite qualities. In some things he appeared to be of the most unshaken firmness; in others he was wayward, capricious, and discovered the weakness of a child. Although in the former part of his life, more particularly, he would not unfrequently confine himself for days together, in his chamber, and not suffer himself to be intruded upon by his most intimate acquaintance, he hardly ever could resist the allurements of social converse, or the late and irregular hours to which they occasionally lead.

That he was friendly to late hours, and generally, exhibited Dr. Johnson's reluctance to go to bed,

bed, might naturally arise from the circumstance of his being from a child, a very bad sleeper. Porson frequently spent his evenings with the present venerable Dean of Westminster, with Dr. Wingfield, with the late Bennet Langton, and with another friend in Westminster, with respect to whom, the following line used to be facetiously applied from Homer.

Ριψε ποδος τεταγων απο βηλου θεσπεσιοιο.

Yet he hardly ever failed passing some hours afterwards, at the Cyder Cellar, in Maiden-lane.

The above individuals being all of them very regular in their hours, used to give him to understand, that he was not to stay after eleven o'clock, with the exception of Bennet Langton, who suffered him to remain till twelve; corrupted in this instance perhaps, by Doctor Johnson. But so precise was Porson in this particular, that although he never attempted to exceed the hour limited, he would never stir before. On one occasion, when from some incidental circumstance, the lady of the house gave a gentle hint, that she wished him to retire a little earlier, he looked at the clock, and observed with some quickness, that it wanted a quarter of an hour of eleven.

In the former period of his early residence in the metropolis, the absence of sleep hardly seemed to annoy him. The first evening which he spent with Horne Tooke, he never thought of retiring till the harbinger of day gave warning to depart. Horne Tooke, on another occasion, contrived to find out the opportunity of requesting his company, when he knew that he had been sitting up the whole of the night before. This, however, made no difference; Porson sate up the second night also till the hour of sun-rise.

What shall we call it—waywardness, inconsiderateness, or ungraciousness? but it is a well known fact, that he spent the day of his marriage with a very learned friend, now a Judge, without either communicating the circumstance of his change of condition, or without attempting to stir till the hour prescribed by the family, obliged him to depart.

The following anecdote he would often relate himself, with the greatest good humour. It is sufficiently notorious, that our friend was not remarkably attentive to the decoration of his person; indeed, he was at times disagreeably negligent. On one occasion, he went to visit the above-mentioned learned friend, where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting in anxious and impatient expectation of the barber. On Porson's

entering

entering the library where the gentleman was sitting, he started up, and hastily said to Porson, "Are you the barber?" "No, Sir," replied Porson, "but I am a cunning shaver, much at your service."

When there was considerable fermentation in the literary world on the subject of the supposed Shakspeare Manuscripts, and many of the most distinguished individuals had visited Mr. Ireland's house to inspect them, Porson, accompanied by a friend, went also. Many persons had been so imposed upon as to be induced to subscribe their names to a form, previously drawn up, avowing their belief in the authenticity of the papers exhibited. Porson was called upon to do so likewise. "No," replied the Professor, "I am always very reluctant in subscribing my name, and more particularly to articles of faith."

The story of his pertinacity in twice transcribing the perplexed and intricate manuscript of the Lexicon of Photius, has been well detailed in the Athenæum, and is perfectly true.

An intimate friend of the Professor had a favourite old dog, whose death he exceedingly regretted, and asked Porson to give him an inscription, for the place in the garden where he was buried. After a time, Porson brought him the following, which was afterwards neatly cut in the antique manner, without

[stops,

stops, on a white marble stone, and remained for many years where it was first deposited.

ΤΗΝΤΡΙΒΟΝΟϹΠΑΡΑΓΕΙϹΗΝΠΩϹΤΟΔΕϹΗΜ-
ΑΝΘΗϹΕΙϹ
ΜΗΔΕΟΜΑΙΓΕΛΑϹΗϹΕΙΚUΝΟϹΕϹΤΙΤΑΦΟϹ
ΕΚΛΑUϹΘΗΝΧΕΙΡΕϹΔΕΚΟΝΙΝϹUΝΕΘΗΚΑ-
ΝΑΝΑΚΤΟϹ
ΟϹΜΟUΚΑΙϹΤΗΛΗΤΟΝΔΕΧΑΡΑΞΕΛΟΓΟΝ.

A great many people, and learned people too, thought it an ancient inscription, and so it is, but the Professor omitted to say where he met with it. It is however to be found among the Επιγραμματα αδεσποτα of Brunck and Jacobs, No. 755, and has been published in many other collections; but first by J. Vossius on Pomponius Mela, p. 129.

He was not easily provoked to asperity of language by contradiction in argument, but he once was. A person of some literary pretensions, but who either did not know Porson's value, or neglected to show the estimate of it which it merited, at a dinner party, harassed, teazed, and tormented him, till at length he could endure it no longer, and rising from his chair, exclaimed with vehemence, " It is not in the power of thought to conceive or words to express the contempt I have for you, Mr. * * *."

On

On his being appointed to the Greek Professorship, a gentleman who in his boyish days had shewn him great kindness, and who indeed being the agent of his first patron, was the dispenser also of that personage's liberality to Porson, wrote him a kind letter of congratulation. At the same time, not being acquainted with the nature of such things, he offered, if a sum of money was required to discharge the fees, or was necessary on his first entrance upon the office, to accommodate him with it. Of this letter, Porson took no notice. A second letter was dispatched, repeating the same kind offer; of this also, no notice was taken. The gentleman was exasperated, and so far resented the neglect, that it is more than probable, his representation of this matter, was one of the causes of Porson's losing the very handsome legacy intended for him, to which allusion has before been made.

It is exceedingly difficult to explain the motive of Porson's behaviour on the above occasion. He was not insensible of the kindness, for he mentioned it to him who has recorded the fact, in terms of respect and thankfulness, and as an act which merited his gratitude. It might arise first from his extreme reluctance to letter-writing, which induced him to defer his reply till the time was past, and notice of it might seem unseasonable; or he might not exactly like the terms in which the offer was conveyed,

for

for it is more than probable that the letter commenced with something like reproach, for the long and continued neglect of his earlier friends. Whatever might be the cause, it did him incalculable injury; the person in question never forgave the neglect, nor would he ever afterwards endure to hear his name mentioned. He was moreover the legal adviser of the old lady, Mrs. Ann Turner, of whose early impressions in Porson's favour, mention has already been made.

It must be acknowledged, that there was an occasional waywardness about Porson, which defied the utmost sagacity of his friends to explain. No example of this can perhaps be more striking, than his behaviour with respect to Sir G * * * * B * * * *. Sir G * * * * was among his earliest as well as warmest friends. He was trustee for the money raised for his education at Eton and the University; his house was always open to him, and being an excellent scholar himself, he naturally watched, incited, and encouraged the progress of him whom he protected. Nay, Porson himself would always and willingly render his patron ample justice in all these particulars; yet all at once he ceased to go to his house. From what motive, Sir G * * * * always avowed himself entirely ignorant, nor in all probability was it ever known. The writer of this Memoir had once a conversation with Sir G * * * *

on

on the subject; he spoke of Porson without the smallest asperity or reproach, but declared that his behaviour in this respect was perfectly unaccountable.

De ingenio ejus qui satis nostis, de interitu paucis cognoscite. An etiam de ingenio pauca vultis?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

OUR tale is now drawing to its close. The subject clings to the heart, and is parted with reluctantly. The circumstances attending the close of his life have been so minutely, and, to all appearance, faithfully narrated, as to call for no animadversion. His peculiarities and failings have been by some too harshly pointed out and commented upon, without due consideration of how exceedingly they were counterbalanced, by the most extraordinary and most valuable endowments. Of what importance is it, that when he shaved himself he would walk up and down his room, conversing with whomsoever might happen to be present; that he knew

knew the precise number of steps from his apartments to the houses of those of his friends, with whom he was most intimate, which, by the way, in the metropolis, must have been strongly indicative of a mind not easily made to swerve from its purpose; that at one period he was remarkably fond of the theatre, and all at once, as it were, ceased to frequent it? The circumstance most remarkable concerning his habits and propensities is, that he latterly became a hoarder of money, and, when he died, had not less than two thousand pounds in the funds. All these, however, are minor subjects of reflection. In him, criticism lost the most able, most expert, most accomplished support of her sceptre;—learning, one of its greatest ornaments. His knowledge was far more extensive than was generally understood, or imagined, or believed.—There are very few languages with which he had not some acquaintance. His discernment and acuteness in correcting what was corrupt, and explaining what was difficult and perplexed, were almost intuitive; and, in addition to all this, his taste was elegant and correct. His recitations and repetitions were, it must be confessed, sometimes tedious and irksome, which would not, however, have been the case, unless they had been too often heard before; for he never repeated any thing that

was

was not characterized by excellence, of some kind or other. One talent and quality he had, for which they who have hitherto exhibited biographical sketches of him, have not given him sufficient credit. —This was humour.

To prove that he possessed this in no ordinary degree of perfection, appeal need only be made to the three witty and facetious letters which he inserted in the Gentleman's Magazine, with the signature of "Sundry Whereof." The occasion was, The Life of Johnson, by Sir John Hawkins—Let the reader judge from one or two specimens.

Addressing the Editor he says: "Have you read that divine book, 'The Life of Samuel Johnson, L. L. D. by Sir John Hawkins, Knt.?' Have you done any thing but read it, since it was first published? For my own part, I scruple not to declare, that I could not rest till I had read it quite through, notes, digressions, index, and all. Then I could not rest till I had gone over it a second time. I begin to think that increase of appetite grows by what it feeds on, for I have been reading it ever since. I am now in the midst of the sixteenth perusal, and still I discover more beauties. I can think of nothing else—I can talk of nothing else, &c. &c. &c.

> "Read Hawkins once, and you can read no more,
> For all books hence appear so mean, so poor,
> Johnson's a dunce; but still persist to read,
> And Hawkins will be all the books you need."

Who would have expected this sally of facetiousness from the grave and didactic Porson?

After proposing to offer, in a future letter, a few corrections and amendments, the first epistle thus concludes:

"In a statue from the hand of Phidias, I would not, if I could help it, have a single toe-nail amiss. And since the smallest speck is seen on snow, I am persuaded that the Knight himself will not be displeased with a freedom which proceeds solely from esteem."

The second letter is still more pregnant with the truest humour. It is to be remembered that Porson was himself an Etonian; Sir John's book had been attacked in the Microcosm, a periodical work, by the upper boys at Eton, which fact is thus mentioned by Porson:

"Soon after the publication of Sir John's book, a parcel of Eton boys, not having the fear of God before their eyes, &c. instead of playing truant, robbing orchards, annoying poultry, or performing any other part of their school exercises, fell foul,

in

in print, upon his Worship's censure of Addison's middling style; and even sneered at the story of the Quaker, which I hold to be as good a thing as any in the volume. But what can you expect, as Lord Kaimes justly observes, from a school, where boys are taught to rob on the highway?"

It is with genuine humour that Mister Sundry Whereof affects to doubt the genuineness of some pages in Sir John's book. "The Knight's style," he observes, "is clear and elegant, whilst that in which the circumstance is narrated of Dr. Johnson's parchment-covered book, *is* cloudy, inconsistent, and embarrassed. He therefore begs to propose a few queries, of which the first is,

"Would a writer confessedly so exact in his choice of words, as the Knight, talk in this manner: 'While he was preparing;' 'An accident happened?'. As if one should say of that unfortunate divine Dr. Dodd, *an accident* proved fatal to him; he *happened* to write another man's name, &c."—The whole of this epistle is full of the happiest irony.

The point and humour of the third and concluding epistle is of a similar character. After premising certain canons of criticism, in which it is assumed, that "Whenever Sir John Hawkins, in quoting any part of Johnson's works, adopts a reading

reading different from the editions, it is to be replaced in the text, and the other discarded. Thus, in the vulgar edition of London, vol. xi. of Johnson's Works, p. 319, we read,

'And fixed *on* Cambria's solitary shore,'

How much better is Sir John's reading,

'And fixed *in* Cambria's solitary shore!'

"I would not believe that Johnson wrote otherwise, though Johnson himself should affirm it.

"Again, in the last number of the Rambler, Johnson says, or is made to say, 'I have endeavoured to refine our language to grammatical purity.' How tame, dull, flat, lifeless, insipid, prosaic, &c. is this, compared to what the Knight has substituted—'*grammar* and *purity!*' A fine instance of the figure, *Hen dia duoin*, like Virgil's *pateris et auro*, or like —; but I will not overpower you with my learning," &c.

The whole of this is admirable, and expressed in a style of the purest humour.

Much of this same quality is also conspicuous in Porson's character of Gibbon, as it is given in his Preface to the Letters to Travis; which character

racter, notwithstanding its great severity, induced Gibbon to solicit an interview with Porson. This accordingly took place, by the intervention of honest Peter Elmsley, and was once repeated, but no acquaintance or further communication ensued. Porson was not of a disposition to pay court even to the most eminent characters; and Gibbon then stood on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, and probably did not take the necessary steps to secure Porson's further correspondence.

With respect to the other branches of Porson's family, some errors have found their way into the public prints. His younger brother's name was Thomas. He is mentioned first, because he received the same benefit, with respect to education, under Mr. Hewitt and Mr. Summers, as his elder brother, the Professor. His talents were thought by no means to be inferior; he was certainly an excellent scholar, or possessed the faculty of becoming such. No efforts were, however, made in his favour to obtain for him similar advantages. He became assistant to the Rev. Mr. Hepworth, a very respectable clergyman, and amiable man, who kept a school first at Wymondham, in Norfolk, and afterwards was master of the free grammar school at Northwalsham. Thomas Porson, on leaving

Mr.

Mr. Hepworth, opened a school at Fakenham, which is likewise in Norfolk. Here he married, and died young. The second brother, Henry Porson, was not a scholar, but an admirable accountant. Mrs. Hawes has already been mentioned.—She has five children. The eldest son was for a time a member of Benet College, Cambridge; but he also had his scruples on the subject of subscription to the articles of the Church of England, and declined entering into orders. Though not disinclined to literary pursuits, he thought, and thought justly, that literature as a profession, was but an indifferent speculation; he resolved, therefore, to enter into more active life.—He is now at Buenos Ayres.

Now, then, alas! the moment is come, when we are to take a final leave of our illustrious friend.—Whatever were his errors, his failings, and his infirmities, he was, as far as talent, learning, and intellectual distinction is concerned, a GREAT MAN. His loss will ever be deplored by those who intimately knew him; and the tenderest regret will, as long as life shall endure, be everlastingly excited, when memory brings to the view of him who writes this narrative, the instructive, interesting, and pleasing hours spent in his society.

Hunc unum Plurimi consentiunt
Doctorum doctissimum fuisse
RICARDUM PORSONUM.

ΕΑΝ ΔΕ ΤΙ ΦΑΙΝΗΤΑΙ ΥΜΕΝ
ΠΡΟΣΘΕΙΝΑΙ Η ΑΦΕΛΑΙ
ΕΥΧΑΡΙΣΤΩΜΕΣ
ΕΡΡΩΣΤΕ.

CHAP.

Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque
Invenies: hominem pagina nostra sapit.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

PROCEED we next to one whose house Porson for a long series of years frequented with more familiarity and regular intimacy, than that of almost any body else. The expression of regular intimacy is deliberately used; for, in this respect, the Professor was particularly wayward. After visiting at a friend's house, for perhaps four or five days in succession, he would abruptly, and without any assignable reason, absent himself for as many weeks. The individual of whom we are about to speak, did not in this respect fare better than his neighbours. This individual was

* * * *.

It appears from the scattered memoranda, from which what follows has been compiled and arranged, that our Sexagenarian's acquaintance with him

him commenced in childhood, but different places of education, and a different period of residence at the university, occasioned a separation for many years; the connection was renewed, on again meeting in the metropolis.

His history in few words is this:

His father was a clergyman, and master of an endowed free-school in Yorkshire. He received a small number of private boarders into his house, which, with the addition of curacies, enabled him to live with respectability and comfort. The fortunes of men often turn upon slight hinges, and he who has the sagacity to avail himself of the favourable opportunities which present themselves, without any imputation on his integrity, is justly entitled to esteem and praise.

The elder Mr. * * * was a very good scholar, remarkably quick and intelligent, and, very differently from the general herd of masters of seed-shops and seminaries, by courtesy ycleped boarding schools, his plan of educating his pupils was admirable. He knew the right way, and pursued it: he was not satisfied with his boys having a sort of smattering of this book and the other—what they knew, they knew effectually; for their knowledge was grounded on the most familiar intimacy with grammar. He was also of a sociable and

convivial

convivial temper, and exceedingly acceptable to the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

Fortunately for him, and, indeed, for his family, he served the curacy of a village (the name is now forgotten by the writer), where Lord * * *, who married the gay, alas! too gay, daughter of Lord ——— resided. Lord ——— was at that time a great favourite with the Queen; and, at the intercession of his daughter, his Lordship applied to her Majesty for a presentation to a great and popular seminary, for the subject of this article. The request was granted; and thus the foundation of his future good fortune was permanently laid. But this was not all the good derived to the family from this splendid connection.—In process of time, the old gentleman, who well deserved it, obtained from the kindness of the same noble family, very valuable preferment. Another son also was enabled from the same source to appear with great distinction in life, was confidentially and honourably employed in their affairs, and did at one time at least, if not now, represent in parliament one of the boroughs in this interest.

But, to return to our immediate subject. He passed through the ordinary routine of a public school with credit, whence he removed to Cambridge, acquitted himself with great respectability, became

became a fellow of the society, and, at the usual period, entered into orders. He was for a time curate of the parish in which some of the relatives of that unfortunate India Captain who perished at sea in the Holwell, resided, and he preached on that occasion a funeral sermon which he was afterwards induced to publish. As far as recollection is of avail, the discourse was in every respect highly creditable to his sensibility and judgment. A vacancy happening at the public school where he was educated, among the under masters, he removed thither, and most probably was invited to do so. After various gradations, he rose to the chief situation, which he retained till his death. He obtained at different times, different pieces of preferment, and having always his house full of pupils, in all probability died opulent.

His connection with Porson commenced at the university, and was only interrupted by that which breaks all human bonds asunder—a summons to the grave. Different as they were in the powers of intellect, and attainments of learning, properly so called, though it is by no means intended to insinuate, that this gentleman's talents and learning were not very highly reputable, yet there was a certain congeniality of mind and sentiment between him and Porson, which tended to confirm and cement their intimacy. They took the same decided

line

line in politics; both were strenuous advocates, at first, at least, of the French Revolution, both associated intimately with its warmest defenders, and both were alike sceptical on certain points of ecclesiastical controversy. Of the subject of this article, it was facetiously remarked by a Barrister, who was one of his auditors, that having engaged to preach at Lincoln's Inn, on Trinity Sunday, he preached against the Trinity. But perhaps by this remark no more was intended, than that the preacher did not enter very profoundly into the question, but rather permitted it to escape in a vapour of generality.

Both these worthies were deluded enough to think Fox the true lover, and Pitt the decided enemy of his country. But what will not the spirit of party do? Now, in our opinion, and in more instances than one, Fox was the enemy of his country. But we are well aware that these may be called prejudices on the other side; and it is not intended to throw down the glove for political hostility in this narrative. To show, however, our candour, the following ingenious nonsense is inserted, which some have given to Porson, others to * * *. It is more probable to have been the production of the former, who had a great talent for splendid trifles; for trifles they certainly are, even when such a genius sports with them.

ORACULA

ORACULA ECHUS

DE BELLO ET STATU NATIONIS.

Huc ades, huc ades prestò, resonabilis Echo
ἭΚΩ.
Romanam credidi—οἶσθα καὶ ελληνιστι ΛΑΛΕΙΝ
ΛΑΛΕΙΝ.
Forsan & Gallicè, polyglotta, possis loqui ?
O QU'OUI.
Et Anglica nostra non sit tibi prorsus igNOTA?
NOTA.
Benè, τετραφωνήσω καγω·—si tibi non dis-PLICET.
LICET.
Quid tibi videtur, Dea! de hocce Gallico BELLO?
HELL,O.
Ignoscas, Cara, dicendum Anglicè, O, HELL!
O, HELL!
Scilicet auçtor hujus Belli est ipse ΔιαΒΟΛΟΣ.
ὉΛΟΣ.
Et instrumenta Diaboli boni regis Ministri sunt?
I SUNT.
Num isti regis Ministri sciunt quid FACIUNT?
SCIUNT.
Sed nobis, vili Plebeculæ, consilia sua dicere NOLUNT?
NOLUNT.
Audesne tu, Dea! Belli veram dicere CAUSAM
AUSIM.
Equidem pugnari putavi, primò Libertatis aMORE.
ΜΩΡΕ!

Secundò

Secundò certamen esse pro sacra ConstitutiONE
O NE!

Sic tamen solet ὁ Δεινα· crePARE.
A RE.

Periclitari navigium, clamitat ille ναυκΛΗΡΟΣ.
ΛΗΡΟΣ.

Τον βασιλεα, τȢς Νομȣς, την Εκκλησιαν, κινδυ ΝΕUΕΙΝ.
NEW WINE.

Non aliter, tamen ille *Sobrius* DUNDASSUS loqui sOLET.
OLET.

Αλλ' ἀυτ℗ ὁ Πωρτλανδ℗ τȣτȣς αποδεχεται τους λΟΓΟΥΣ
O GOOSE.

Et ipse WYNDHAMUS devorat dictamina PΙΤΤΙ
PITY!

And even BURKE himself now listens to DUNDASS
ASS!

Hinc in FOXIUM, ἡμιθεον, tantum concitatur ODII.
O, DII!

Qui tamen Patriam, ut aiunt, quàm maxumè adAMAT.
AMAT.

Et enixè tuetur sacra Anglorum JURA.
JURA.

Quàm, ergo, Anglorum Populus ingratus mihi viDETUR!
DETUR.

Ce peuple ne voit pas les miseres de la GUERRE.
GUERES.

Ni l'infinitè des maux qui doit s'en SUIVRE
SUIVRE.

Quot, quæso, sunt mala metuenda pro PaTRIA?
TRIA.

Τις, δεομαι, τουτων ἡ πρωτη συμΦΟΡΑ;
ΦΟΡΑ.
Intelligo: secunda calamitas erit iNEDIA.
ΝΗ, ΔΙΑ!
Και ἡ τριτη, γογγυσμος του λαου αποῤῬΗΤΟΣ?
ῬΗΤΟΣ
Και τα λοιπα ταχα, θεα! αμεινον τα νυν ΣΙΓΑΝ?
ΣΙΓΑΝ.
At causas Belli nondum dixisti:—apertè loQUERE
QUÆRE.
Quæram:—αλλα ψιθυριζωμεν, ει και σοι ΔΟΚΕΙ.
ΔΟΚΕΙ.
Peutêtre, on fait la guerre, en partie, pour plaire AU** ?
AU **.
Et sur tout, pour empêcher une reforme DES * *?
DES * *.
Et pour êtablir un systeme de pure * * * ?
* * *.
Dic mihi, quis erit hujusmodi Belli EVENTUS?
VENTUS.
Scilicet, frustrà tentamus istos subjicere GALLOS?
'ΑΛΛΩΣ.
Precamur ergo Deos, ut quam maturimè finiatur cert-
AMEN.
AMEN.

Whoever was the author of the above facetiousness, was indebted for the idea to a book of no common occurrence, of which the title is "Lusus Imaginis Jocosæ sive Echus, a variis Poetis, variis linguis et numeris exculti. Ex Bibliotheca Theodori

dori Dousæ, I. F. Accessit M. Schoockii Dissertatio de natura Soni et Echus. Ultrajecti. Ex officina Ægidii Roman. Acad. Typog. 1638."

The volume consists of poems, in the style and manner of that above printed, in Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Dutch, German, and English; as for example:

Echo in Nuptias
Nobiliss. Viri HENRICI Van EEDEN
et Nobil. Virginis DOUSÆ, quæ
maternum stemma ducit e familia
Dominorum Van REEDEN.

Dic age quem thalamo deposcit filia REEDEN?
Eeden—num thalamo vota parata? *rata*.
Num sponsum moresque probos adamabit? *amabit*
Qualis ei conjunx? res operosa? *rosa*.
Quæ pestis procul esse velis? *lis*—optima virtus
Conjugii quæ sit, dic mihi clamor? *amor*.
Dicite saxa, thori quæ spes, num fœmina vel mas
Mas. At Posteritas quos sibi dicet avos?
Vos. Sibi num celebres Downas annectere gaudet?
Audet—Quid sponso dicere mane? *mane*—
Num colet Henricus teneram sine labe puellam?
Ellam—num magnum credet amare? *mare*—
An mihi tam chari thalami fas dicere civis?
Si vis—at Musæ si faveant? *aveant*—
Num candor, doctrina, boni cultura sodalis,
Et probitans illi est unica Thais? *ais*.

C. BARLÆUS.

This

This Caspar, or Gaspar Barlæus was a very learned physician of Antwerp, of whom Vossius says, " Dubium Poeta melior an Philosophus." Many of his works are extant, and highly esteemed. But, to return to our subject.

Let not such of * * *'s surviving friends as may peruse this article take offence, when it is asserted that he was not the most profound of scholars, nor was his taste the finest and most accurate in the world; but he was certainly an excellent teacher, and many very eminent scholars have been produced under his guidance. He was far from deficient in judgment, was possessed of excellent common sense, and was wise enough to turn his familiar and intimate connection with Porson to excellent use. Many a lecture on the Greek dramas has smacked sensibly of the Professor. It is not known that he ever wrote any thing by which (the sermon above-mentioned excepted) his intellectual powers, or acquired attainments, can be brought to the test. The oration which follows in the Appendix was undoubtedly of his composition. As one of Porson's has been exhibited, composed by him in very early youth, it should be noticed that the oration subjoined was produced not a great while before * * * changed this state for a better.

They who are so disposed may there, if they please, enter into a critical examination and com-

 parison

parison of the Latinity of these two distinguished personages. We have something else to do. It is not pretended to say that the author of this last oration was defective in good taste with respect to literary composition, but it is rather extraordinary that so protracted a course of scholastic discipline did not create more. One thing is alike remarkable and certain, and was notorious to the pupils in almost every division of their classes, that their master had no great talent for versification. They who have seen the Masters of Westminster, of Eton, or Harrow, correct verse exercises, must be well aware of the extreme readiness, facility, and precision, with which a false quantity is detected, an unpoetical word erased, a better substituted, and every part of the rhythm accurately determined. Whereas the learned man of whom we are speaking, made few or no remarks when correcting verse exercises, and was generally satisfied with putting a mark under the mistakes of his *boobies*. This is not intended to depreciate his value as a schoolmaster. By no means; as a master, he had the more useful and valuable qualities, though he could not be said to have had much of poetry in his composition.

It is an old and generally received adage, " a man is known by the company he keeps." We will not altogether apply this to * * * in the present

present case, because it is most willingly conceded that he had a great share of mildness and benevolence in his temper; and perhaps it might be illiberal to infer, that his kindness to certain individuals was the result of an entire congeniality and community of feeling. We trust that it was not, and more particularly with respect to one person, hereafter to be mentioned.

Of the subject of this article, little more remains to be said, than that he died prematurely, and much lamented by an extensive circle of friends and acquaintance. It does not appear that he left behind him any thing with the view of publication, though among his manuscripts, particularly when his long intimacy with Porson is remembered, there must probably have been many things well deserving of public notice.

Alterum genus est eorum, qui quanquam premuntur ære alieno, dominationem tamen expectant: rerum potiri volunt, honores quos quieta republica desperant, perturbata consequi se posse arbitrantur.

CHAPTER XL.

THE individual alluded to in the conclusion of the preceding article was

J * * * * * G * * * * *,

than whom a more extraordinary character has not of late years, appeared as a candidate for public notice.

He was born, if we mistake not, in the Island of St. Christopher's, in the West-Indies. He was the presumed heir to considerable property, but this was the subject of legal dispute. In the interval, J * * * * * was sent to England for his education, and being placed under the care of the late eminent surgeon, Mr. Bromfield, he was by that gentleman consigned to Doctor, at that time Mr. Parr.

Mr. Parr having been disappointed in his views of succeeding Dr. Sumner in the head mastership of Harrow school, had established himself in its vicinity, at Stanmore, whither he brought with him many of his former pupils, sons of noblemen, and other distinguished persons.

G * * * * * soon gave proofs of the greatest abilities, and had he, fortunately for himself and the world, pursued his natural propensities for literary pursuits, he would, beyond all doubt, have shone as a star of the first magnitude, and avoided the miserable fate, which at a premature period, removed him from the world. But he was all fire—a real child of the sun—without deliberation or reflection, without care or thought of remoter consequences, he yielded implicitly to the first impulses of his mind, and was too proud and too lofty to retract or recede. Most unluckily, at the moment when G * * * * * was beginning to feel the consciousness of his intellectual superiority, the poisonous and malignant seeds of the French Revolution had shewn their germs above the surface of the earth, and were advancing to an ill-omened maturity. The delusive cry of liberty always impresses the youthful mind with an impatient ardour, and when properly disciplined and restrained, may afterwards display itself in the zeal of a sound and honest patriotism, and eventually become the parent of every manly

manly virtue. But when the object of this ardour takes a false name and wrong direction, when zeal is misled by an *ignis fatuus*, and not by the genuine flame of real liberty—when the name of liberty is made the stalking horse of ambition, the instrument of selfish ends and motives, the tool of the demagogue, the whoop of a low and sanguinary multitude, what great, what dire, and what deplorable mischiefs may be expected, we have too disastrous a proof in the source, progress, and history of the French Revolution.

It was this false fire which led J * * * * G * * * * astray, and with no ordinary deviation. It was not like the error of an inconsiderate young man, who for a time obeys the impulse of some particular passion, but on reflection sees his danger, retraces his steps, and makes compensation by acknowledging his indiscretion, and afterwards pursuing the safe and straight line of duty. G * * * * * all at once, like an unbroken colt, burst every check and restraint, and bounded away over hill and dale, through woods, over plains and rivers, with the impetuous and ungovernable fury of the wildest buffalo. The word liberty being once sounded in his ears, he dressed up her image in the gaudiest hues of a vivid imagination, and bowed before it, with all the devotion of the most superstitious idolatry.

 In

In the interval, however, but it is not pretended to be particularly accurate as to chronological periods, G * * * * * returned to the West-Indies, where he married, and had a son and a daughter. There he left his wife and children, and coming back to England, immediately took an active part in the busy and perilous scenes which were then exhibiting. His former and natural love of literature was totally forgotten, or rather absorbed, by the boundless prospects presented to his political ambition. He had made some preparations to be called to the bar, but all ideas of entering upon any profession, were now contemptuously thrown aside, and conventions, corresponding societies, committees, delegates, &c. danced before his disturbed fancy, in all the mazes of political confusion.

Finally, he became a zealous and active member of the Corresponding Society, and in the year 1793, had, what to his infatuated mind appeared no ordinary distinction, the high honour of being elected with Maurice Margarot *(par nobile fratrum)* as a delegate to what was absurdly denominated the British Convention, which assembled at Edinburgh.

Here be it permitted to pause awhile, and lament the waywardness of this man's mind. There was no eminence in any profession to which he might

might not have aspired, and had he pursued any other path but the delusive one which obtained his partial preference, he might have lived in dignified independence, and left a revered and honoured name behind him. His temper, it must be confessed, was not of the most conciliating kind, and like most of the lovers of reform, and advocates of liberty and equality, he was tyrannical, insolent, imperious, and overbearing.

Among his other qualifications, he had considerable theatrical talents, and when very young, performed the arduous character of Zanga in the Revenge, to the admiration and delight, of a numerous and very enlightened assembly.

The individuals with whom he ostensibly lived in the greatest familiarity, were his old master, Dr. Parr, Mr. (now Sir James) Mackintosh, his old school-fellow, the Historian of Hindostan, Mr. Sheridan, Dr. Raine, and the editors of those papers more particularly pre-eminent in their opposition to the measures of government, and their countenance of the French Revolution.

But it is now well known, that he had other unavowed connections; that, like Jaffier, he had his midnight divan, where he presided as Autocratist. His principles gave way, either to the contagion of the low and mean herd, with whom he finally

finally associated, or were made subservient to his political schemes and projects. He once had the candour to make this acknowledgment himself; but he ultimately threw off all regard to decorum; lived in open licentiousness, and indulged in every sensual irregularity.

His writings of a particular kind were very numerous, but chiefly consisted of small pamphlets, letters, and paragraphs; all of them characterized by great vigour and acuteness. His most extensive work was entitled, "A Convention the only Means of saving us from Ruin," which was distinguished by its extraordinary boldness, and contemptuous disregard of existing authorities.

The melancholy sequel of his story is well known; but it may be a public benefit, and operate as a beacon to the young and unwary, here to recapitulate it. The writer of this article saw him for the last time, when he was about to take his departure for Scotland, to surrender himself for trial. He evaded the recollection of an old acquaintance. There was a haggard wildness in his looks, a disorder in his air, a sort of despondency in his demeanour, which made an indelible impression.

He was for a long time confined in Newgate, on his way from Scotland to fulfil his sentence of transportation to Botany Bay. Here his pride was gratified, and his mental exacerbation soothed, by a crowd

crowd of visitors, some of whom were of no mean rank. It is singular to say, but the fact is indisputable, that while he was in Newgate, orders for Drury-lane Theatre, with the signature of J * * * * * G * * * * *, were admitted. This may well excite surprize, but when this was written, there were many living evidences able to bear testimony to the fact.

Another thing too, which may at first view appear alike difficult of belief, is, that whilst he was in Newgate, Lord Melville (then Mr. Dundas) sent to him, and offered to be the instrument of obtaining his free pardon, on condition of his signing a paper, purporting his determination to conduct himself for the time to come, as a peaceable and quiet subject. This he positively and ungraciously refused—refused too at a moment, when his health was obviously giving way to the irregularities of his life, and the perturbation of his mind; when he had great reason to think, that he was going to certain and inevitable death.

Various offers of money were made him by private persons: these also he pertinaciously rejected. He was well supplied elsewhere. One thing, however, unfortunately for himself, he did not refuse, namely, that which undermined and finally destroyed his constitution—he indulged in the fatal habit of drinking spirits. He departed for the place of his destination, without any ostensible depression

pression of spirits, and, as might be anticipated, he returned no more.

The writer of this sketch has heard, and so have many others, Porson relate a singular anecdote of G*****. He had occasionally met Porson, but though perhaps on one or two topics, there might exist something like community of sentiment between them, intimacy was out of the question. G***** was too fierce and boisterous, and had of late years too much neglected those pursuits which absorbed Porson's attention altogether, to make them at all likely to assimilate.

Porson was one morning at his solitary breakfast in the Temple, when G***** called upon him, accompanied by a female. He desired permission and materials to write a letter. After spending a considerable time, in reading, writing, altering, and consulting his female companion, he finished his letter, and returning thanks to the Professor, took his leave.

Porson saw no more of him for an interval of three years, when (and Porson's accuracy might always be trusted in what related to memory) on that very day three years, precisely the same scene was repeated. G***** came a second time, at the same hour, accompanied by the same female, requested leave and materials to write a letter, consulted his companion as before, and having finished

what

what he was about, in like manner took his leave, and departed. Porson saw him no more.

G * * * * * left a son; by the benevolence of private friends, he was educated at the Charter-house, and is now occupied in some of the various branches of the law.

Desine blanditias et verba potentia quondam
Perdere, non ego sum stultus, ut ante fui.

CHAPTER XLI.

H***** W******.

THE series of biographical sketches is for a time interrupted, to revert to the more immediate object of this narrative. Another work of considerable magnitude, undertaken by the writer of these Fragments, was proposed to, and accepted by, those most effectual patrons of literary men—the booksellers. This occasioned on his part a survey and examination of those more distinguished personages, to whom an introduction had been obtained from the claim of literary attainments, with the view of selecting a patron for this new work. After due deliberation, the individual fixed upon was H***** W******, of whom more hereafter. He was accordingly solicited for the honour of his permission to prefix his name to the meditated publication, and this honour was graciously conceded. A difficulty now presented itself. An author rising slowly from obscurity, is apt for a while to be dazzled with the splendour of elevated rank,

rank, and to feel his powers somewhat depressed and awed, in the presence of rank and grandeur. There must, however, be a dedication to this great man, the composition of which seemed more difficult and more formidable, than the execution of the proposed work itself, though of the extent of several volumes. It was, therefore, after many vain and unsatisfactory attempts, finally determined to call for external aid. This aid was at hand, and a Dedication was written by a powerful and friendly hand.

As the Dedication itself, and the manner in which it was refused, seem to form no incurious literary anecdote, the reader, it is hoped, will be amused with what follows, and may employ himself, if he shall think proper, in endeavouring, from a comparison and analysis of the style, to discover who the friend was that supplied the

DEDICATION.

My Lord,

Men of learning will see at a glance, and men of sensibility will strongly feel the propriety of the permission which I have requested, to dedicate such a work as * * * * to such a nobleman as the Earl of * * *.

From the curious researches into antiquities, and the elegant disquisitions in criticism which adorn the

the work I have now the honour to lay before the public, under the protection of your exalted name, their minds will naturally be turned towards those numerous writings, with which you have enlightened and charmed your contemporaries, and in which posterity will acknowledge, that the most various erudition is happily united with judgment the most correct, and taste the most refined.

Like the worthies of whom we read in Greek and Roman story, you find in old age a calm and dignified consolation from the continuance of those studies, which, with the lustre of high birth, and amidst the fascinating allurements of ambition, you, my Lord, have devoted a long and honourable life to the calmer and more ingenuous pursuits of literature.

Perhaps, my Lord, you feel new affiance in the wisdom of your choice, when you reflect on the peculiar circumstances of the times, which, big as they have been with awful events, and fatal as they may be to the fairest forms of society, leave *

* *Aliter.*

Leave in the sacred retreats of science some shelter to wise and good men, disgusted with the view of surrounding crimes, and alarmed at the prospect of impending woes.

Or thus,

Leave some shelter to the contemplative scholar and the dispassionate philosophist.

in

in the sacred retreats of science some shelter to the human mind, disgusted with the view of human crimes, and damped with the prospect of human woes.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

But all this would not do. The noble Lord declined all these fine things, in the following letter. *Oh si sic omnia.*

I do beg and beseech you, my good Sir, to forgive me, if I cannot possibly consent to receive the Dedication you were so kind and partial as to propose to me. I have, in the most positive and almost uncivil manner, refused a Dedication or two lately. Compliments on virtues which the persons addressed, like me, seldom possessed, are happily exploded, and laughed out of use.

Next to being ashamed of having good qualities bestowed upon me to which I should have no title, it would hurt me to be praised for my erudition, which is most superficial, and on my trifling writings, all of which turn on most trifling subjects. They amused me while writing them, may have amused a few persons, but have nothing solid enough

to

to preserve them from being forgotten with other things of as light a nature.

I would not have your judgment called in question hereafter, if somebody reading your work should ask, "What are these writings of Lord Orford which this author so much commends? Was Lord Orford more than one of the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease?" Into that class I must sink, and I had rather do so imperceptibly, than be plunged down to it by the interposition of the hand of a friend, who could not gainsay the sentence.

For your own sake, my good Sir, as well as in pity to my feelings, who am sore at your offering what I cannot accept, restrain the address to a mean *(sic)* inscription. You are allowed to be an excellent * * * *. How unclassic would a Dedication in the old fashioned manner appear, if you had published * * *, and had ventured to prefix a Greek or Latin Dedication to some modern Lord, with a Gothic title!

Still less had these addresses been in vogue at Rome, would any Roman author have inscribed his work to Marcus, the incompetent son of Cicero, and tell the unfortunate offspring of so great a man of his high birth and declension of ambition. It would have excited a laugh on poor Marcus, who, whatever may have been said of him, had more

sense

sense than to leave proofs to the public of his extreme inferiority to his father.

I am, dear Sir, with great regard,

Your much obliged,

[And I hope by your compliance with my earnest request to be your much more obliged]

And obedient humble servant,

* * * *

Another Dedication was submitted to the noble Lord's deliberation, but neither did this altogether satisfy him, as appears from the following expression of his opinion.

Dear Sir,

I scarce know how to reply to your new flattering proposal. I am afraid of appearing guilty of affected modesty, and yet I must beg your pardon, if I most sincerely and seriously entreat you to drop all thoughts of complimenting me, and my house and collection. If there is truth in man, it would hurt, not give me satisfaction.

If you could see my heart, and know what I think of myself, you would be convinced that I think myself unworthy of praise, and am so far from set-

ting value on any thing I have done, that could I recall time, and recommence my life, I have long been persuaded, that, thinking as I do now, nothing would induce me to appear on the stage of the public.

Youth, great spirits, vanity, some flattery, (for I was a Prime Minister's son) had made me believe I had some parts, and perhaps I had some, and on that rock I split; for how vast the distance between some parts and genius, original genius, which I confess is so supremely my admiration, and so honest is my pride, for that I never deny, that being conscious of not being a genius, I do not care a straw in which rank of mediocrity I may be placed. I tried before I was capable of judging myself, but having carefully examined and discovered my extreme inferiority to the objects of my admiration, I have passed sentence on my trifles, and hope nobody will think better of them than I do myself, and then they will soon obtain that oblivion, out of which I wish I had never endeavoured to emerge.

All this I allow, Sir, you will naturally doubt, yet the latter part of my life has been of a piece with my declaration. I have not only abandoned my mistaken vocation, but have been totally silent to some unjust attacks, because I did not choose my name should be mentioned when I could help it. It will be therefore indulgent in a friend, to

let

let me pass away unnoticed as I wish, and I should be a hypocrite indeed, (which indeed I am not) if it were possible for me to receive compliments from a gentleman, whose abilities I respect so much as I do yours. I must have been laying perfidious snares for flattery, or I must be sincere. I trust your candour and charity will at least hope I am the latter, and that you will either punish my dissimulation, by disappointing it, or oblige me, as you will assuredly do, by dropping your intention. I am perfectly content with the honour of your friendship, and beseech you to let these be the last lines that I shall have occasion to write on the disagreeable subject of * * *.

Dear Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

* * * *.

Means were contrived to appease the apprehensions and satisfy the scruples of the venerable Peer. The work was published under the sanction of his name, and is now out of print.

That he did like the Dedication in its ultimate form, appears from the following.

Dear Sir,

I beg a thousand pardons for not returning your Preface, which I like much, and to which I could

 find

find but one very slight correction to make, which I have marked with pencil. But I confess I waited anxiously for an assurance from you, that you would suppress the intended Dedication, which I should have been extremely sorry to have seen appear. I have this moment received that promise, and am infinitely obliged by your compliance.

I shall be in town on Saturday, and happy to see you in Berkeley-square, when you shall have a moment to bestow on

Your obedient servant,

* * * *

Animus quod perdidit optat,
Atque in præterita se totus imagine versat.

CHAPTER XLIII.

OUR Sexagenarian knew and saw Lord * * * * much and often, both before and after he came to the title, the accession to which (whatever and however just may have been the imputation on his vanity) most assuredly was a vexation to him rather than a pleasure. The first introduction of the parties in question to each other, was at one of those evening parties, contemptuously denominated Blue Stocking Club. There was really nothing in these assemblies to provoke or justify contempt, for they in fact consisted of a considerable number of very accomplished persons of both sexes, and except that the entertainment was confined to conversation, with the occasional introduction of music, they were cheerful, interesting, and the vehicle of circulating much curious information on subjects of literature and science. The principal persons were Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Montague, Horace

 Walpole,

Walpole, Sir Charles Blagden, the Miss Baillies, Lady Louisa Macdonald, the Miss Berries, Lady Herries, Mrs. John Hunter, the two Messrs. Lysons, Mr. (now Sir Everard) Home, Aleppo Russel, and a great many other very considerable persons both as to rank and talent. One of the principal houses of resort for these meetings, was John Hunter's, and the old Philosopher himself occasionally mingled with the party, and enjoyed the social conversation.

The first place, however, was, by a sort of common consent, whenever he appeared among them, which was very often, assigned to H * * * * * W * * * * * *. He well deserved the distinction, on such occasions at least. His resources of anecdote were inexhaustible; his mode of communicating what he knew, was easy, gracious, and elegant, as can be imagined. He was the last of the old school, after the death of the venerable Earl Bathurst, who, when he left the world, seems not to have had a surviving friend, to record his various talents and accomplishments. Yet Lord Bathurst was a nobleman of no ordinary attainments, of admirable taste, acute discernment, and great learning. When in the decline of life, and his sight began to fail him, his relation and chaplain, the present Bishop of Norwich, used to read the classics to him. The Bishop is known to be an excellent scholar, yet

Lord

Lord Bathurst would every now and then stop him, and say, "Harry, you read that passage as if you did not understand it; let me hear you read it again." He would then, with the greatest precision, explain any difficulty which might have occurred, and was pleased with the opportunity of communicating what he knew.

The reader, it is hoped, will excuse this digression in favour of a great and good man; but it is time to return to H***** W******.

As far as verbal communication went, or communication of what he retained in his memory, availed, all his stores were at the service of literary men, and many of our modern popular books owe much of their zest and interest to this sort of assistance received from Lord ****. Among others, Pennant's London was very particularly indebted to his "Reminiscences." The Messrs. Lysons will doubtless not deny their obligations of a similar kind, nor Mr. Nichols; nor would the late Mr. Gough, nor Michael Lort, nor Michael Tyson, nor a great many others. Further than such communication, with perhaps the exception of a scanty dinner at Strawberry-hill, there is no instance on record of his liberality having proceeded. He certainly was proud of being considered as a sort of patron of literature, and a friend to literary men, but he did not choose to purchase the pre-eminence

at a higher price than a little flattery and praise, and a pudding neither over large nor over solid.

Here two anecdotes occur not to be forgotten. Upon one occasion, a gentleman of no small literary distinction, who had a sort of general invitation to his Villa, was induced by a fine summer morning to pay his respects to Lord O. On his arrival, he was kindly greeted, and invited to stay and dine. The invitation was accepted. The noble Lord rang his bell; and on the appearance of his Swiss, enquired what there was for dinner. "Hashed mutton, my Lord," was the reply. "Let there be hashed mutton for two, as Mr. * * * is to dine with me." In a very short time, the Swiss returned with a long face—"My Lord, there is only hashed mutton for one." The visitor made his apologies, engaged to come again at a more favourable opportunity, and left T——m *impransus.*—N. B. His Lordship's servants were always on board-wages.

The other anecdote is not much less whimsical, and this relates to the writer himself.

On his first invitation to dinner with his Lordship, he accompanied Mr. K. There were no other guests. The Sexagenarian presumed that he should for once enjoy the luxury of a splendid dinner, and prepared himself accordingly. Dinner was served, when to the poor author's astonish-

ment,

ment, one dish only smoked upon the noble board, and that too, as ill luck would have it, was a species of fish not very agreeable to the palate of the guest. He waited, however, in patience, and the fish was succeeded by a leg of mutton. Wae worth the man, who, in the pride and naughtiness of his heart, presumes to say any thing to the disparagement of a leg of mutton. The author, however, thought that he might have leg of mutton at home, and taking it for granted, that at a nobleman's table, a second course would succeed, where there would be some tit-bit to pamper his appetite, he was very sparingly helped. Alas! nothing else made its appearance. " Well then," exclaimed the disappointed visitor, " I must make up with cheese." His Lordship did not eat cheese. So to the great amusement of his companion, the poor author returned hungry, disconcerted, and half angry. He was, however, regaled on his arrival in Russel-street with a roast duck.

With respect to Chatterton, the less, perhaps, that is said the better. We are certain of two things, that Chatterton made application to him for assistance, communicating, at the same time, testimonies of his necessities, and of his talents. In return, he received—nothing.

The Rev. Mr. L * * * * * was his chaplain, but it does not appear that he either gave him any preferment, or used his interest to procure any thing

for

for him. He did once indeed put himself a little out of his way. Being called upon to ask a living for a poor clergyman, who, as he confessed, had claims upon him, he wrote the following letter to the Commissioners of the Great Seal, at a particular period, when a Lord Chancellor had not yet been appointed.

"To the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal.

"The Earl of * * * * *, not presuming on having any claim to ask any favour of the Lords Commissioners, nor trespassing so far, hopes their Lordships will not think he takes too great a liberty in this address: but having been requested to give an attestation to the character and merit of a very worthy clergyman, who is a suitor to their Lordships for the vacant living of * * * *, Lord * * * * * cannot help bearing his testimony to the deserts of * * * *, whose virtues, great learning, and abilities, make him worthy of preferment, which are inducements with Lord * * * * * to join his mite to these far more interesting recommendations, which he hopes will plead his pardon with their Lordships for troubling them by this intrusion."

This was a true courtier's letter, and as such it was considered by the Lords Commissioners, who returned a civil answer, and bestowed the preferment

ment elsewhere. Yet let us be permitted here to make an observation on the short-sightedness of man, and the limited penetration of the greatest human sagacity. Our disappointments are always in proportion to our hopes; and as the expectation from such an interposition was very great, so was the mortification and regret which accompanied the refusal. Yet had the petitioner, in the above instance, obtained what he so ardently hoped and so eagerly expected, it would eventually have proved a severe injury and real misfortune. It would necessarily have removed him from the theatre on which he was progressively advancing to reputation, and where his exertions subsequently obtained far greater and more desireable advantages.

Comis convivis nunquam inclamare clientes,
Ad famulos nunquam tristia verba loqui;
Ut placidos mores, tranquillos sic cole manes,
Et cape ab * * * munus—Amice Vale.

CHAPTER XLIV.

ABOUT this period, the fever of the French Revolution was beginning to manifest its effects, in some of those horrible paroxysms of frenzy, which produced crimes that will for ever throw a stain upon the pages of French history. The alarm was contagious, and, in every part of Europe, infected the serious, reflecting, and, more particularly, the aged part of the community. In this country it was verily believed, that the apprehension of seeing the French atrocities perpetrated among us, accelerated the death of many individuals. The amiable and excellent Mr. C * * *, endured such extreme and constant anxiety on this head, that it greatly disturbed his tranquillity, threw a gloom over

over his ordinary occupations and pursuits, undermined his health, and hastened his dissolution.

Neither did Lord * * * * escape the panic.—How great and serious was the perturbation of his mind, will sufficiently appear from the following letters, which, in other respects also, appear to be worth preserving.

Sept. 24, 1792.

You do me too much honour, dear Sir, in proposing to me to furnish you with observations on * * *, which you are so much more capable of executing yourself. I flatter myself you do not think me vain enough to attempt it. Your own learning, and your familiarity with all the classic authors, render you more proper for the task than any man. I, on the contrary, am most unqualified. It is long since I have been conversant with classic literature—Greek I have quite forgotten; but, above all, I hold Seventy-five so debilitating an age to whatever may have been taken for parts, and have so long pitied authors of Senilia, that I am sure I will not degrade your work by mixing my dregs with it; nor, by your good nature and good breeding, lay you under the difficulty of admitting or rejecting what you probably would find unworthy of being adopted. I have great satisfaction in reading

ing what you write; but beg to be excused from writing for you to read.

Most entirely do I agree with you, Sir, on all French politics, and their consequences here—it is indeed to be forced to call assassinations and massacres, politics. It is my opinion, like yours, that homicides should be received no where, much less monsters who proclaim rewards for murderers.—What can put a stop to such horrors sooner than shutting every country upon earth against unparalleled criminals?

There may be inconveniencies, no doubt, from a vast influx of the present poor refugees, but I confess I see more advantages. They will spread their own, and the calamities of their country—a necessary service, when some newspapers, paid by Jacobin, perhaps by Presbyterian, money, labour to defend, or conceal, or palliate such infernal scenes, which can only be done by men who would kindle like tragedies here. The sufferers that arrive, many being conscientious ecclesiastics, must, I should hope, be a warning to the Catholics in Ireland not to be the tools of the Dissenters there, and of another use they may certainly be: they will be the fittest and surest detectors of their diabolic countrymen, who are labouring mischief here, both openly and covertly. Of their covert transactions we have a gloomy proof in the Drawer, who, having

having subscribed a guinea to the defence of Poland, and redemanding it, received a guinea's worth of Paine's pamphlet in return. This fact evinces that the opening of that subscription was not, as it seemed to be, the most ridiculously impotent attempt that ever was made, but a deep-laid plan of political swindling. Had it produced a thousand or five thousand pounds, it would have removed Mount Athos as soon as have stopped one Russian soldier. No! under colour of pity towards the honest and to be lamented Poles, it is evident that it was a scheme for raising a new sum for disseminating sedition, and therefore I wish the vile trick might be made public.—It may warn well meaning persons against being drawn into those subscriptions; and such a base trick of swindling should be laid open and exposed in severe terms.

I am just going to General * * * for a few days, and am,

Dear Sir,

Your most sincere and obliged

Humble servant,

* * * *

Oct. 16, 1792.

I agree most sincerely and sadly with you, Dear Sir, in being shocked at the lamentable change of scene, but am far from knowing more than you do, which are general reports; nor whether there have been other causes than the evident, constant deluge, which have annihilated, for all good purposes, the Duke of Brunswick's army. It is not less horrid to hear that the abominations of France, which had made us so rich, and promised such security to us, should now tend to threaten us with *something* of similar evils. I say with *something*, for, till this year, I did not conceive human nature capable of going such execrable lengths as it has done in France; and therefore I grow diffident, and dare not pronounce any thing impossible. But, alas! the subject is too vast for a letter.—May our apprehensions be too quick—may a favourable turn happen! Foresight and conjecture we find are most fallible; and I have on all emergencies found them so. In my long life I have seen very black æras, but they vanished, and the sky cleared again.

I am very sorry I cannot directly accept the kind offer you and Mr. K. are so good as to

make

make me, but you shall hear from me again as soon as I am sure of my own movements.

I am, Dear Sir,

Most sincerely,

* * * *.

Extract from a Letter, dated

Nov. 2, 1792.

Dear Sir,

I thank you for your information on the two Latin words, and am persuaded you are perfectly right: Xenophon might be so too, in his solution of the Spartan permission of robbery. As he was very sensible, it is no wonder he tried to explain so seemingly gross a contradiction, as an allowance of theft, where there was a community of property. But, to say the truth, I little regard the assertions of most ancient authors, especially in their accounts of other countries than their own; and even about their own, I do not give them implicit credit. They dealt little in the spirit of criticism, information was difficult to be obtained, nor did they pique themselves on accuracy, but set down whatever they heard, without examination. With many

many of the contrary advantages, how little historic truth is to be gleaned even now!

I wish the report of the delivery of the King and Queen of France were not still unauthenticated. One did wish to believe it, not only for their sakes, but as some excuse for the otherwise inexplicable conduct of the King of Prussia.—He still wants a Xenophon; so do the Austrians too, who, with four times his numbers, do not make quite so sagacious a retreat.

* * * * * * Vain-glory shall not be one of my last acts. Visions I have certainly had, but they have been amply dispelled. I have seen a noble seat built by a very wise man, who thought he had reason to expect it would remain to his posterity, as long as human foundations do in the ordinary course of things; alas! Sir, I have lived to be the last of that posterity, and to see the glorious collection of pictures, that were the principal ornaments of the house, gone to the North Pole, and to have the house remaining, half a ruin, on my hands.

Forgive me, dear Sir, for dwelling so long on this article; not too long for my gratitude, which is perfect, but perhaps too full on my own sentiments. But how could I do otherwise than open my mind to so obliging a friend, from whom I cannot conceal weaknesses, to which both my nature

 and

and my age have made me liable? But they have not numbed my sensibility; and, while I do exist, I shall be,

Dear Sir,

Your most obliged, &c.

* * *.

Nov. 17, 1793.

Dear Sir,

I have been so much out of order for near four months, that quiet is absolutely necessary to me; and I have remained here, to avoid every thing that could agitate or disturb me, French politics especially, which are so shocking, that I avoid all discussion of them as much as possible, and have quite declined seeing any of the Emigrés in my neighbourhood, that I may not hear details. Some of the most criminal have, indeed, brought swift destruction on themselves; and, as they have exceeded all former ages in guilt, we may trust they will leave a lesson to mankind that will prevent their fury from being imitated. Pray excuse my saying more than that I am,

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

* * *.

Many letters, of course, passed in the interval; but the next which presents itself as worthy of attention, is the following:

Dear Sir,

You would have heard of me before this time, but I have not been well since I came hither, and I am going to London to-morrow, for a few days, as I am sorry to say the atmosphere of the town agrees better with me than the air of the country; at least, I find that change now and then is of use. However, I think of coming back on Monday, and if you have half an hour to spare before that day, I shall be very glad to see you in Berkeley-square.

I approve extremely of * * * * * *, and its temper, which will contribute to establish its reputation; though I do not doubt but he will sometimes be provoked to sting those who would wield daggers, if they dared.—Though perhaps ridicule may have more effect than nettles.—Teach the people to laugh at incendiaries, and they will hiss, and not huzza them. Montesquieu's brief answer to the critics of his Esprit des Loix, and Voltaire's Short Summary of the Nouvelle Eloise, were more felt and tasted than regular confutations, and are oftener resumed; for the world does not supply readers enough for the daily mass of new publications: it

must

must expect to be diverted, I mean at times, for it has not quick digestion enough to feed long on solid food only. Nay, men who have sense to comprehend sound reasoning, are too few and too sedate to trumpet the reputation of grave authors; and by pronouncing just and temperate judgments, (for such men do not exaggerate,) they excite no curiosity in the herd of idle readers. The deepest works that have become standards, owe their characters to length of time; but periodic publications must make rapid impression, or are shoved aside by their own tribe; and to acquire popularity, must gain noisy voices to their side. This is not the most eligible; but as the object of the * * * * is to serve his country by stemming error, and exposing its apostles, the favour of the multitude must be gained, and it is necessary to tickle them before they will bite.

I am, Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

* * *.

Lord * * * retained, to the latest period of his life, his vivacity of conversation and powers of memory. The last anecdote which our Sexagenarian heard him relate, was his explaining the reason which induced him to seek for a town resi-

 dence

dence in Berkeley-square. In the time of Sir Robert Walpole it was the established etiquette that the prime minister returned no visits: it may probably be so now. But, on his leaving office, Sir Robert took the earliest opportunity of visiting his friends; and one morning he happened to pass, for this purpose, through Berkeley-square, the whole of which had actually been built whilst he was minister, and he had never before seen it. He stopped the coachman, and desired to know where he was.—This incident alone prevailed upon his son, Horace, to take the first opportunity which offered, of purchasing a mansion in this place.

One of his amusements in the latter part of his life, was to preserve all the seals of the numerous letters he received, in a china vase, which was placed upon his writing-table. Once a week he examined them carefully, and putting aside such as were remarkable or curious, he destroyed the rest; and thus, as he observed, he obtained, on easy terms, a curious collection of antique seals and gems.

His breakfast service was of very beautiful Dresden china, which he never would permit any of the domestics to touch.—He always washed them, and put them away himself.

His Lordship was applied to in a very complimentary letter from the late and last King of Poland,

land, for a set of his Anecdotes of Painting. It was not till this occasion presented itself, that he had any idea of the scarcity or value of the books, which he printed at Strawberry Hill.

The only copy he had was interleaved, and full of marginal notes, additions, and corrections. He would often good humouredly relate the extreme difficulty he found in procuring a copy of the work, suitable, as to condition, to the rank of the Royal petitioner for it, as well as the chagrin he experienced in being obliged to purchase it at the enormous price of forty guineas.

The only classical work Lord * * * printed, was a beautiful edition of Lucan. The proof sheets were corrected by Cumberland, and considerable pains were bestowed upon it; nevertheless, though exceedingly scarce, and of high price, it is in no very great estimation for its accuracy.

His establishment at his villa was not very splendid; nor had his Lordship a very high character for hospitality. It was facetiously said by an author, who went to dine at ———, on invitation, that he returned as he went—exceedingly hungry. He had, however, his gala days, when splendour went hand in hand with plenty. But his servants were on board-wages; and when alone, his Lordship lived on the very humblest fare, drinking only water. He was a dreadful

martyr

martyr to the gout, and the chalk-stones on his fingers were distressing to see: he held his pen with difficulty between his first and second finger. On the first symptoms of the approach of gout, he plunged his feet into cold water—by many thought a most desperate experiment, but from which he, of course, either received benefit, or conceived that he did.

He was, in the truest sense of the word, a perfect courtier. He was consummately insincere; and would compliment and flatter those in conversation, whom, in his correspondence, he sneered at and abused. This was, in a more particular manner, the case with some literary acquaintances, who, when he wanted their aid and information in the prosecution of any pursuit, were ostensibly very high indeed in his esteem; but, when he had got all he wanted, were either noticed with coldness, or made objects of his ridicule and contempt. This was remarkably the fact with respect to Richard Gough, and Cole of Milton.

He was accustomed to speak of those admirable specimens of satire, the Baviad and Mæviad, in terms of rapture: his expression was, "it is so soothing." At the same time, more than one of the objects of that satire were among his "dearest friends," and complimented by him on their poetic talents.

On

On the first appearance of Dr. Darwin's celebrated poem on "The Loves of the Plants," he was extravagant in his commendation of it—"we had seen nothing equal to it since the time of Pope." His Lordship's admiration of it cooled afterwards. He certainly had an elegant taste for poetry; and his smaller compositions of this kind, are models in their way. He had no great extent of capacity, and very little learning; but he was undoubtedly a most entertaining companion, and a very polished and accomplished gentleman.—So much for H. W.

Tu procerum de stirpe solus prægressus et ipsos,
Unde genus claræ nobilitatis erat,
Ore decens, bonus ingenio, facundus—et omni
Dexteritate vigens.

CHAPTER XLV.

LORD L * * *.

AS the reader has been introduced among the nobility, it may be permitted to linger with them a little longer, and pay a tribute of respect, esteem, and gratitude to one nobleman, who was learned himself, and a real friend and patron of learning in others.—Such was Lord L.

This appears no unsuitable opportunity of making mention of an *Opus Magnum*, in which the Sexagenarian was very materially concerned, and which, as well it might, had the countenance of the Nobleman of whom mention is about to be made, and of every other real friend of the constitution of his country in church and state.

There

There was a time in England, and a dire time it was, when the contagion of the French revolution had so infected our purer atmosphere, that the disloyal, ill-designing, and more profligate part of the community, dared to use the language of violence, and of menace, to overawe and intimidate those whose sentiments they knew to be adverse to their own; who had the presumption to prophesy, that "church and state prejudices were coming to a speedy issue in this country;"* who had the insolence to use all their efforts to check and suppress the circulation of what the honest advocates of truth and order, wrote and published in vindication of their principles; and even proceeded so far as to hold out threats to the individuals themselves, whom they affected, with equal absurdity and impertinence, to denominate "Alarmists."

A sevenfold shield was wanted, beneath the protection of which, the insidious and poisonous darts of the assailants might be repelled, and the weapons of those who fought for the good old cause, might be wielded with boldness and due effect.

Before this, the channels of communication with the public were preoccupied by a faction; the pure streams of truth were either obstructed in their progress, or contaminated in the very source; the representations exhibited of things as they actually were, by the faithful pencils of loyalty and true patriotism,

patriotism, were misrepresented, defaced, defamed, ridiculed, and treated with every mark of ignominy.

This powerful shield was at length produced; it was formed with no ordinary skill and labour, and proved of no common strength. From this auspicious moment, matters began to assume a very different aspect. Religion and loyalty were enabled to defy, and to rise victorious over infidelity and anarchy. The strong clear voice of truth was heard, and virtue triumphed.

The subject is seducing; and memory lingers with pride and fondness on the eventful period. Public gratitude followed the manifestation of public benefit. The individuals who most distinguished themselves in the effectual extension of this shield, as well as by the ardour, and fortitude, and dexterity with which they used the weapons entrusted to them by their country, were not suffered to go without their reward. But the most grateful of all distinctions, were the praises of such men as the venerable Archbishop Moore; the protection, and countenance, and friendship of a Pitt, of Bishops Barrington, Porteus, Tomline; the courtesies of a Windham; and the friendship of a Loughborough.

Of political connections, prejudices, and pursuits, it is not here intended to say any more—to do so, would open far too wide a field; yet one remark

remark ought to be made with respect to this Noble Lord, that he was not the less reluctant to serve a man of learning, from the circumstance of his differing in opinion materially from himself, on certain political questions of great magnitude. For example, nothing is more notorious than the warm, strenuous, and active part which Lord Loughborough took against Mr. Hastings; yet he not only endured, but admitted to his table, and, in some degree, to his confidence, those who he well knew had been zealous advocates of that illustrious person—had spoken, written, and, if we may so say, had fought in his behalf. Other instances might be adduced.

Perhaps he is the only Lord Chancellor, at least of modern times, who gave preferment to literary men, merely as such, and with no other introduction or recommendation than the merit of their publications. His predecessor, Thurlow, had the character of being friendly to literary men; but there is no example on record of his having acted with similar, and, if the expression be warranted, with such disinterested liberality, with the exception, perhaps, of Bishop Horsley alone. He gave, indeed, to ——, the translator of Æschylus, a prebendal stall in the Cathedral Church of Norwich; but this gentleman had the additional claim of having been his schoolfellow, at the very seminary

of

of which he was afterwards master, namely, S——, in Norfolk. Even on this occasion, he did not act very graciously.

Mr. P. on receiving notice of the favour intended for him, immediately came to town, to make personal acknowledgments of his gratitude. He called several times at Thurlow's house, but could never obtain admission; at length, he applied to his friend and neighbour, Sir John, afterwards Lord Wodehouse, and begged of him to see the Chancellor in the House of Peers, and ask when he might have the honour of waiting upon his Lordship, as he had been some days in town, and was anxious to return. Sir John accordingly did this, when the only answer he received was, "Let him go home again, I want none of his Norfolk bows."

The manners of Lord Loughborough, on the contrary, were conciliating and agreeable, and there was a kindness in his manner of granting a favour, which greatly enhanced its value. He would often say, when he gave away preferment, and more particularly to those whose merit was their only recommendation to him, "Go to my Secretary, and desire him to prepare the presentation for my Fiat immediately; or I shall have some Duke or great man make application, whom I shall not be able to refuse."

He

He was also particularly desirous of so giving his preferment away, that, if practicable, the parishioners themselves might be satisfied. More than once, he has disappointed friends for whom he intended to provide, in consequence of petitions from parishioners, in favour of some meritorious curate.

He was remarkably acute in discerning characters, and in appreciating the justice of the pretensions to literary reputation of those who were introduced to him. No work of particular eminence appeared, without his desiring to know the author, if he was not already acquainted with him; and when in the enjoyment of his exalted office, would often deny himself to individuals of high rank, and prefer spending the evening in social conversation with literary friends. He was very fond of theatrical exhibitions, and more particularly so of Mrs. Siddons; his conversation on such subjects, at his own table, was particularly lively, and indicative of a refined taste and sound judgment.

He was very curious also, with respect to all new publications of voyages and travels; but was much inclined to exercise a scrutinizing jealousy and suspicion on the subject of their accuracy. He knew Bruce well, and respected him; but often indulged in a good humoured laughter at some of the more wonderful

wonderful parts of his narrative. He discovered much anxiety and curiosity when Park's Travels first appeared; but as it was universally known that Bryan Edwards had a principal share in the arrangement and composition of that work, he without reserve expressed some doubts on certain passages.

Our Sexagenarian was once reading to him from Park's book the following paragraph:

"My guide, who was a little way before me, wheeled his horse round in a moment, calling out something in the Foulah language, which I did not understand. I enquired in Mandingo what he meant.—*Wara billi, billi!* a very large lion, said he; and made signs for me to ride away. But my horse was too much fatigued, so we rode slowly past the bush from which the animal had given us the alarm. Not seeing any thing myself, however, I thought my guide had been mistaken, when the Foulah suddenly put his hand to his mouth, exclaiming, *Soubah an allahi!* God preserve us! and to my great surprise, I then perceived a large *red lion* at a short distance from the bush, with his head couched between his fore-paws."

On hearing this last part of the sentence, Lord Loughborough laughed heartily, and exclaimed with good humour, "I suppose it was the *Red Lion of Brentford.*"

He

He had once a poor scholar at his table, who, among various things, had published some which were acceptable to his Lordship. He introduced the subject of the author's different works, and, addressing him, observed, "I liked such a book of yours exceedingly—it did you much credit; but what could possibly induce you to print ——" here he named another book. The guest bowed, and merely replied, "Res angusta domi." Lord Loughborough replied, "I am perfectly satisfied with your answer."

It has, however, been imputed to Lord Loughborough, that he gave the literary men whom he distinguished, a mouthful only; and did not, even with respect to the few for whom he professed the greatest esteem and regard, make any efforts to raise them to the more elevated honours of their profession. There may be some truth in this, and more particularly so, as to one individual, who enjoyed, very deservedly, much of his society and friendship. Thurlow certainly did not lose sight of Horsley till he saw him seated upon the Episcopal bench. But at that period, the public attention was much directed to the controversy between Priestley and Dr. Horsley: it was well known that Thurlow hated Priestley from the bottom of his heart; and, indeed, whatever he might be practically himself, he on all occasions manifested a consis-

 tent

tent determination to support the Established Church. He was familiarly acquainted with Beaufoy, the Member for Yarmouth, in Norfolk, who was known to be a strict Dissenter, and the conversation one day turning on the subject of religion, he said to Beaufoy, "I would support your d——d religion, if it was that of the state."

Beaufoy ought to have known him better; but having had a Yarmouth Clergyman very particularly recommended to him by his Norfolk Constituents, he thought he could not more effectually promote his clients' interest, than by introducing him to Thurlow, with whom he was going to dine. The scheme, however, failed altogether; for after the first salutations, Thurlow turned to Beaufoy, and asked him why he brought his d——d parson to him.

The contrast between such rude and unfeeling abruptness, and the courteous and conciliating manners of Lord Loughborough, is particularly striking. The latter always received the humblest clergyman with graciousness and affability, and has often been heard to lament that his situation as Chancellor was very painful to him, from his being perpetually compelled to refuse petitions which had the strongest claims on his humanity. He would facetiously observe, that his greater livings gave him no trouble; their designation was either

either anticipated, or easily determined. But for his smaller livings, he had always a multitude of applications, and seldom or ever one, without "seven or eight small children at the end of it."

This tribute of gratitude and sincere attachment, is most willingly rendered to a man, who, whatever might be his failings in the opinion of his political adversaries, must have had the unqualified praise of all, for acuteness, sagacity, and for all the best powers of intellect. He was also a most polished gentleman; he bore his high honours without insolence, and without oppressing his inferiors by an affected condescension, conciliating all who approached him by his affability and graciousness of manner.

Asclapone medico, usus sum valde familiariter, ejusque cum consuetudo mihi jucunda fuit, tum ars etiam, quam sum expertus in valetudine meorum. In qua mihi cum ipsa scientia, tum etiam fidelitate, benevolentiaque satisfecit.—Hunc igitur tibi commendo. Oh si intelligat diligenter me scripsisse de sese. Erit mihi vehementer gratum.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Eminent Physicians.

THE manuscript of our friend next introduces another class of society; different indeed from that of the Nobility, but no less estimable, nor at all less valuable. It may indeed admit of a question, whether, as far as literary men are interested, the warmest, truest, and kindest friends are not to be found amongst the professors of medicine. They are enlightened themselves; they owe their success to talent, cultivated by labour, and improved by experience. To be accomplished in their art, they must necessarily be studious, addicted to science, and

and proficients in the more elegant arts. They must consequently have a general sympathy with all who are engaged in scholastic pursuits; and it is manifest that they have, for there are very few instances in which, when called upon, their advice is not, when the occasion justifies it, promptly and gratuitously communicated, and, very often, assistance given of a more extensive and substantial nature.

Among those who were personally known to our Sexagenary, and who individually deserve the above tribute of esteem and commendation bestowed on the profession, were the late Dr. H. Dr. W. P. Drs. M. (father and son), Sir G. B. Dr. W. Dr. D. P. Dr. B. Dr. A. J. H. A. C. Sir E. H. and a long list of names besides, who were, and perhaps are, an ornament to the profession, and a common benefit to society.

The benevolence of Dr. H. was proverbial, long before his death; so was that of Dr. W. P. and of many others. Sir G. B. was the warm and zealous patron of Porson; and it probably was not his fault, that he did not through life, continue his friendly countenance. Some of these worthies deserve more particular and circumstantial notice, and they shall have it. To begin with

THE P——s.

This ancient and truly amiable family were long resident in the county of Fife. D. P. the brother

of Dr. W. P. and father of Dr. D. was a Minister of the Church of Scotland, and for more than fifty years presided over the Church of Dysart, where he was a most exemplary parish priest, and universally beloved, for he was indeed the father of his flock.

His original destination was the profession of medicine, and he had visited foreign countries with such intention; but he afterwards went into the church, and officiated among his parishioners both as pastor and physician. He was a man of extraordinary abilities, possessed much wit and humour, and was indeed remarkable for the variety of his talents. He had a very fine person, and the most agreeable and amiable manners.

One of his brothers went into the army. Poor Major P.! he lost his life at the age of fifty-two, at the unfortunate battle of Bunker's Hill, where he commanded the corps of marines. When he fell, every man of those whom he commanded cried out, "We have lost our father!" He was carried off the field on the shoulders of his son.

His next brother, Dr. W. P. was, as is well known, very high in the profession of physic. Perhaps it may be asserted without fear of dispute or contradiction, that a more excellent and benevolent character never existed. On the melancholy death of his brother, the Major, he instantly became the father

father of his children: *notus in fratrem animi paterni.*—He was, in every respect, their protector, their guardian, and their friend.

The fate of the Major's family was somewhat singular. Mrs. P. the mother of Dr. David P. lived to a very advanced age, and survived five sons. Of these, four reached manhood, and all obtained credit in their several professions.

One of them was in the navy, and Lieutenant of the Aurora frigate, which was lost in her passage to the East Indies, having on board many distinguished personages, and among them the Judges, Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Scroften, &c. Two more were in the army, both of whom certainly died in consequence of fatigues and hardships suffered in America.

Of Dr. D. P. a great deal more is to be said.

D. P. was the eldest son of Major P. and was brought up in the High School, at Edinburgh, whither his mother removed after the death of her husband. He there got great credit; and Mr. French, the master under whose instruction he went through the first four classes, ever retained the sincerest attachment to him. When he left school, he removed to the University of Glasgow, where he continued for a number of years. From Glasgow he again revisited Edinburgh, where, for some time, he attended lectures. From Edinburgh he

he proceeded to Cambridge, and was a member of Benet College. On taking his degree, he went to London, and became an inmate in the house of his uncle, Dr. W. P. After the death of his protector, he progressively rose to the eminence and fortune which his abilities deserved, and which, from a very early period, they promised. Unfortunately, and at the very period when his practice was almost as extensive as it well could be, he ruptured a blood vessel in the lungs, and, for the benefit of a milder climate, proceeded to Lisbon. Here he continued for two years, but, though he returned convalescent, he deemed it expedient and necessary to circumscribe his practice, and, indeed, almost altogether to limit it to the families of his older friends and connections, which alone were sufficiently numerous. The reputation, however, which he universally obtained for sagacity and sound judgment, compelled him, in a manner, gradually to extend his circle, when, alas! his career was lamentably shortened. He was constitutionally subject to sore throat, and generally slept with leeches by his side, to be ready to apply in case of any unfavourable symptoms. But, at a moment when his friends and he himself thought his health effectually restored, and he was again rising fast to the very head of his profession, he complained of a soreness in his throat. He thought very slightly of it

at

at first, but, though attended by Dr. Baillie and Sir Everard Home, both of whom were attached to him by the strongest possible ties of esteem and friendship, in three days he was a corpse.

There seems to have been some misapprehension of his case; and perhaps his own suggestion on the subject of his malady, written by himself with a pencil, when he was unable to speak, might not receive the attention it deserved. Be this as it may, nothing could exceed the grief of those who attended him, at the loss of one who, for a long series of years, had been their counsellor, their companion, and their friend.

What opinion his medical friends entertained of his professional skill, may best be seen by the tribute of esteem and respect paid to his memory by Dr. William Heberden, in one of the best Harveian orations ever delivered at the College.

In one year the world was deprived of the skill and sagacity of Dr. John Hunter and Dr. David Pitcairn, which Dr. Heberden thus emphatically deplores:

"Quibus autem lamentis, quo luctu Te Huntere, et te Pitcairne prosequemur? quos vigentes adhuc mors occupavit, atque ambos unus annus nobis eripuit? Cognitione, prudentia, moderatione animi prope æquales fuerunt. Fama quoque utrique

utrique par, sed alia alii. Alter militiæ, domi alter clarus factus est.

" Quod si Hunterus in castris et infamibus Indiæ Occidentalis locis, magna medendi diligentia celebritatem consecutus sit, non minus Pitcairnus de patria bene meritus est, qui Valetudinario Sancti Bartolomæi plures annos singulari laude præfuit: in quo pauperes pene innumerabiles cura sublevavit, multosque discipulos præceptis ex re natis, ad medicinam faciendam optimè instituit. Nam fuit in illo gravitas et autoritas quanta magistrum decet, simul gratia et probitas quibus discentium animos mire ad se allexit.

" Postea relictis publicis muneribus cum ad privata totum se converterat, inter summi ordinis ægros occupatissimus vixit, donec adversa valetudo ut sibi caveret, monuisset. Tum sine mora Ulyssiponem se subduxit, ubi otium perinde ac salutem reciperet. Inde ut rediit, paucos modo curare constituit, neque ut antea, mediis negotiorum fluctibus se implicari sivit. Medicinam tamen adhuc exercebat, crescente etiam ætate vegetior factus, cum hominem temperantem, summum medicum, tantus improviso morbus oppresserit, ut præclusis inflammatione et tumore faucibus, vix diem unum atque alterum superesset. Lugeamus amici sortem humanam! lugeamus socios amissos! vel potius eorum sic meminerimus ut quotiescumque de cla-

rissimis

rissimis et beatissimis viris cogitemus, nosmetipsos ad virtutem accendere, et ad omnem fortunam paratiores præstare videamur."

There could not possibly be given a more accurate, or more faithful portraiture of the man, than is exhibited in the above truly classical extract: of his professional knowledge, skill, and sagacity, it cannot, therefore, be necessary to add a syllable.

But be it permitted to one of those who knew him in the recesses of private life, with no ordinary intimacy, for almost forty years, to add yet a few sentences more. If he had not been precisely the character he was, he would not have resembled those from whom he descended. He was of the same family as the celebrated Dr. Archibald Pitcairn, the wit, the scholar, and the poet. Perhaps he never wrote any thing with the view of publication; but he very easily might, for his knowledge was extensive, his discernment acute, his judgment profound. He employed every leisure hour in reading, and was more particularly fond of voyages and travels. He was familiarly acquainted with the modern languages, but these, with numerous other endowments, entitled him merely to respect and esteem; but all who knew him intimately, and enjoyed the benefit and happiness of his friendship, loved him with no common affection. More particularly did he merit the application

cation of the motto applied to the picture of his uncle, Dr. William Pitcairn; for a more generous, affectionate, kind hearted brother never existed: truly might he be said to be "notus in fratres et sorores animi paterni." He was occasionally warm in his temper; but in domestic society, gentle, amiable, facetious, and very much enjoying conversations in which wit, humour, and vivacity predominated.

In the most disinterested manner, and with the greatest promptitude, he attended his more intimate friends, their children, and children's children.

Nor was he always contented with thus benevolently giving them his valuable time; in matters of particular urgency and exigence, his purse was equally at their service. Indeed, his generosity and kindness to those whom he knew, or thought, to be in need of his assistance, rendered his fortune far less considerable, than his very extensive and successful practice, might be presumed to have accumulated.

Farewell, Pitcairn! May the turf lie lightly on your ashes. This tribute is not paid without great mental emotion in the writer, arising from the combined feelings of sorrow, affection, esteem and gratitude.

> Και τουτο γουν σοι προσφερω πανυστατως
> Ηδη προσεγγισασ' αυταις αδου πυλαις.

CHAP.

O Demea isthuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modo est videre, sed etiam illa quæ futura sunt, prospicere.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE transition seems easy, and, indeed, in a manner natural, from Dr. David P * * * * to

Dr. B——e.

Both of them rose to the very height of their profession, by the exercise of similar talents, and distinguished by similar endowments. It might, indeed, be said of them, that they were "pene gemelli, neque in ulla re valde dissimiles." Both were remarkable for a strenuous diligence in accomplishing themselves in their profession; both were eminently gifted with strong sense, sound judgment, acute discrimination, and patient investigation.—They were, moreover, intimate from very early life, Dr. David P* * * * being accustomed to spend much of his time, when very young, with the Rev. J. B. father

father of Dr. M. B. who was Minister of Bothwell, in the county of Lanark; he was afterwards Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. Dr. M. B.'s mother was the sister of Dr. W. H. the Physician, who founded the Museum well known by his name; the unfortunate removal of which from the metropolis of England to Glasgow, furnishes incessant matter of regret to students of every denomination. This untoward circumstance is said principally to have been occasioned by the inadvertence or neglect of Lord North, when Prime Minister—a very culpable neglect, surely. It is affirmed, and generally believed, for it remains uncontradicted, that Dr. William Hunter would have presented this most rich, extensive, and valuable collection of manuscripts, books, coins, medals, subjects of natural history, anatomical preparations, &c. &c. to this nation, if the Minister would have given him, in any part of London, a space of ground large enough for the erection of a Museum to be called after his name. This was either neglected, forgotten, or refused. The consequence was, that Dr. H. after directing it to be preserved for the period of thirty years in its original situation, bequeathed it finally to the University of Glasgow, whither it has, long since, been removed, and where it may be said, without any disparage-

ment

ment of those who possess it, that its use is more circumscribed, and, of consequence, its value less extensive and important.

The management and superintendence of this Museum and its contents, for the period limited in the will, was assigned by Dr. Hunter to his nephew, Dr. Baillie, to Dr. David Pitcairn, and Dr. Combe, who were in common, and, as it were, with one feeling, most kind and liberal in the accommodation they afforded to literary men; and sometimes, more particularly on a Sunday, might be seen assembled at the Museum, foreigners of distinction, eminent also for their learning, with some of the most illustrious philosophers and scholars of our own country.

Here Dr. B. resided, remarkable for his affability to all strangers who were introduced to him, and, as ever afterwards, conspicuously eminent for sound, good sense, and extensive information.

It is believed, that previously to his coming to England, he received his first rudiments of education at the High School of Edinburgh; so that every circumstance and period of their lives had a natural tendency to confirm and cement the intimacy between him and Dr. David Pitcairn.

Dr. B * * * * afterwards became a member of Baliol College, Oxford. And here let us indulge a good-

good-humoured smile of wonder, in which the Doctor himself would hardly disdain to join; that, notwithstanding his early introduction into this country, his familiar and continual intercourse with the most polished and enlightened Englishmen, he ever and strongly retained the dialect of his native land.

Connected with Dr. Hunter's Museum, in Great Windmill-street, was a Theatre of Anatomy, where Dr. * * * * gave lectures, which were the delight and admiration of all who attended them. Perhaps this truly eminent and amiable man would not be offended at the suggestion, that the declension of his friend P * * * *'s health, and his unavoidable removal to Portugal, laid the first foundation of his fame, and opened the path to that extraordinary eminence which he has since attained. One thing is very certain, that at the period when P * * * *'s reputation was at the highest, and his practice almost without limit, Dr. B * * * * was rather known and esteemed as a skilful anatomist, than consulted as a physician. P * * * *, however, who well knew and properly estimated his value, always and strongly recommended him, when circumstances prevented his own personal attendance; and still more particularly, when he left his practice and country, for change of atmosphere at Lisbon.

With his subsequent situation all are acquainted; and, if he lives *, may he long enjoy the successful eminence which his merit has attained. In one thing he strictly followed the steps of his friend and predecessor; notwithstanding his very extensive and most lucrative practice, he was as prompt as when his business was circumscribed in a small and narrow circle, to attend to the necessities and sufferings of his friends. He also appropriated some portion of his valuable time to the distresses of the poor. Though his fatigue was incessant, and more particularly so, since the ever to be lamented indisposition of the Sovereign; and though, as he said of himself facetiously, "I lead the life of a dog," he is very abstemious, and never exceeds his pint of claret.

If the writer were to indulge the strong propensities of his mind with regard to this eminent personage, many pages might easily be filled.

Those, indeed, were halcyon days, before the Doctor "led the life of a dog," and when he condescended to share the frugal and humble repasts of an obscure author, which however, he enlivened by

* It is to be remembered that these memoranda were written in some situation remote from the metropolis, and some time after the Sexagenarian had lived in obscure retirement.

his good humour, and enriched by his abundant information upon all subjects.

The subject of this article, if he ever should peruse it, is affectionately entreated to forgive a little, but very pardonable instance of nationality, of a nature very general indeed, and therefore implying no individual infirmity.

It had been remarked in the vivacity of conversation, that the Scotch were so jealous of literary superiority, that they would not allow it in any branch of science to an Englishman; and that if a proficient in chemistry, natural philosophy, mathematics, Greek, or Latin were named, being a native of any other country than Scotland, if a Scotchman were present, he would immediately name one of his own countrymen as his superior. This was discussed with a good deal of pleasantry on all sides, when, after the introduction of other matters, the subject of Greek was started by one of the company; upon which, a friend of Professor Porson observed, that he believed it to be universally acknowledged that Porson was, without competition, the first Greek scholar in Europe. Our excellent friend would by no means acknowledge this, but affirmed that Mr. Professor * * *, of Glasgow, was fully qualified to dispute the palm with Porson.— The consequence of the remark was, a general and

and good-humoured laugh at the Doctor's nationality.

There can be no harm in saying a word or two of E. H. perhaps the most sagacious and most skilful, certainly the most philosophical, of our surgeons.

He was the son of a Mr. H. who was a surgeon in the army. His mother's name was H——n; he was educated at Westminster School, and on leaving it, went to reside with his brother-in-law, the celebrated J. H.; from him he derived not only his surgical knowledge, but his ardour for original investigation. But he resided for some time in the family of Sir Archibald Campbell, in the West Indies, to which region he went, as an army surgeon. His success in his profession has been deservedly as great as could have been imagined by others, or expected by himself.—Honour and affluence have crowned his diligence.

He married a very amiable widow, by whom he had several children.

He has a roughness of manner externally, which is forbidding, and has offended many, but beneath, he has a heart alive to the warmest feelings of friendship; and there are a great many who have known him from his boyish days, who continue most sincerely and affectionately attached to him.

In his professional character he has been invariably kind and liberal, frequently having put himself to great inconvenience, and certain loss of the fair advantages of his situation, to sooth the sufferings of friends, and whole families of friends, by the interposition of his sagacity and skill.

If every medical personage were specifically introduced, who was familiarly known to the writer, and respected by him, either for their literary distinction, professional merit, or social qualities, the catalogue would be very long indeed, and the work extended to an undue length. The list would contain, besides the names already mentioned, a great many others;—of the late most ingenious John Hunter, Sir William John Fordyce, Sir Lucas Pepys, Dr. Reynolds, Dr. Creighton, who afterwards went to Russia, Dr. Pelham Warren, Drs. Monro, father and son, Dr. Bland, Dr. Taylor, of Reading, Dr. Cruickshanks, &c. &c.

Private friendship pauses awhile, to pay a well deserved tribute to Dr. A——e.

He was educated either in Cumberland or Westmorland, from whence he removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he so eminently distinguished himself, that he was the senior wrangler of his year.

Talents and judgment like his could not fail of succeeding in the metropolis; and accordingly, it appears that when our Sexagenarian left it, he

was

was progressively ascending to the very height of his profession, and it could not be easy to determine whether he was more entitled to esteem for his professional, or to affection for his amiable and social qualities. There is no situation which Dr. A. would not have improved and adorned, his knowledge being so various, his information and his judgment so profound. But he was peculiarly qualified for that in which he became deservedly eminent. He discriminated the peculiarity of a case with extraordinary promptitude, and he acted with corresponding decision. Human sagacity is liable to error, the most perfect of human wisdom is oftentimes deceived and misled. This was seldom the case with him of whom we are speaking, nor is there a single memorable instance on record, marked by the failure of his comprehension, in the injury sustained by his misapprehension of the case which required his deliberation. Be this as it may, his assiduous attention, his kindness, his sympathy, when private friendship called for his interposition, demands a more extended panegyric than it is compatible with the object of this work to bestow.

Sur ce vaste sujet si j'allois tout tracer
Tu verrois sous ma main des tomes s'amasser.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

IT will somewhat and perhaps not disagreeably diversify the narrative, if we here insert a section from the manuscript, composed evidently with some pains, but wholly detached from every thing else. This is a brief account of females, distinguished by their love of, or proficiency in, literature, to whom, in a protracted series of years, our Sexagenarian was introduced.

(Loquitur amicus noster.)

To such ladies the appellation of "Blue Stocking" has been frequently and contemptuously, though impertinently applied. Among these personages, many were or are ornaments to society, patterns to the rising geernation as christians, parents, and friends, endowed with the most amiable virtues and excellent accomplishments. The first, indeed, of whom mention will be made, may not, perhaps,
deserve

deserve a place in the above distinguished and meritorious class, but she was a most extraordinary character, and excited, from the eccentricities of her conduct and manners, much curiosity and attention from her contemporaries. This person was—

MRS. H———.

She was the sister of John Wilkes, of famous memory, had a large portion of his intellectual endowments, and was very little his inferior in vivacity, humour, and wit. She was married first to an opulent merchant, who was succeeded in his business by his head clerk, Mr. Hayley, whose fortunes were made by his obtaining the hand of the widow. He was afterwards Alderman Hayley, and was a near relation of Hayley, the poet. He was a plain, sensible, good sort of man, wholly absorbed in commercial pursuits, and soon found it expedient, for the sake of a quiet life, to suffer his *cara sposa* to do as she liked. She was exceedingly well informed, had read a great deal, possessed a fine taste, and, with respect to literary merit, considerable judgment. She accordingly sought, with much avidity, the society of those who were distinguished in the world by their talents and their writings. When the expression of *those* is used, it must be understood to apply to men only, for on all occasions she was at no pains to conceal her

her contemptuous opinion of her own sex; and it was no uncommon thing to see her at table, surrounded with ten or twelve eminent men, without a single female.

She had great conversation talents, and unfortunately, like her brother, she seldom permitted any ideas of religion, or even of delicacy, to impose a restraint upon her observations.

Her disregard of propriety was also and conspicuously manifested on other occasions. She invariably attended all the more remarkable trials at the Old Bailey, where she regularly had a certain place reserved for her. When the discussion or trial was of such a nature, that decorum, and indeed the Judges themselves, desired women to withdraw, she never stirred from her place, but persisted in remaining to hear the whole, with the most unmoved and unblushing earnestness of attention.

She every summer made an excursion to such parts of the kingdom as she had not before visited, and was always accompanied by a single male friend, who for a great number of years was an American gentleman, connected with the house of Hayley by the ties of mercantile interests. Upon one occasion, she visited the Highlands with this gentleman, and though accustomed to a very luxurious style of living, she submitted to the greatest priva-

privations and hardships in the indulgence of her curiosity. This indeed was unbounded; it extended to the manufactories, manners, high and low, and worse than low, in whatever place she visited. Her professed object was to see every body, and every thing, which deserved or excited attention.

The season in which she visited the Highlands proved moreover to be very wet and tempestuous, and the character of her mind cannot perhaps be more accurately delineated, than by an extract of a letter which she wrote to her brother, John Wilkes, from Scotland. It began—

"Dear Brother,

"The rain has been and still is so incessant, that I have serious intentions of constructing another ark, into which, however, I shall be exceedingly scrupulous whom I admit. As I know your particular taste, I shall have a cabin for your use, fitted up and adorned with *scripture and other prints*. But I will on no consideration whatever suffer any unclean animals to enter; for example, nothing shall prevail upon me to admit either Scotch men or Scotch women," &c. &c.

The whole of the epistle was of the same strain and character, full of wit, humour, and ingenious (however unjust) raillery.

She

She had a house after her husband's death, and perhaps before, at Bromley; the measured distance of which from her town residence in Great Aliffe-street, Goodman's-fields, was precisely ten miles. She had four beautiful black horses, and on entering her carriage, she never failed to take her watch in her hand, and her coachman was sure to have a sorry bout of it, if he exceeded the space of an hour either going or coming. She had also a strong predilection for the drama, had a box at each of the theatres, and generally went from one house to another. She was most particularly fond of Shakspeare, and never failed to be present when any of his plays were represented. She allowed her coachman but half an hour to drive from Goodman's-fields to either theatre. Her remarks on the performances and performers were ingenious, lively, pertinent, and just, and very much contributed to the information and amusement of her company.

She was particularly nice in her carriage, which was always built in the highest and most expensive style of fashion, and kept with particular neatness. She had one day a rich citizen with her in one of these excursions to or from Bromley, who, from want of observation or attention, did not perceive that the glass near which he sate was drawn up, and he was so thoughtless as to spit upon it.

She

She indulged in much laughter, and remarked, that her coachman could not possibly have had a greater compliment paid to his care of the glasses.

She had a daughter, who did not appear to be exempted, by her relationship, from the general, indeed the universal dislike, or rather contempt, which she avowed for all her sex.

They were on the very worst terms possible; and so reluctant was she, on her daughter's marriage, to perform the stipulations required by old H.'s will, that the most harsh and rigorous proceedings were found unavoidably necessary, and she was arrested on a Saturday night on coming from the play, when she had thousands at her command, and detained, with her male friend, who always accompanied her, in a spunging-house, till the Monday morning.

In the end she served this same gentleman a most slippery trick. He was a native of Nantucket, and as Mr. H.'s commercial connections were principally in America, he was one of their most intimate and valuable correspondents. On coming to England, he took up his residence in H.'s house, and on his death, undertook the conduct of the great and extensive concern for the widow. He was her most intimate counsellor, confidant, and friend, embarked his fortunes with her's

her's, attended her every where, and on every occasion, and was in all respects the master of her house, and director of her family. At the conclusion of the American war, it was found expedient that some confidential person should go over to America, to see after the property still remaining in that country, and which was not much less in value than a hundred thousand pounds. Mr. R * * offered himself for the purpose. The lady's attachment to him was so strong, that she determined not to part with him, and resolved to accompany him. Before they embarked, it was determined, on consultation, that they should be married, and the Archbishop's license was accordingly obtained. From some cause or other, the solemnization was deferred, and they mutually covenanted that it should take place on their arrival in America. They accordingly set sail lovingly together. When they got to America, they were much noticed, and feasted, and were hospitably received, even by General Washington himself, and the most considerable persons of the country. Still the marriage was not solemnized. Almost the first letters which came out from England, brought the unwelcome information that the presence of Mrs. H. or her agent and representative, was indispensably necessary, to secure the property which was left behind, no less considerable than that after which they went in search

search. The gentleman of whom we are speaking, voluntarily undertook this mission also; and leaving his friend and mistress, with the promise, and indeed determination, to return immediately, and perform his contract, he appointed a young mercantile man to transact his business in his absence, and departed for England.

But mark the waywardness and inconstancy of some females: he had hardly set foot on British land, when a packet arrived from a correspondent in America, with the information, that the lady had found solitude in that distant part of the globe so irksome, and indeed so intolerable, that in one short week after his departure, she had united herself in indissoluble bonds with the young man whom he had left as his mercantile representative. There were no writings, settlements, or contracts, but one simple deed, stating that the longest liver should take all the property.

Before the narrative of Mrs. H. is resumed, the sequel of the fortunes of this disappointed gentleman, as far as they are known, shall be added. His grief was probably neither very acute, nor very permanent; indeed he was already beginning to feel his situation to be a sort of unmanly thaldrom: and there can be very little doubt, that if he had been either pressing or importunate, he might *mutatis mutandis* have been the happy

happy bridegroom in America, rather than the forsaken lover in England. But he was a man with a great spirit of enterprize, had seen much of the world, and was anxious to see more. He had also some very lofty schemes of mercantile aggrandisement, particularly with respect to the South Sea Whale Fishery. He was an exceedingly ingenious mechanic, and had invented a machine for the more certain destruction of whales, which had the approbation of some of our most accomplished mechanics. With this view, not meeting in this country, or from our government, the encouragement he wanted, and the assistance which he asked, he removed to France.

The French Revolution had commenced, and he received from the Ruling Powers the most munificent promises, and so much immediate and effectual assistance, that by their aid and countenance he formed one establishment, upon a very large scale, at Dunkirk, and another at l'Orient. Here, for some years, he prosecuted his plans with such success, that he had the fairest prospect of acquiring the greatest opulence. Unfortunately, one of his partners at l'Orient, laboured under the suspicion of being an aristocrat, in the atrocious times of Robespierre. Suspicion was but another term with this sanguinary crew, for guilt, and the guillotine was (to use their abominable jargon) in constant

stant requisition. This most worthy and excellent man, with little, perhaps with no form of trial, was put to death, and his friend and patron, the American, escaped with life only. All the property was seized, plundered, or confiscated, and the whole establishment fell to the ground. Whether he yet survives, or if he does, in what situation he remains, was unknown when this was written. M. R. had great talents, many amiable qualities, and, in those respects, deserved a far better fate.

Now to return to Mrs. Hayley. The hours of rapture, even with younger subjects, (votaries at the Hymeneal shrine) do not always extend beyond the honeymoon. When a female, approaching to seventy, leads to the altar a bridegroom who has not seen thirty, these hours of Elysium seldom continue quite so long. In a very short interval, a separation was mutually thought expedient. The lady, as before observed, had confided every thing to the generosity of her husband, and, with such an allowance as he thought proper to make her, she took a very early opportunity of re-crossing the Atlantic; and after a short residence in London, fixed herself at Bath, where she passed

"An old age of cards."

Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous lamp with deeds of light,
And hope that reaps not shame.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Mrs. C——.

PERFECTLY contrasted to the preceding personage, in mind, temper, and manners, and gifted with talents of a better kind, was the individual to whom a tribute of respect is now about to be paid.

Mrs. C. was distinguished by every domestic and every amiable virtue; and though her situation in life exempted her from the drudgery of minutely attending to every particular circumstance of a very large family, yet she paid the strictest attention to the education of her children, and, at the same time, found opportunity to cultivate and extend her taste for literature.

Her maiden name was B. and, as is believed, of an ancient and most respectable Suffolk family. She

She married early in life, Dr. C. a clergyman of whom mention has before been made, as a man of considerable learning and abilities, of good fortune, as well as preferment. In the latter part of his life, by some negotiation with the Dean and Chapter of N. he exchanged his living of B. near Norwich, for that of G. Y. In this place, he spent with Mrs. C. who survived her husband, the remainder of an honourable, useful, and amiable life; both of them distinguished by their great benevolence and hospitality, both of them conspicuous for their love of literature, and their kindness to literary men. All have their failings, but bating that our friend, the Doctor, was somewhat disputative in conversation, and rather too prone to entangle himself and his auditors in the labyrinths of metaphysical perplexities (for ne'er could he escape that Stygian gloom, which he still was apt to make darker by the intermixture of theological subtleties) he was ever mild, conciliatory, and friendly.

Mrs. C. was the authoress of two novels, one of which was most successfully published in her lifetime, under the title of the "Exemplary Mother;" the name given to the other was, "The Wife, or Caroline Herbert;" which was printed not long since under the sanction of one of her surviving sons.

Both of these publications have merit far beyond the ordinary run of novels. The first is in a more

particular manner entitled to commendation. It passed through various editions, and was long a great favourite with the public. The latter also exhibits an excellent model for the conduct of a wife, placed under circumstanees which too, far too frequently, occur in the present condition of society.

Mr. A. C. who is so great an ornament to the medical profession, was the eldest son of this excellent lady. Of him, it must be said in truth and justice, that, independent of his great sagacity, judgment, and skill, he is characterized by all the amiable qualities of his mother. Kind to his friends, compassionate to the poor, an example of benevolence to all.

Mrs. M———.

Concerning Mrs. M. the writer does not appear to have been qualified to say a great deal from personal knowledge. It is the less necessary, as her character, accomplishments, and manners, have been a fertile theme with a great many modern writers.

In conversation she was lively, communicative, and exceedingly agreeable. She possessed the highest polish of good breeding, as well indeed she might, and it was no unpleasant circumstance in the parties which both frequented, to listen to the sprightly dialogue concerning times which were

gone

gone by, between Horace Walpole and herself. Mrs. M. retained the dress of the old school, which afforded a whimsical contrast to the more modern habiliments of those females, by whom she was constantly surrounded.

Every thing about Mrs. E. C. tended to inspire reverence and esteem.

She possessed dignity without pride, simplicity without affectation, learning without pedantry, good breeding without any of its tinsel ornaments. She received the homage, which by common consent was on all occasions paid her, with ease and gracefulness; and she communicated what she knew (and she knew a great deal indeed) with affability and good humour, explained what was difficult with readiness, and never discovered any impatience of contradiction.

Mrs. C. received unfeigned tributes of admiration from a great many of the most illustrious characters of her country, but none paid her more particular attention than the late honoured and revered Bishop Porteus. He was an excellent judge of mental endowments, both natural and acquired; and it was the esteem which both combined to conciliate, that rendered her society so grateful at London-House and at Fulham. She was always employed on some subject or object of benevolence, and though her own means of beneficence were cir-

 cumscribed,

cumscribed, her recommendation and introduction to the great and powerful had no inconsiderable influence, and from a long catalogue of meritorious names, might Mrs. C. reasonably expect (as indeed she received) the warmest acknowledgments of gratitude.

But of this illustrious lady it would perhaps be superfluous to say more. Her literary life and private character have been communicated to the public by one eminently qualified to form a due estimate of their value. But the object, at least one object of these Memoirs, is to bring to recollection the distinguished personages of both sexes, to whom a personal introduction was obtained, from no other claims or pretensions than an ardent love and pursuit of learning. The honour of a not unfrequent meeting with this lady, was too flattering and too gratifying to be passed over unnoticed and unacknowledged.

CHAP.

'Differ opus livida turba tuum.

CHAPTER L.

WITH respect to the individual next introduced, the writer appears to have been conscious how much delicacy was required, and seems to have distrusted his own ability in the management of his subject.

He commences thus :—As the comet is invariably accompanied by its blazing appendix, so are malignant envy and the bitterest enmity, everlastingly found in attendance upon eminent virtue and splendid talents.

To contemplate these four qualities, virtue and talent, enmity and envy, in their fullest force and energy, it is only necessary to take a view of the life and character of H—— M——.

If the esteem and friendship of the wise and good, limited to no gradation of rank or pre-eminence, denote virtue, piety, and those more amiable endowments which improve and adorn society, then

may the friends of this excellent female, boldly claim for her every honourable appellation. At the same time, it must be reluctantly acknowledged, that envy has been busily employed in ascribing to her, various failings and imperfections, much at variance with the lofty pretensions asserted in her behalf. Truth, however, unsupported but by itself, its own firmness, and its own excellence, boldly defies surmise, insinuation, and falsehood.

With respect to intellectual distinction and superiority, there can be no occasion for discussion. The catalogue of H. M.'s works speaks a language which all comprehend, and whose beauties and excellence all without hesitation, acknowledge. She exhibited claims to popular admiration and applause at a very early period of life, nor has she written or published any thing which had not the cause of religion, morality, and virtue, as its immediate and avowed object. To enumerate them all, with a concise estimate of the value of each and of the whole, would be a pleasing occupation, but would unavoidably extend this narrative beyond the proposed limits *. The last of her labours may perhaps be pronounced the most extensively important, and the most generally useful. By much prac-

* The reader is again reminded, that the manuscript which speaks thus, was written many years since.

tice,

tice, she has obtained a style which classes her very high amongst our best writers of English prose. It is strong without being pedantic, forcible yet exceedingly perspicuous, elegant but not too elaborate.

Is it not to be seriously lamented, that an individual, so endowed, so confessedly entitled to the applauses of her countrymen, so constantly exercised for their benefit, and so perpetually engaged in the most amiable and useful occupations of social life, should have had active and zealous adversaries, who have disputed the sincerity of her piety, and maliciously and injuriously impugned the accuracy of her conduct? What was termed the Blagden Controversy, can hardly be forgotten; but notwithstanding the tricks and artifices which were made use of, it terminated most highly to her honour.

Among other stratagems, the following is not the least curious. One of her great adversaries published a pamphlet against her, to which he gave the title of "H. M.'s Controversy on Sunday Schools," which drew in many to buy and to read it, thinking it to be written by her. The book was printed for Jordan, who was the publisher of the notorious Tom Paine's works, and at the end were stitched advertisements of all the well-known Jacobinical publications.

H. M.

H. M. has moreover been accused of fanaticism and jacobinism, of disaffection to church and stat. Now it must be acknowledged to be a little hard, that an individual should be accused of failing in those very points and objects, which it has been the study of a laborious and protracted life, to vindicate and promote.

How unjust and unfounded these imputations are, any one may be easily and effectually convinced, who will be at the pains to examine the edition of H. M.'s works, published in eight volumes, in 1801. Let him but pay attention to the story of Fantom, in the beginning of the fourth volume, or to the first chapter of the Fashionable World, vol. 6, with the answer to Dupont, in this same volume, and he will require no other evidence or argument, to convince him of the absurdity and falsehood of such imputations.

Further than this, to impress on the lower classes of people a reverence for the clergy, this excellent writer has laboured with no ordinary sedulousness. This must be obvious from the Fictitious Tales in the 4th and 5th volumes of the edition above-mentioned, where a parish minister is almost constantly introduced as an example of every virtue. It may be expedient also to refer to "Village Politics," at the end of the first volume.

But

But this discussion apparently leads to the path which it was determined to avoid. It may therefore be sufficient to terminate this article, by the memorandum of our friend, expressed to this effect in the margin of the manuscript, that he reckoned (he observes) among the most agreeable circumstances of his life, his personal introduction to H. M. He was pleased with the unaffected simplicity of her manners, the spirit of her conversation, which, though instructive, was modest and unobtrusive. He had also the occasional honour of her correspondence, and he felt justified in speaking in the highest terms of her knowledge, sagacity, and judgment.

It ought, however, to be observed, that, during all the virulent attacks made upon her, in the abovementioned controversy, H. M. preserved a dignified and inviolable silence; never suffering herself to be provoked into contention with those, who so ardently desired to involve her in it. By this prudence, no less than by her real innocence, she finally obtained the victory.

Non ego illam mihi dotem duco esse quæ dos dicitur
Sed pudicitiam, et pudorem et sedatum Cupidinem.

CHAPTER LI.

THE next individual to whom our reader is to be introduced, is a personage of very congenial feelings, and of similar merits with her who preceded, though possibly somewhat inferior in ability. But the love of justice scorns to make invidious discriminations, where the general claims to approbation are alike, and universally acknowledged; where they are founded on the noblest and most generous private virtues, continually exercised for the good of the community. Here let it be remembered, (as indeed it has before been remarked) that regular and circumstantial biographical sketches are not to be expected. Had the Sexagenarian survived, he would in all probability have filled up and compleated these portraits, of which, unluckily, the outlines only, are to be found in his notes. Whatever his ultimate intention might have been, in their

their present form they seem only intended to call his recollection to those, to whom, from a congeniality of pursuits, an introduction, more or less familiar, was obtained, in the progress of a literary life.

Some of these connections and acquaintances were formed at a house, where, previously to the calamity of the French Revolution, individuals of all parties and persuasions, political and religious, used to meet in easy and agreeable familiarity. Here were seen Dr. Priestley, Mr. Henley, Dr. Price, Horne Tooke, Dr. Aikin, Mrs. Barbauld, Bishop Percy, the venerable Bishop Douglas, Dr. Gregory, and Mrs. Woolstoncroft, to whom there could not possibly exist a greater or more striking contrast than the immediate subject of this article.

Mrs. T———.

The master of this house (there is no occasion to designate him by name) was a very austere and rigid dissenter of the old school, but friendly to literary men, and on all occasions ready to assist in the promotion of their literary views. The commencement and progress of the French Revolution seemed to be a signal for the dissolution of those amicable bonds. The Pater-familias was the devoted friend of Priestley and of Price, and of conse-

consequence took a most active and zealous part in what he was pleased to call the cause of political and religious liberty, and what was a very customary and favourite phrase among them, the general melioration of the state of man.

Vain and illusory ideas! but it was a long, a very long time, before this misguided man, and his more intimate associates, saw and acknowledged their error, and that the only consequence of the horrible combustion, was impiety, cruelty, and anarchy.

Bitterly did he suffer in his own person, from the consequences of his strong predilection to a class of men, whose sentiments and whose writings declared open and eternal war against what they foolishly and impertinently denominated "The Church and King System."

It was this personage, however, long since no more, who first encouraged Mrs. T. to systematize and publish her various excellent performances for the benefit of mankind. At this hospitable house it was, that our Sexagenarian first met with this lady. The pious, loyal, and amiable bias of Mrs. T.'s mind, led her, in a very short time, to other and very different connections; and her exertions in the cause of religion, good morals, and the safety of the state, were universally acknowledged, and duly rewarded. For a considerable part of a long life,

life, she was honoured by the countenance of the Royal Family, as well as by the friendship and protection of the most distinguished characters of the country. Among others, the venerable Bishop Porteus, always among the foremost to discern merit, and to reward it, on every occasion professed the warmest esteem for her person and character, and to demonstrate the sincerity of his regard, presented her son to a considerable benefice in his diocese.

This brief descriptive sketch here concludes, first observing, that in society her manners were simple, gentle, and unassuming; her conversation sedate, her pronunciation deliberate, her mind cultivated with a very strong and leading propensity to subjects of a religious nature, to which indeed her information was principally confined.

Εν γαρ τι καὶ τουτο των αλλων καλλωπισματων αυταις δοκει, ην λεγηνται ως πεπαιδευμεναι τε εισι, καὶ φιλοσοφοι, καὶ ποιουσιν ασματα ου πολυ της Σαπφους αποδεοντα.

CHAPTER LII.

PERHAPS there may be no fairer occasion of introducing a few words on the subject of

MRS. W——,

than whom a more eccentric and extraordinary character has not in modern times appeared upon the theatre of the world. Few individuals have combined qualities and talents so various, and so contradictory; very few females have experienced more or greater vicissitudes, and none ever employed their time and abilities on subjects so much at variance with the common feelings and opinions of mankind.

Her life and memoirs were given at length, by the person whom, after living with him for some

time as his wife, she finally consented to marry, in condescension to the *foolish* prejudices of the world. It cannot be at all wonderful, that these two persons should be brought together by a strong magnetic attraction; the only matter of surprize is, that they did not come together sooner: for they seemed to be inspired with one soul, one common sentiment, one feeling, and one object. They agreed with the most perfect harmony in contemptuously disregarding whatever in religion, or morals, or politics, was sanctioned by the veneration of ages, and in introducing, with the most audacious perseverance, wild, preposterous, and pernicious theories.

This lady's first entrance into life was characterized by the most striking peculiarities, and she seems to have imbibed very unaccountable notions of political justice, in contra-distinction to those of nature and of duty.

As long as we continue uncorrupted by the world, the love of parents in most minds, grows with our growth, and strengthens with our strength. This good lady, on the contrary, was not eminently distinguished by her filial piety, and at a very early period of her youth, she left her father's house with *abruptness* and *disgust*.

We next hear of her as having, in conjunction with a friend, the direction of a day-school; but this

this friend's delicate health requiring her to seek a milder climate, Miss W. soon afterwards gave up her employment, and crossed the sea to join her companion. On the above lady's death, Miss W. returned to England, and became a governess in a noble family, where, however, she did not continue long; nor with her fantastical (not to say mischievous) ideas on the subject of female education, was it likely that she should. She then settled in London, and, if we mistake not, became an authoress by profession; and it was at the house formerly mentioned, which at that period was a general receptacle for the friends of learning of both sexes, that the writer saw and became slightly acquainted with her.

In London, as indeed every where else, she was characterized by the wildest extravagance of sentiment, and really appeared to think, that to obey the first impulses of inclination, uncontrouled by the sobriety of thought, or interposition of judgment, was the only true wisdom. She formed at this period the most violent attachment to a man of genius and talent, who, whatever might be his claims to reputation, was old enough to be her father, and certainly did not possess those external recommendations, which usually conciliate the partiality of women. This circumstance relating to an individual, for whom, on account of his talents, it is impossible not to feel sentiments of respect, would

would not have been introduced, had not the lady's biographer spoken of the fact without reserve.

The gentleman alluded to, it may be apprehended, did not return her predilection in his favour with equal ardour, and therefore to get rid of the torment of unrequited love; or, as the event proved, to change its object, she went to Paris, to which place also congenial propensities had at about the same period attracted others of our countrywomen, as Anna Maria Williams, Miss P., &c. &c. of whom more hereafter.

At Paris our heroine fell in the way of a plain downright man of business from America, with no particular recommendation either of fortune, person, or talent; but strange to tell, she almost instantaneously conceived for him a passion yet more violent and uncontroulable than that which she had formerly experienced for Mr. F. To him she sacrificed every thing, even her modesty; for though she without scruple lived with him as his wife, she refused to be married to him even according to the slight and unsatisfactory ceremonial then observed in France. Her reasons for this conduct were somewhat whimsical. She did not choose that he should be made liable to debts formerly incurred by her, and she also entertained the idea, that an avowed marriage with her, would

expose

expose him to certain family inconveniencies and embarrassments.

But alas! for such hasty attachments! neither did our American return her passion with a suitable enthusiasm. He left her at Paris in a state of pregnancy, under pretext of business, which required his presence at one of the sea-ports, and with a promise of speedy return. He did not perform this promise. She followed him to the sea-side. Here she was delivered of a daughter. The cold-blooded American pleaded business in London; but promised her, that if she would go quietly back to Paris, he would soon return from England, and rejoin her. But though they did meet again, passion was quite exhausted on his part, never more, by any arts or exertions of her's, to be revived. To be brief—he chose another companion, and recommended to her to do the same. This was rather too much to be endured. The lady did not indeed, in imitation of Sappho, precipitate herself from another Leucadian rock; she chose a more vulgar mode of death; she put some lead into her pockets, and threw herself into the water. She did not, however, use lead enough, as there was still gas sufficient left in her head to counterpoise it. She was rescued from the watery bier, and lived again to experience the feverish varieties of the tender passion.

The

The anguish of her grief did not endure any very considerable time, for within a few months she united herself to a man, whose peculiarities of opinion were as strange and as preposterous as her own. Mark, reader, she did not marry him. No! that would have been pitiful, wondrous pitiful, on both sides. She had already demonstrated her amorous creed, the great maxim of which was, that

> **Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,**
> **Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.**

Her new lover had, on the subject of marriage, already and solemnly declared, that "so long as he should seek to engross one woman to himself, and to prohibit his neighbour from proving his superior desert, and reaping the fruits of it, he would be guilty of the most odious of all monopolies."

The mind sickens at the continuation of a narrative, so replete with folly, and so offensive to every thing which piety, delicacy, and human obligations render sacred. The lady, on her return to this country, was considered as the wife of her American lover, and in this character, on account of her talents, which nobody will presume to call in question, was visited by several very respectable females. But when in open defiance, and in contempt of all decency and good order, she cohabited with the author of P—— J——, our precise sturdy country-

women thought that this was carrying the jest somewhat too far, and accordingly withdrew themselves from her acquaintance.

Such a proceeding at first excited the astonishment of the lady, and the scorn of the philosopher; indeed the latter pretended to make it a matter of ridicule, but all would not do; and it is understood that the lady condescended to use her iufluence with her lover, and, in spite of his public avowed hostility to marriage, he became her legal husband.

The union did not long continue; it was dissolved by that which dissolves all things—the unrelenting hand of death. Mrs. G. died in childbed, at no great distance from the time of the marriage ceremony having been performed.

No one would surely speak with levity of human sorrows; and it is impossible not to revere the grief which is excited by the irreparable loss of relatives and friends. Yet there was something in the dogmas and maxims of the author of P—— J——, so very extraordinary, representing so contemptuously the tender ties of nature, and what have hitherto been regarded as the strong obligations of duty, that his conduct after his domestic privation, necessarily excited some degree of wonder.

There were so many vulnerable parts in Mrs. W.'s character and conduct, the principles which she

she avowed, and the system of education which she recommended: the maxims which she vindicated, were so dangerous to female virtue, and so obnoxious to the universal sentiments of the wise and good, that on her decease, much and unreserved discussion concerning her took place. The result was undoubtedly not very honourable to her fair fame as a woman, whatever it might be to her reputation as an author. To have been consistent with himself, and with his writings, the philosopher might have been expected to have disregarded all these animadversions as unworthy of his notice, and beneath the dignity of his character. Far otherwise. Nature, it may be presumed, triumphed over philosophy. He was the victim of rage and resentment. He who had contended that man was a mere machine, that every thing which happens is the result of absolute necessity, that gratitude, the relative affections, parental love, filial duty, &c. are vices—bounced and raved at the "calumnies which the virulence of a party spirit hitherto unexampled, had, on the occasion of her death, poured upon the memory of the most excellent and admirable woman that it was ever his lot to know." He went even further still. Not satisfied with his own weapons, he employed those of certain intemperate and injudicious friends, whose skill and adroitness in wielding them were

not only inferior to his own, but who exposed their own inefficiency, as well as the weakness of the cause they so precipitately undertook to defend.

The following character of this extraordinary woman appeared not long after her death, and with this, the article relating to her may not improperly conclude.

" She was a woman of strong intellect, and of ungovernable passions. To the latter, when once she had given the reins, she seems to have yielded on all occasions with little scruple, and as little delicacy. She appears in the strongest sense a voluptuary and sensualist, but without refinement. We compassionate her errors, and respect her talents, but our compassion is lessened by the mischievous tendency of her doctrines and example; and our respect is certainly not extended or improved, by her exclaiming against prejudices, of some of the most dangerous of which, she was herself perpetually the victim, by her praises of virtue, the sanctity of which she habitually violated, and by her pretences to philosophy, whose real mysteries she did not understand, and the dignity of which, in various instances, she sullied and disgraced."

Multa in muliebrem levitatem cœpit jactare. Quam facile adamarent. Quam cito etiam Philorum oblivniscerentur. Nullamque esse feminam tam pudicam, quæ non peregrina usque ad furorem averteretur.

CHAPTER LIII.

OF the same school, and not improbably a proselyte to the same doctrines, was

H—— M—— W——.

What and how great a contrast is exhibited between this female's first appearance on the theatre of the public, and her last fatal ending! Lively, elegant, accomplished, and agreeable, of pleasing person, simple and gentle manners, without pride, or asserting any pretensions to distinction, she received the respect and attention of many of the most considerable persons in this country, both for talent and for rank. What is she now? If she lives, (and whether she does or not, few know, and nobody cares) she is a wanderer—an exile, unnoticed and unknown.

The

The moment that the torch of anarchy was displayed from the turrets of the Thuilleries, she caught the flame, and, as it were by magic, the form of every thing was changed to the visual ray of her understanding. She forgot the lessons of her youth, despised the precepts of her early instructors, and forsook the land of her forefathers. The perfectibility of man, the rights of women, the cap of liberty, alone occupied and overpowered her mind. She must needs go where alone these fascinating idols received the culture and the homage which in her imagination they deserved. To France then she hurried, connected herself instantaneously with the great tragedians of the day, was initiated in their mysteries, and adopted the whole of their gipsy jargon. She became in every particular a French woman. Nothing was in her eyes fair, or wise, or great, or good, but what was French; and as for poor old England, its inhabitants, and its manners, nothing could be more paltry—nothing more contemptible.

Her friend, Mrs. W. had taught her, by her example, that female modesty might be laid aside without any compunctious visitations; and, like her prototype, she formed an attachment to a Frenchman, who in Paris was generally considered as a spy of the police; even if he did not sometimes perform in a far less honourable character. This man

man had a wife living at the time, and Miss W. probably knew it; but this opposed but a trifling obstacle. The morality which then prevailed in the French metropolis, found a very convenient confederate in the facility with which divorces were obtained. But it is far from certain, that even this slight ceremony was observed. Be this as it may, under this paramour's benignant auspices, she wrote about France, its politics, its new-fangled manners, Robespierre, and Danton, and Marat, and all that Stygian crew, with unrestrained volubility; and with a presumptuousness and impertinence, a determination to palliate and excuse the horrid atrocities she had witnessed, such as to excite a mixture of contempt and resentment.

Perhaps the following may be exhibited as an accurate epitome of her creed at this period, (we say at this period) for if she yet lives, she must be a greater fool than we think her, to persist in some of the articles of her political faith :—

"The guilt of the unfortunate king was clear."—"The horrid murders and massacres were partial evils."—"The French Revolution was destined to break the fetters of mankind throughout the world."

This and far worse garbage than this, was the reader compelled to wade through in the various publications of this perverted writer.

All

All this is wondrous pitiful, but pity 'tis, 'tis true. When accident first introduced our Sexagenarian to H. M. W. she yas young and lovely, ingenuous and innocent. By the proper exercise of her talents, she might have been an ornament to society, and useful to the world. Her decline of life might have tranquilly been passed under the shadow of her own vine, honoured and beloved. If she exists, she can have no other reflections but those which must be truly mortifying. She cannot fail now to be sensible, that she deserted substance for shadow, real liberty for ideal dreams about its phantom, a long list of honourable friends, comprehending some of the fairest names among us—for whom?—for Mrs. W., Thomas Paine, Danton, for her friend, or her lover, or her husband, (by whichever name she wishes him to be distinguished) for Ramond, Madame Roland, O'Connor, Santerre, &c. &c. To finish in a word, she exchanged the prospect of honourable fame, for neglect and contempt.

There still remain a few more of this class of females, with whom an introduction took place, by the means of common friends engaged in literary pursuits. It may be as well to bring them together and get rid of them at once. Recollection does not regard them with complacency. Indeed, they were so amiable on

fiist

first acquaintance, (and if the expression may be allowed, they so degenerated afterwards) that memory is oppressed with looking back upon them.

Another disciple of this fantastic school was—

M——H——,

who really, when first known, appeared lively, ingenuous, innocent, and interesting. It is not pretended to say who or what perverted her principles, but she was a friend of the Wolstoncroft, a follower of Helvetius, and a great admirer of Rousseau.

As ill luck would have it, she must needs write a novel, and as her evil genius prompted, was induced to publish it. What thinkest thou, gentle reader, was the outline of the story? Why this:—

The heroine, Emma Courtney Hight, falls in love, desperately in love, with a youth whom she had never seen; at length, she encounters him—worse and worse!—Passion now boils over, and she exercises every female artifice to captivate his affection in return. But it will not do; all her efforts prove ineffectual. What's next to be done? Why take him by storm; or, which is much the same

thing,

thing, she voluntarily offers herself to live with him as his mistress.

Make me mistress to the man I love.

But this will not do: his heart proves made of impenetrable stuff, at length, the heroine, compelled by dire necessity, marries, contrary to her inclination, a man she dislikes exceedingly. But still she retains her first passion; and what is more, disregarding the obligations of duty imposed by her new character, she attends on his dying bed, the man for whom she first suffered love. The consequence is almost ludicrously disastrous:— the husband attaches himself to a female domestic, and to conclude and complete the catastrophe, he finally shoots himself through the head.

But after all, things might have been yet worse, with respect to this same M. H. She might, like her friends, Mesdames W. and H. M. W. have emigrated to France, and disgraced herself and her country.

She had the prudence to stay at home. She might have written other still more mischievous, and still more foolish things. It pleased Providence to remove her, and, as we earnestly hope to forgive her.

Some

Some greater degree of reserve is felt necessary in speaking of

Miss P*******.

The personal acquaintance, on the part of the Sexagenarian, with this most prolific author, was but slight; but he ever and invariably expressed the most unaffected regret, that one so endowed, so qualified to contribute to the improvement of others, should, by pursuing one undeviating path, have made herself generally obnoxious, to those alone excepted, who considered all as deserving of the burning fiery furnace, who did not fall prostrate before the shrine of Bonaparte, and adore the Briarean Idol of the French Revolution.

The most extraordinary thing, with respect to each and every one of these doughty females, appears to have been this:—The very moment that they had made up their minds to acknowledge the wisdom of the French Revolution, the goodness of its leaders, and the felicity of its operation, they fancied themselves (as by some magic charm, some irresistible power of enchantment) converted into grave, subtle, and profound politicians. They knew every thing which was involved in the great questions of law, and right, and equity, as it were by intuition, and they pronounced their fiats *ex Cathedra*, as if it were both impious and treasonable

at

at all to question their wisdom, their knowledge, and their sagacity. They became all at once, in their own foolish conceits, as subtle as Machiavel, profound as Vattel, learned as Selden, and capable as Grotius himself, to discuss the momentous question *de Jure Belli* at Paris.

Oh for the good old times! when females were satisfied with feminine employments, with cultivating their minds so far as to enable them to instruct their children in useful learning only, and to regulate their families with judicious economy; to learn those graces and that demeanour, which obtained and secured love and esteem, nor suffered the Laban images of foreign vanities to contaminate their tents. Daughters of England, be not beguiled; be assured that the study of politics is not essential to female accomplishments, that the possession of this Machiavelian knowledge will neither make you better mothers, wives, or friends; that to obtain it, a long life, severe study, and the most laborious investigation, are indispensably necessary. Must it not excite the strongest emotions of contempt, to hear pert misses, just escaped from boarding-schools, harangue in a more peremptory language than Selden would have assumed, and with the slightest reading, and most superficial knowledge, presume to pass judgment on the political rights and conditions of nations?

Miss

Miss P. was one of the daughters of a venerable clergyman, who was, at the same time, Master of a College at Cambridge, and Prebendary of N——. It may therefore be presumed, though nothing at all is known of the matter, that her education was in every respect correct, and consistent with her sphere of life.

On the death of her parents, and at the accursed crisis of the French Revolution, she came to the metropolis. Here she immediately, with unreserved confidence, threw herself into the kindred arms of H. M. W. divided her enthusiasm, and partook of all her follies. France, France, France! Liberty, Liberty, Liberty! occupied their waking thoughts, and disturbed their midnight dreams. In a word, they became totally Frenchified; and as Free-masons, when once initiated into their mysteries, retain the Shibboleth, which admits them beyond the Tyler, so did these females suffer themselves to be so intoxicated with the Circean draught, that the phrenzy remained incurable and unalterable. They determined to drink at the fountain-head, so up and away for Paris. We have heard of the Englishman at Paris, his prodigality and folly, but heaven bless us! our English women at Paris beat their countrymen hollow, or, to use a homely phrase, "out and out."

"What-

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise."

This emphatical and beautiful apostrôphe of the apostle, in the judgment of this lady and her clan, could alone be applied to the French nation, under the benign influence of the Revolution, and to the Polar star of all who exercised the supreme authority in France from Robespierre to Bonaparte.

According to the sagacious and candid inferences of these subtle and profound Female Machiavels, in this country of England there was no wisdom, no foresight, no justice, and no public virtue; whilst on the opposite side, the murders of the King, Queen, Princess Elizabeth, and the Duke d'Enghein, were acts either of fair retribution, or of unavoidable necessity; either the just consequences of the imbecility of the sufferers, or provoked by their profligacy and crimes.

Reader, is not all this truly lamentable? Far other emotions are awakened by the recollection of what this female, immediately under review, once was, when she appeared as a candidate for honourable fame in the general walks of literature. Her talents claimed respect—her diligence deserved praise. The variety of her information, and the extent

extent of her knowledge, particularly of languages, qualified her to be useful, and entitled her to esteem.

Whether she subsequently repented of and restrained the extreme extravagance of her prejudices; whether Bonaparte, his glory, his wisdom, his magnanimity, his *religion*, and his clemency, (and, for all these qualities he had this lady's praise) continued to any protracted period the objects of her fond idolatry, could not possibly be known to him, from whose collection the materials, which appear, in these pages, have been extracted. It is hoped that she may have seen the error of her ways; have discovered a less dangerous and obstructed path, and auspiciously pursued it.

With pleasures too refined to please,
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease,
With too much quickness ever to be taught,
With too much thinking to have common thought.

CHAPTER LIV.

DIFFERENT as light from darkness, is the next female, whose character is introduced in the Recollections. Lively, ingenuous, of various and elegant accomplishments, of splendid connections, with the most undisguised and contemptuous scorn of those who could not boast similar distinction: at no pains to suppress her almost adoration of our own monarchical government, or her indignation, amounting almost to rage, against the French Revolution, and all its supporters; of exquisite taste, sensibility, and refinement; proud, but affable; tenacious of her rank, but gentle as gentleness itself. Such was the female who will be described under the name by which she was always distinguished among her friends. Yes! such was

ELLA.

This

This lady was first known to the Sexagenarian, and obtained a place in his Recollections, by one of those singular accidents, which sometimes bring individuals together, who, entering the world at the opposite ends of the diameter, with different objects, pursuits, and employments, have but little seeming probability of ever meeting at the centre. ELLA was extravagantly fond of poetry; it occupied all her thoughts, and was seated in her very soul. Among other trifles which our friend had written for amusement, and which had found their way into the world, a poem, which had received more of his time and attention than he usually gave to such things, (for he did not estimate his talents in this line very highly) was sent to a friend, who happened at this period to be resident under the same roof with ELLA.

It mightily struck her fancy, and she determined on obtaining the author's acquaintance. Her mind was of that eager and ardent temperature, that having once resolved on any measure, she spared no time or pains in accomplishing it. She accordingly sent him by the post, a copy of verses, complimenting him on the late production of his muse, in terms like herself, easy, airy, and elegant. The writer was soon discovered, (or as Pope said of Johnson, *deterré*) and a familiar acquaintance commenced, which was only terminated by death.

If ELLA's mind and talents had been under the regulation of sedate feelings and sober judgment, she would have been one of the most delightful and interesting creatures in the universe; but unfortunately for her, she was in every thing an enthusiast. She obeyed, without reflection, the first impulse of her mind. She read whatever excited public attention and curiosity, but she read to little or no effect; she impatiently hurried over the volumes before her, that she might begin something else: the consequence unavoidably was, that in a very short interval, she retained no recollection of the principal features, facts, and characters, of the books she had recently perused.

She also wrote a great deal, and some specimens of her poetical taste and talent are really very beautiful; but she wrote with extreme haste, and revised nothing. She was particularly solicitous, and not always with sufficient discrimination, to have a personal acquaintance with those of both sexes, who were distinguished in the world by their reputation for talents. Unhappily for her, there was no moderation in her attachments, from which she frequently became the victim of artifice and fraud. Perfectly artless and unsuspicious herself, she thought that intellectual superiority necessarily involved ingenuousness, honesty, and truth; nor was she cured of this infirmity, till her fortunes

had been irretrievably impaired. Her liberality knew no bounds, and she literally gave, till no more remained for her to bestow.

Her captivating manners, her high birth, her connections, her talents, necessarily drew a crowd of young men about her, for many of whom, in their turns, she suffered love; but the flame was transitory in its effects, nor did she ever seriously entangle herself in an engagement which had marriage for its object, except with one individual, as unlike herself, in every possible particular, as the imagination can conceive.

Her playfulness and most bewitching familiarity often, however, were the cause of her entangling others. Some might be named, who, though grave, reserved, and dignified personages, were unable to resist the fascination of her charms and manners, and glided into her net with the easiest captivity imaginable.

There was one very singular character, whom accident threw in her way, wild, romantic, and ingenious like herself. Both were devoted to the love of poetry, and they wrote fine things to one another, till a great intimacy took place, and the gentleman, who was also an enthusiast in all things, worshipped her as his idol.

The life of this man would of itself make an entertaining volume; a short digression upon it there-

 fore

fore may be excused. He was almost the next descendant from one of the most extraordinary men of talent and genius that this kingdom ever knew, and apparently inherited many of his progenitor's eccentricities. A young man of one of the noblest families in the kingdom, and immediate heir to a dukedom, conceiving himself aggrieved by an illustrious personage, of rank higher than his own, sent him a challenge, and a duel was the consequence. In the rencontre, the individual challenged, had a very narrow escape, the ball having grazed his cheek.

The affair necessarily engrossed a considerable share of public conversation, and among other things of which it was the cause, our gentleman thought proper to publish a most bitter and exasperating pamphlet against the young nobleman who had sent the challenge.

The consequence was what might naturally be expected. Col. L. first enquired whether the author was, from his station in life, worthy of his resentment. On finding that he was a gentleman, a duel ensued, in which the Quixotic advocate of Royalty, was shot through the body, but astonished even his adversary by the courage and firmness with which he conducted himself. What his motive was, can hardly be imagined; but as his circumstances were but moderate, he not improbably

conceived,

conceived, that he might be rewarded with patronage and preferment. This, however, was not the case, though it must be acknowledged that the illustrious Personage, whose advocate he had so rashly been, once sent him compliments of enquiry and condolence.

He was certainly a man of considerable talents, and particularly in poetry. He published many things, which were well received, and he left a great deal more behind him.

The following extract from an unpublished poem, called a Hymn to Venus, occurs in our manuscript, and justifies what has been said of the author's abilities.

" The various world thy various powers delight,
Thy star precedes the morn, and gilds the night;
Thee, when Aurora's fingers paint the day,
In the pure blush of morning we survey;
Or throned with Phœbus as he sets in gold,
Thy warmer glories in the West behold;
Night's radiant orbs in love and beauty roll,
Love rules the sky, and Beauty lights the whole.

" What space contains, what ample air provides,
What earth unbosoms, or what ocean hides,
Thy power proclaims; each zephyr of the Spring,
That fans the season with his purple wing,
To Love belongs. Then each delightful bower
Thy presence feels, confessing Beauty's power,

And

And blossoms into joy; the plumy throng,
Beauty's glad season welcome with their song,
As instinct governs they select their loves,
'Twas Love thy sparrows paired, and yoked thy doves."

The conclusion is yet better.

Hail Beauty, Nature, or whate'er thy name,
Fair seed of Jove, immortal and the same,
Informing soul, pure spirit unconfined,
Pervading law, of matter and of mind,
Eternal Truth! whose universal light
Directs to happiness, and points the right!—
To thee our vows we pay; to thee belong
The hymn of praise and honorary song,
Source of each wish, each pleasure, and each hope,
Till kinder suns the rose of Passion ope;
A rose without a thorn, that buds and blows,
And takes the name of friendship as it grows;
Virtue's own zephyrs on her bosom play,
An heaven-born flower, unconscious of decay.
Then whether in Cythera's suns you rove,
Or seek the coolness of the Cyprian grove,
Or Paphos choose, or wander with thy maids
Where all Idalia opens all her shades,
Chaste goddess come! and to our isle retire,
Where Love at Hymen's altars lights his fire;
Where Virtue guards, and Beauty lifts her throne,
Diana's crescent with the Cyprian zone;
Oh still on Britain goddess bend thy smiles,
The Queen of Empire as the Queen of Isles,
That takes like thee from silver seas her birth,
To rule with equal power, and bless the earth.

Britain for beauty as for arms renown'd,
Victorious Mars by conquering Beauty crown'd;
To Britain then thy gracious aid extend,
And War's own god shall Beauty's cause defend.

It is impossible to close our account of this most singular personage, without giving another example of his waywardness and eccentricity. There was a wretched creature who molested the streets of London, barbarously insulting and wounding the females that he met, upon whom the appellation of Monster was therefore bestowed, as it were, by common consent. On his apprehension and trial, this gentleman thought proper to throw down the gauntlet as his advocate; not indeed his advocate with regard to his crimes, but a sort of legal advocate, pointing out the subterfuges of which he might avail himself. It was, however, like his insane duel, ineffectual in its consequences; it neither sheltered the defendant from universal indignation and contempt, nor tended to diminish the severity of his punishment.

After various vicissitudes, this unaccountable man returned to Ireland, where he was involved in a great number of perplexities, animosities, and litigations, and died at no very advanced age.

Durius in terris nihil est quod vivat amante
Nec modo si sapias quod minus esse velis.



CHAPTER LV.

THE case of entanglement, on the side of ELLA, alluded to in the former chapter, was this:—Her limited fortune, notwithstanding her high and proud connections, made it expedient for herself and sister, to live with an elderly lady, who had also other female boarders. An officer, who had been wounded in the service of his country in a distant climate, with a constitution apparently broken, made application to be received into the family, of which our heroine was a member. The circumstance excited great alarm, and occasioned much serious debate. At length, after many sage discussions, and beds of justice, it was resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that a wounded officer, somewhat advanced in life, and with an impaired constitution, was not an object to awaken the scruples, or alarm the fears of the sisterhood. Things, however, turned out quite contrary.

" Love

"Love (as it is said) laughs at locksmiths;" and such a dart was shot from ELLA's bright eyes through the thorax of the Major, where, by the way, there was a ball lodged already, which no medical skill could extract, that he surrendered at discretion. It is a little whimsical, that this catastrophe was maliciously predicted to the Lady by our Sexagenarian; but the prophecy was at first received with something like indignation. "Could it be supposed that a worn-out soldier, of no family, fortune, or pretensions, could excite any other emotion than pity?" Pity, however, it is well known, is next a kin to love, and so it proved in this instance. The final issue may be narrated in a few words. Application was made to ELLA's great and noble friends, for their consent to this ill-suited union, to which the Horatian adage might strictly be applied; most certainly might they be termed "*impares formas atque animos*," and the *jugum*, had it been worn, would have been truly *aheneum*.

These mighty people, however, whose generosity never extended beyond giving their relative an occasional dinner, wrapped themselves in their magnificence, and in stately terms, forbade the banns. What was to be done in this dilemma? After due deliberation, it was determined that they should consider themselves as solemnly pledged, and wait for a favourable change of circumstances. Month,

however,

however, succeeded month, and year followed year, and no such change took place. At length, the gentleman's health appeared to be growing worse and worse, and it was deemed indispensably necessary for his convalescence, that he should remove to Bath. Upon this occasion, the lady behaved with a characteristic nobleness of mind. She thought her friend and lover would return no more, and that the circumstances in which he was placed, with respect to herself, might induce him to make a will in her favour. As soon, therefore, as he had arrived at the place of his destination, she wrote to inform him, that, after duly considering the little probability there existed of their ever being happily united, she thought it best for both, that the engagement should be dissolved, and the connection at an end. Under this impression, therefore, she was determined positively to decline any favourable intention he might retain towards her, if induced to make his will. She added the strongest recommendation in favour of his nephew, whom he had materially assisted in life, and who had also experienced many solid benefits from her friendship.

Negotii sibi qui volet vim parare, navem et mulierem,
Hæc duo sibi comparato.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE lover felt and acknowledged the great good sense and honourable conduct of his mistress; and thus terminated a connection commenced under no very auspicious omens, protracted till mutual esteem was succeeded by the most perfect indifference, and which ever, during its continuance, was interrupted by jars and bickerings, the unavoidable consequence of inequality in temper, habits, and age; and presenting at no period, any favourable prospect of an harmonious union.

The catastrophe of this young lady's history was very melancholy. With every talent and accomplishment necessary to adorn the most elevated station, with every pretension of loveliness, grace, and manners, with a fortune which, by prudent management, might have secured an honourable, though not a splendid independence, her final exit was not very

very much unlike that so beautifully recorded by Pope, of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

She first of all impoverished herself, by the profuse liberality of her presents to those to whom she was partial. She was subsequently induced to lend, with the truest motives of generosity and friendship on her part, a portion of her capital, on very insufficient security. This she accordingly lost. There was an enthusiasm in her attachments bordering on infatuation, and very indiscriminating in the choice of its objects. Talent was her great idol, before which she bowed, but she often neglected to examine and investigate the private character and conduct by which it was accompanied. The consequence was, that she was perpetually imposed upon, and did not discover her error till it was too late.

Her finances became finally so exceedingly narrowed and embarrassed, that penury began to stare her in the face. Her friends, in some degree to ward off this evil, suggested the expediency of her publishing two volumes of her poems. This was accordingly done, under the inspection of a most judicious, able, and compassionate friend, whose attentions cheered and soothed the last sorrowful moments of her life. To him they were inscribed, with a very appropriate address. The reader may not be averse to see a specimen. *Ex uno disce omnia.*

THE BOY AND THE BUTTERFLY.

Proud of its little day, enjoying
The lavish sweets kind Nature yields,
In harmless sports each hour employing,
Ranging the gardens, woods, and fields.
A lovely Butterfly extending
Its grateful wing to Sol's warm beams,
No dreaded danger saw impending,
But basked secure in peaceful dreams.
A wandering Urchin viewed this treasure,
Of gaudy colours fine and gay,
Thoughtless consulting but his pleasure,
He chased it through the live-long day.
At last the young but sly dissembler
Appeared to follow other flies,
Then turning seized the little trembler,
Who crushed beneath his fingers dies!
Surprized he sees the hasty ruin
His reckless cruelty had wrought,
The victim which so long pursuing
Scarce raised a wish, or claimed a thought,
Now bid the tear of genuine sorrow
O'er his repentant bosom flow,
Yet he'll forget it ere the morrow,
And deal to others equal woe.
Thus the vain man, with subtle feigning,
Pursues, o'ertakes, poor woman's heart,
But soon his hapless prize disdaining,
She dies the victim of his art.

Her compositions were all of the same character and tendency—tender, elegant, and tinged with the most romantic sensibility. Whether their publication answered the proposed purpose to any effect, may reasonably be questioned; for in her last illness, if she did not actually want the necessaries incident to her situation, she had but a very scanty supply of them.

After her death, when the kind friend above alluded to, undertook the office of executor, and the superintendence of her funeral, barely sufficient was got together, to have the last offices performed with due decency.

She carried the preposterous enthusiasm of her misguided partialities to the very last. All the valuable trinkets, rings, and jewels, which she had inherited, had long since been given away, or otherwise disposed of, one diamond ring excepted, which had for time immemorial remained in her family. In drawing up her will, she had bequeathed this jewel to a popular theatrical performer. Her executor having timely knowledge of this, insisted upon its erasure, and positively declined having any thing to do with her affairs, unless she bequeathed this ring to her sister. She was prevailed upon, though reluctantly, to do so.

She died very prematurely, but she had been as negligent of her health, as of her worldly affairs,

and indulged in habits, than which nothing could be more pernicious in themselves, or more injurious to her constitution. Being occasionally subject to great depression of spirits, and habitually a very bad sleeper, she indulged in the use of æther and laudanum, to an excess that can hardly be credited; by which, and by various other acts of similar imprudence, she doubtless much accelerated her end.

Among her intimate friends were many of the most elevated rank, and she was personally acquainted with all the females of her time, who were in the least celebrated for their intellectual accomplishments. She was the correspondent of Anna Seward, much acquainted with Mrs. Piozzi, Helen Maria Williams, and others who have already been mentioned in this narrative.

Be it permitted us to lament, yes, deeply to lament, that no friendly pilot among those upon whom she had the claims of kindred and of blood, stepped forward, in the progress of her little life, to steer her frail vessel through the storms and perils of a treacherous world. She was left, at a very early age, an orphan adventurer, to find her way, as best she could, o'er unknown seas and regions, and many a pelting did she get from divers pitiless storms.

Poor

Poor Ella! one tear at least is paid to thy memory, by an individual who knew thy worth, admired thy talents, and loved thee with the truest warmth of friendship.

Being so poetical herself, and so addicted to the society of those who had the same disposition, volumes might perhaps be made of the poems addressed to her. The following is selected, as particularly descriptive of her character.



" Wit, beauty, goodness, sentiment refin'd,
The brightest genius, with the purest mind;
Quick nerves, to sympathy too nicely strung,
And sportive innocence for ever young;
Gay beaming smiles, and each still varying grace,
Accordant harmony of voice and face;
Sweet chat, that might despairing anguish soothe;
A soul all energy, a heart all truth;—
Give it but wings, 'tis angel, goddess, Elf;
Or add caprice and—Ella—'tis thyself.

Idem semper erit quoniam semper fuit idem.



CHAPTER LVII.

IN the preceding narrative, the name of a very celebrated lady has been introduced, who, for a long series of years, greatly attracted public notice, and concerning whom, the loudest praises and the bitterest censures have been scattered about with unsparing profuseness. This lady was

MRS. P * * * * *.

She seems introduced in the Recollections merely as one of those to whom a certain degree of reputation in the literary world obtained an easy introduction, but by no means from any admiration either of her talents, or her conduct. A long interval of time elapsed between the first commencement of acquaintance with this lady, and its last renewal; but the impression concerning her, remained the same—unaltered and unalterable.

Her great characteristic was vanity; acute, ingenious, and variously informed, she undoubtedly was; but there was a pert levity about her, which induced a perpetual suspicion of her accuracy, and an affectation also, which it seems wonderful that Dr. Johnson could ever have endured.

The fraternity who used to assemble at her parties, had certain cant words and expressions among them, perfectly characteristic of their numerous but fantastical school.

Every body admitted to their familiarity was termed *Dear*. *Dear* Anna Seward, *Dear* Dr. Darwin, *Dear* Mrs. Siddons, *Dear* Sir Lucas Pepys, were terms perpetually vibrated in gentle undulations round the drawing-room.

No person seems better to have understood this lady's character than Boswell. The term *Lively Lady*, in the sense in which he used it, was admirably descriptive of her mind and manner, both in writing and conversation. But her works and her character have long been before the public, who have formed an adequate estimate of both. It is not perhaps generally known, that her decline of life was characterized with one of those extraordinary and preposterous acts, that fortunately do not often occur in society, but when they do, are invariably animadverted upon with the asperity they deserve.

It

It is very notorious that Mrs. P. had several children, and many grand-children. It is equally well known that she possesses considerable hereditary landed property, to the amount of not much, if at all less than four thousand pounds a-year.

What does the reader anticipate? Why in course that this property was bequeathed in just and reasonable proportions to the above-mentioned children and grand-children. No such thing. Such a humdrum and every day mode of proceeding would have been unworthy of the poetess, the authoress, the confidential friend of the benevolent Johnson. Our lively lady (Boswell, we thank thee for that word) aimed at fairer wreaths and brighter laurels. No! diligent search was to be made in the Alps, for some booby relative of the last poor dear man, and the search succeeded. A young Italian mountaineer turned up, calling himself the nephew to the never enough to be lamented musician man. He was accordingly imported to this northern region, educated first at an expensive school, and afterwards at the University; and upon him, and his heirs for ever, are the estates and honours of one of the oldest families of Cambrian origin, irrevocably vested and settled.

The old family mansion, forsooth, was not good enough for his Italian Highness. This was accordingly pulled down, and a new and splendid struc-

ture erected for his Honour, at an expence of not much less than twenty thousand pounds. To carry the jest as far as it will possibly endure to be carried, this paragon of mothers and of widows, constantly carries her dear boy's miniature picture in her bosom, and exhibits it, on all occasions, with the most unnnatural and preposterous exultation.

So no more at present, good people, of the worthy hostess of *Johnson*.

Accede O tinea illa quæ pusillo
Ventrem corpore tam geris voracem,
Tene Pieridum aggredi ministros
Tene arrodere tam sacros labores
Nec factum mihi denega. Ecce furti
Tui exempla, tuæ et voracitatis.

CHAPTER LVIII.

WALK in, Ladies and Gentlemen, and you shall see what you shall see. The next female whom you are to contemplate, sits under that large and spreading canopy, made, by the way, out of some old bed-furniture; she is the celebrated authoress of—all manner of things—Translations from the German, Novels, Sermons, Divinity Tracts, Original Novels, founded on domestic facts, and what not besides. But to render this lady the amplest justice, we insert the whole of her history, as recorded by the Sexagenarian.

Come then the colours and the ground prepare.

Wi.a

What is here related concerning this very distinguished Lady, must of course be authentic, for no other reference is necessary than to her own memorials of herself: these will generally be confirmed by that personal knowledge, which circumstances enabled the writer to possess. She has indeed exhibited the portraits of her family, her relatives, her friends, and herself, rather in uncouth lineaments, and in a somewhat high style of caricature. This is entirely her own concern, as it also is to settle the account with her filial piety, for representing parental infirmities in colours too vivid to be overlooked, and too characteristic to be misapplied.

But lest we should be mistaken, the reader is entreated, on the very threshold, to be assured that our friend's general opinion of this Lady, is very favourable. She possesses considerable talents; she has cultivated and improved them by severe study and rigorous discipline. Her knowledge of languages is very considerable, or once was so, for we must be understood as speaking of days that are past. She is, or was, familiarly conversant with German, French, Italian, and other modern languages, and far from ignorant either of Greek or Latin. Indeed, when we knew her, she was able to read, and did read, the most popular of the Latin classics, with considerable facility. With respect to her other

qualities of mind, we know her to be kind-hearted. benevolent, and hospitable; always ready to listen to, and relieve distress; very anxious and zealous, without any tinge of fanaticism, on the subjects of religion and morals.

Now, reader, with whatever reluctance it may be done, it is time to balance the account *per contra*.

The first and great deficiency, we have to notice, is want of judgment. In all her original compositions, she seems to write down every thing which presents itself to her mind, without thinking it necessary to use subsequent revision and consideration. Hence it is that her sentences are sometimes expanded to an inordinate length, and her ideas, forcible and good perhaps in their first conception, are dilated and spun out to cobweb insubstantiality. In her compositions also, there is the grossest affectation of learning, and a perpetual use of crabbed, uncouth, pedantic expressions; so that of two words, where one was simple, explicit, and perspicuous, and the other of similar import has a Greek termination, in defiance of all good taste, the latter would be assuredly preferred. There seems also, or did seem, an irresistible propensity to take every gossip anecdote and tea-table chatter of Lady Tittle-tattle, Mrs. Go-about, and Sir Timothy Newsmonger, as authentic fact, and make

them

them the occasion of some fine moralizing theorems, and philosophical discussion. There is, or was, but this perhaps may be sexual, a marvellous pertinacity in adhering to the opinions and assertions once made and avowed, in defiance of counter authorities, and the best substantiated facts. It is far more pleasant to contemplate the other side of the picture.

It is therefore with no common satisfaction we relate, that this lady's perseverance, determination, and consistent steadiness, in the earlier period of life, overcame the most formidable difficulties which were interposed between her and the cultivation of her mind; the fortitude with which she resisted the mean and cruel attempts which were made to keep her in a state of ignorance, and to withhold from her every opportunity of improvement, is in the highest degree honourable to her, and marks very superior intellectual endowments.

Her mother, a low-minded creature, was actually jealous of her, and could not endure the idea that her daughter should know any thing of which she herself was ignorant. She constantly insulted and depressed her. Her father, a proud consequential man, had some talents. But let us pause. The lady has herself told all these things of herself, of her mother and father also, though under the ingenious veil of fictitious names and characters. We

shall therefore satisfy ourselves by the recapitulation of a few things, which she has not related of herself.

In the first place, her persevering industry and determination to obtain somewhat of scientific accomplishments, was, in her early youth, beyond all example. No obstacles intimidated her, no interruptions relaxed her ardour, no unkindness turned her from her purpose.

She would read by the scanty and pernicious light of dying embers; she would submit to the most serious privations; she would alike defy cold, and heat, and hunger, and thirst, in pursuit of her object; and she (as she deserved to do) obtained it. She qualified herself in case of accident or misfortune, though she had no reasonable grounds for expecting the necessity to operate, to obtain the means of livelihood, either as a teacher of others, or as a translator and author. She actually did, when in her father's house, without the knowledge of her parents, undertake a work for a bookseller, and successfully performed it; by which she obtained a sum of money sufficiently large to procure some indulgence she had in view, either of learning German, or of purchasing books, or something of the kind, which might extend her knowledge, and improve her mind.

Since

Since she became her own mistress, independent, and opulent, the same habits of diligence have remained; a certain portion of every day is now, as before, regularly allotted for a particular study and employment. These habits are perhaps (or were) characterised by a precision, convenient undoubtedly to herself, but in a certain degree offensive and troublesome to such of her inmates, as may not, like herself, happen to move with the regularity of a watch. The anticipation or delay of five minutes before or after the time precisely fixed for any particular object, was wont to occasion a feverish irritability, and discompose the whole mental machine for a long interval.

To finish this sketch, it behoves us to say, that in all the various works which have been produced by this Lady's pen, every thing good, and wise, and virtuous, and pious, is inculcated with all the force of her talents. We believe that her writings, as they have had a very extensive, so have they had also a very salutary circulation. The few faults which we have deemed it necessary to point out, are exceedingly venial in themselves, and not of importance from their number; whilst her valuable qualities, her abilities, and her usefulness, entitle her to a very considerable place among those females, who in modern times have been distinguished by the attention of the public.

Vobis ergo sacra ferenda, Musæ
Sed quæ victima grata? quæ Camœnis
Dicata hostia? parcite O Camœnæ
Nova hæc victima, sed tamen suavis
Futura arbitror, admodumque grata.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE next female who makes her appearance in our "Recollections," is delineated under the name of

ELFRIDA.

She was the daughter of a humble Suffolk farmer, and her education as limited as possible. Nevertheless, she so strongly felt within herself the consciousness of talents, and the desire of independence, that, though young and lively, and though in seeming contradiction to all the precepts of discretion, she rushed to the metropolis, without either recommendation or protection. Her very first adventure on her arrival, though in the highest degree romantic, and indeed almost incredible, proved her security, and procured her a guardian and a husband.

Not

Not knowing whither to go, she made some accidental enquiry of a passenger, who, as apparently much older than herself, she presumed would not deceive and mislead her. Thus the event happened. This same person finding her, on enquiry, artless, ignorant of the town, distressed and unhappy, compassionated her situation, found her a home, and soon afterwards married her. As her person was remarkably good, and she appeared to have a turn and talent that way, it was resolved that she should try her fortune on the stage, where she accordingly made her appearance. There was an invincible impediment to her success, in a certain defect of enunciation, which all her endeavours were unavailing to overcome.

She accordingly left the stage, retaining the esteem of all the most considerable performers, and without the slightest imputation on the accuracy of her conduct. Ere long she was left a widow, and commenced author.

At this period she was introduced to our Sexagenarian, and a familiar acquaintance subsisted for some years between them.

Previous to this acquaintance, Elfrida had been so far unfortunate, that her principal and most intimate connections, were among those who opposed the measures of government, were warm friends of the French Revolution, and some of them tainted

with

with the contagion of the most extravagant democracy.

She had also another error. She was herself of the Roman Catholic persuasion; and whether the idea had been communicated from others, or she had imbibed it from her own observations and course of reading, she fancied that all the Ecclesiastics of the established church, of whatever rank or situation, were remarkable only for sensuality or selfishness. Among the various ingenious things which she published, these two most absurd prejudices will be found exceedingly to predominate—an extravagant conception of liberty, and a foolish misapprehension with respect to the Clerical profession of different tenets from her own.

As it is said of those who are notorious for circulating falsehoods, that they at last themselves believe what they propagate, so is it with respect to errors and prejudices early received, and allowed for a long continuance to influence the conduct; they are seldom if ever totally laid aside.

Whether the conversation and society of our friend had any tendency to meliorate her sentiments on these subjects, is uncertain, for the acquaintance was interrupted by the removal of each to situations distant from one another. Our memorandums inform us, that some exertions were made to convince the Lady, that all Bishops were

not

not sensualists; that they did not confer distinctions and rewards inadvertently, and without due discrimination; that virtue, piety, and learning, were to be found in members of the English, as well as of the Roman church. Her love of liberty was less likely to be prejudicial to the community, and when this subject was introduced, it was without seriousness.

The other error of detracting from the value of a venerable body of men, inasmuch as it violated the interests and the dignity of truth, tended very considerably to diminish her reputation.

Elfrida's publications were very numerous, and of different descriptions. She wrote a great deal for the stage: in some of these attempts she was eminently successful, in others she failed altogether. Some of her works of imagination were exceedingly and deservedly popular, whilst others were of the humblest pretension, and betrayed the extremest ignorance of the characters she undertook to describe.

She managed, however, on the whole, to realize a very considerable sum of money, which would have enabled her to enjoy the residue of life in ease and independence. Unluckily, in some evil hour, a foolish and chimerical dread of poverty took possession of her fancy, and had such influence upon her mind, that she abruptly gave up her acquaint-

acquaintance, retired into an obscure lodging, deprived herself of the ordinary comforts she might well have afforded, and spent her time in the most sordid manner.

She had a brother, who, from feelings congenial with her own, scorned the humbler employment of a farmer, and would not that the "horn should any longer call him up in the morn." Accordingly, he joined himself to a company of strolling players. Here, after a time, he married one of the party, an amiable and accomplished woman, and of considerable theatrical talents. She appeared with reputation at many of the provincial theatres, particularly at Bath, Norwich, and York. Her husband was a good-natured, but imprudent man, of no abilities, being retained in the different companies which they joined, principally on account of his wife's merit.

It is believed that having involved himself in pecuniary difficulties, he found it expedient to retire to the continent. He went to Hamburgh, where being one day engaged in a dispute at a billiard-table, a duel ensued, in which he forfeited his life. What became of his unfortunate wife is not known.

Vera incessu patuit dea.

CHAPTER LX.

IT has been remarked, in the course of these Memoirs, that the manuscript document from which the substance of what has been communicated was drawn, was distinguished by any thing rather than regularity, or chronological accuracy. Some pains have been taken in our progress, to form the materials into shape, but not always to our satisfaction.

We come now to a remarkable proof, that these Memorandums were noted down, as they presented themselves to the recollection, for the two females about to be mentioned, should, in point of time, have taken the lead of the class to which they belong. Both are mentioned in terms of no ordinary esteem or regard. We shall first introduce

Mrs. Yates.

To this distinguished lady, our Sexagenarian appears to have been introduced, on his first arrival

at

at the metropolis. He could not well have been more fortunate, for at her house he immediately became acquainted with some of the most distinguished literary characters of the time. There he met Murphy, Home, the Author of Douglas, Richard Cumberland, Hoole, the Translator of Ariosto, the Adelphi Adams, old* Macklin, Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Brook, and various other eminent individuals, all of whom, alas! have now paid the last awful debt of nature.

Of Mrs. Yates's talents in her profession, it would be unavailing and useless to speak here. The few who remember her, cannot but allow, that in characters which required majesty, dignity of person, and of manner, she was incomparable. It is rather our province in this place to render the justice which is due to her pre-eminent intellectual endowments, her very highly cultivated mind, her polished manners, her graceful and elegant elocution, her urbanity, and universal benevolence. It was utterly impossible for a young man, hitherto ignorant of the world, and but little acquainted with the higher cast of society, to have been placed in a better school. Where she took a liking, (and no recommendation was so effectual to her as a desire of improvement) she enjoyed a particular pleasure in making a young person acquainted with those little, but inexplicable essentials, about which Lord Chesterfield has written volumes, and which the French emphatically

denominate *petites morales*, *agremens*, and *bienseance.* Nobody understood them better, or practised them with greater effect. She was particularly partial to young clergymen, and as she was in no common degree delighted with the church service, and remarkably punctual in her attendance at public worship, she derived great satisfaction in instructing her young friends in the art of reading with emphasis and effect. She herself read the liturgy in the most impressive manner, and there were many clergymen who were not reluctant to acknowledge, that if they possessed this valuable accomplishment to any degree of excellence, it was imputable principally to her suggestions, taste, and judgment.

For a considerable period, Mrs. Yates, in conjunction with her most intimate and beloved friend, Mrs. Brook, (hereafter to be mentioned) was manager of the Opera-house. Under the direction of their taste, the undertaking flourished to no common degree. This circumstance also increased the satisfaction of being an inmate at her house, which consequently became the resort of many distinguished foreigners.

Mrs. Yates was, however, remarkably circumspect with respect to the characters of those, whom she admitted, and at that period, gave no mean proof of her discriminating sagacity, by the utter

rejection

rejection of some Italian and French miscreants, who, though their services were found expedient in the Haymarket, could never find admission to the elegant parties in Stafford-row. Some of these wretches afterwards conspicuously signalized themselves on the theatre of the French Revolution, and ultimately met the fate they richly deserved. The taste of this Lady was remarkably correct, in her table, her furniture, her library, and indeed in every thing.

At the period of her retiring from the stage, Mrs. Siddons was gradually rising to the acme of public favour; but this did by no means excite in her any thing like envy or discontent, and she on all occasions readily bore testimony to the merit of her rival. On one occasion only, did she express herself in a manner, which might have led the hearer to suspect, that her opinion of Mrs. Siddons was not exactly conformable to that of the public.—She was in a box at the theatre, on some occasion when Mrs. Siddons appeared in one of her most popular characters, and immediately behind her were two Gentlemen, who were extravagantly loud in their applause. Among other specifications of her excellence, one of them highly extolled her voice, observing that her voice was like that of a man. Upon this, Mrs. Yates turned round, and said with a smile, " It is the first time I ever

heard it remarked, by way of compliment to a lady, that her voice resembled that of a man."

It seems indispensable in one, who knew her for many years with the greatest familiarity of friendship, to render, as far as possible, an act of justice. It was maliciously reported, and too generally believed, (for the most unsupported calumnies, like the wildest aberrations from the simplicity and purity of the gospel, are always certain of meeting with friends and proselytes) that in the decline of life, she indulged in habits of inebriety.

The writer of this article may boldly assert, that he never witnessed the smallest appearance of any such irregularity, nor could discover any propensity to improper indulgence of any kind. One fault she had, which, with respect to the unfortunate object concerned, was attended with very fatal consequences. Mr. Yates had a niece, who was educated at his expence somewhere in France. On her removal to England, she was received into the house of her uncle, and was a sort of humble companion to the Lady.

Mrs. Yates was hasty and passionate, and, on the least provocation from this poor girl, she would, by way of punishment, order her into the kitchen. The consequence may easily be anticipated—she married the footman. The calamities in which she was afterwards involved, exceed the ordinary

degrees

degrees of human suffering. She was discarded by her relations, her husband turned out exceedingly worthless, and she was left a widow and a beggar with several children.

Miss Yates had a brother, who was a lieutenant in the navy, an amiable and ingenious man; but his story would carry us beyond our bounds, and has little to do with our more immediate object. He was shot in his attempts to get into his uncle's house, to whose property he thought, as heir at law, he had just claim. He also left a widow in distress. What the ultimate fate was of these truly unhappy people, was not known when this was written.

To return to Mrs. Yates. She was afflicted, towards the close of life, by a most painful illness, and her sufferings were exceedingly severe. She endured them with a pious and Christian-like constancy; regularly had the prayers of the church read to her when she was not able to read them herself, and died with the greatest composure and resignation.

Hortus alat violis te volo, inde rosis.

CHAPTER LXI.

MRS. Yates, in her last illness, and indeed for a considerable period which preceded it, had the consolation and the society of her beloved friend, Mrs. Brook. Her testimony, declared in the strongest and most unequivocal manner, is also to be added to that of the narrative, in contradiction of the aspersion on the fame of Mrs. Yates, to which there has before been allusion.

Mrs. Brook was a very distinguished woman; she had excellent and highly cultivated talents, and made the best use of them. She was very highly esteemed by Dr. Johnson, who frequently visited her, and she also reckoned among her friends, some of the most distinguished literary characters of her time. The friendship between her and Mrs. Yates, commenced at an early period, and was only terminated by death. Her husband was Chaplain to the English garrison at Quebec,

and

and she accompanied him thither. Previously to her departure for Canada, she gave an entertainment to her particular friends, among whom was Dr. Johnson. On the breaking up of the company, the Doctor, with the rest, took leave of their hostess with the customary good wishes. After a little interval, the servant came to the drawing-room, to inform Mrs. Brook, that Dr. Johnson wished to speak with her in the parlour below. She accordingly went down to him. "Madam," said the Doctor, on her entering the room, with his usual solemnity of manner, "I thought I might never see you again, so I wished to salute you before we parted, which I did not choose to do before company." The Doctor accordingly saluted her, and took his leave. This anecdote was communicated to the writer by Mrs. Brook herself.

On her return from Canada, she wrote and published Emily Montague, which was universally admired, as well for the story as for the very beautiful descriptions of the scenery she had just visited. It is not, however, intended in this place, nor indeed would it be expedient, to enter into any critical discussion concerning this excellent woman's various works. They were all well received, except, perhaps, one or two of her pieces for the stage. She had been on good terms with Garrick, but she conceived that he had treated her ill, by the

the rejection of a tragedy; and though one of the mildest and gentlest of human beings, she took her revenge in a novel called "The Excursion." She retired from the world on the death of her friend, Mrs. Yates, and finished her career at the house of her son, who was a clergyman in Lincolnshire.

Her husband, Dr. Brook, was a very extraordinary personage, and in no one instance bore the smallest resemblance to his partner. He was one of the finest figures for an artist that can be imagined, having a most impressive countenance, and hair as white as snow... He was one of the greatest *bon vivants* of his time, had considerable conversation talents, and a very numerous circle of friends. But the deity of the table was almost the only one he worshipped with consistent devotion, and in pursuance of this object, he was a member of a club which was called Number Six. It consisted of six members; they met at six in the evening, and never parted till six in the morning.

Notwithstanding his habitual indulgence in the festivities of the table, the old Gentleman lived to a very advanced age, and died within five days of his wife.

The son was an amiable man, of no very remarkable talents, except for music; he was an admirable performer on the German flute. He was educated

educated at St. Paul's school, from whence he went to Cambridge, and afterwards to reside on a small piece of preferment purchased for him by his mother. There he died early.

Et sum pulchra licet, tabula imperfecta, reliquit
Diffidens arti, me rude pictor opus.

CHAPTER LXII.

THE manuscript now reverts to another, and a much more modern period, and speaks of an individual, surely not less entitled both to admiration and esteem, than any who have preceded.

When the name of J—— B—— is introduced, we do not apprehend that our friend will incur the suspicion of being too lavish in his commendation, or will be censured for being too circumstantial in his communication.

Unfortunately, there exist too few sources of intelligence. There is but little more to detail, than that at a very early period, and long before she was a candidate for literary fame and distinction, our Sexagenarian met her familiarly at the house of her very excellent, amiable, and accomplished brother, Dr. B ; as well as at other social places of intercourse, where literary people were

made

made welcome. The great characteristic by which she was pre-eminently distinguished, was an unaffected diffidence and modest reserve; not at all prominent in conversation, always desirous of information, never making display of the powers she herself possessed, but courteously and agreeably inviting the unfolding of those sources of instruction, which she knew appertained to others.

It does not appear that the high reputation she has deservedly acquired, has in this particular at all diminished her claims to respect and esteem. She bears her faculties meekly; or at least she did, when he who writes had the opportunity of duly appreciating her estimable qualities. Her talents are before the public; and if this work were intended as an arena for the display of critical acumen, the opportunity would readily be embraced, of paying the tribute of esteem which is most unaffectedly felt, and in this place sincerely acknowledged. But we must be satisfied with the declaration, that the short and passing acquaintance with J—— B——, was a circumstance upon which the Sexagenarian has, in his manuscript notices, expressed himself with particular earnestness of satisfaction.

Les passions les plus violentes nous laissent quelquefois du relache, mais la vanité nous agite toujours.



CHAPTER LXIII.

THE transition from J——a B——c, is to a female of as different a description and character as can well be imagined. In making this assertion, we would not, in the slightest degree, be understood to depreciate the merits, the virtues, or the talents of

MRS. * * * *.

The Sexagenarian has taken occasion to speak of female personages equally respectable in society, equally estimable for their talents, and perhaps equally amiable in private life, but still as opposite as possible in character, temper, and manners. Let the reader oppose in imagination, Mrs. Cooper to Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Hannah More to Mrs. Wolstoncroft, Mrs. Hayley to Mrs. Trimmer, and the only conclusion to be drawn is, that from the mixed characters of life, we must extract as we can, what is useful, convenient, and grateful.

The

The subject of Mrs. * * * *, therefore, who was known to the Sexagenarian from childhood, is entered upon without feeling the necessity of apology, (if any thing shall find its way from our notes not altogether acceptable) to the Lady herself, if she may yet survive to read these Memoirs, or to any of the numerous friends whom she has necessarily and meritoriously acquired.

From a child she gave indications of talents above the ordinary level, but her earliest propensity was for music, in which she soon became a proficient; and in the provincial town where she resided, frequently entertained and enlivened numerous parties with her concerts. From music to poetry, the transition is natural and easy; she wrote, when very young, many elegant and beautiful things, which perhaps have not been excelled by any of the productions of her maturer years.

Her natural connections, her education, and the principles in which she had been brought up, gave her an unavoidable predilection in favour of those, who, on the breaking out of the French Revolution, vainly imagined that a glorious opportunity was presenting itself, for the melioration of the condition of mankind.

She was, however, steady and consistent, and did not, like her friends, Mrs. Wolstonecroft and Helen Maria Williams, expose and disgrace herself.

self. On one occasion, indeed, her enthusiasm got the better both of her prudence, and the natural delicacy of her sex. She attended the trial of her admired—what shall we call him? Patriot!—Well then, Patriot, if you please, Horne Tooke, for High Treason. When the verdict of "Not guilty" was pronounced, she scrambled over seats and benches as she could, and hastening to where he stood, kissed him in the public court.

When young, she was of a very lively and cheerful temper, of which character her earliest compositions exhibited the amplest testimony. It may be conjectured, that about this period, her sensibility and tenderness must have received some very acute wounds, for almost all her subsequent publications were of the most melancholy cast and tendency. Misery, deep and dreadful misery, seemed alone to be her favourite subject, to call forth all her talents, and to occupy the whole of her imagination.

Her union with a celebrated artist, could not, as one should think, be entirely congenial to her natural habits and propensities. They who knew her from her childhood, held up their hands in astonishment; but Venus delights in these vagaries. At his decease, it seemed for a time as if other and higher destinies awaited her; but she was still a widow when these Memorandums were committed to paper.

When

When it is added, by way of conclusion to this sketch, that she was a most affectionate and dutiful daughter, warm and animated in her attachments, lively and agreeable in conversation, steady and consistent in her principles, if she could have known who it was that bore this testimony in her favour, she would perhaps have been more than satisfied.

This also may tend to soften the resentment to which she may be inclined to give way, when it is still further added, that the flattering attentions she received from her childhood, so far spoiled her, that whatever she does, or says, or writes, is somewhat tinged with vanity and self-conceit, and that perhaps no more perfect picture was ever exhibited in society, of a *Precieuse.*

Ite procul, sacer est locus, ite profani.

CHAPTER LXIV.

VERY high in the circles of taste and elegance, stood the female who is next commemorated. Herself possessed of no inconsiderable portion of talents of various kinds, she had the happy knack of bringing together, on a very pleasant footing, the most distinguished literary characters.

At the house of Mrs. J. H. there were found once in every week, elegant individuals of both sexes, whose acquaintance was generally cultivated for their abilities, their knowledge, or their taste.

Horace Walpole, Chief Baron Macdonald, and his very accomplished wife, Lady Louisa, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter, Lady Herries, Joanna Baillie, Sir Charles Blagden, Mr. Matthias, Dr. P. Russel, the Lady's husband, the eminent J. H—— her brother, the no less eminent E. H. with a

long

long catalogue of other names of greater or less celebrity.

They were for the most part conversation parties, though music was occasionally introduced. The Lady Hostess possessed an excellent taste for poetry, and at a certain period after the death of her husband, published a very elegant octavo volume of her compositions. Of these, many had been set to music, and became exceedingly popular; one in particular, the "Song of the Dying Indian Chief," was universally and deservedly esteemed.

The society above alluded to, as has been slightly observed before, was by certain sapient folks, treated with ridicule, and denominated a Blue Stocking Club. It had nevertheless a very beneficial tendency. It was an excellent school for good manners. It gave a pleasing and a useful bias to the minds of young people, and of females in particular; encouraging them, by seeing the deference paid to accomplished minds, to cultivate their own. The conversation, though easy and unaffected, was always of an instructive kind; and it was impossible to leave the meeting, without gaining either knowledge, or at least a direction where farther information on matters of science, might be obtained. The merits of new books were discussed, the pursuits and designs of authors, literary undertakings

proposed; nor on the other hand, did there appear any thing in the conduct or constitution of these meetings, to require or deserve ridicule—very far the contrary.

The Lady President was lovely in her person, of the most captivating manners, and on all occasions exhibited a salutary exemplar for the study and imitation of the young people about her.

It is neither to be wondered, considering the spirit of the man, nor much to be lamented, that she was not left in a state of affluence by her husband, since the nation, by purchasing the truly curious and valuable museum, collected by Mr. H. and arranged scientifically by him, with the assistance of his brother-in-law, Mr. H. at the same time secured her honourable independence, and provided for the public, an admirable school of natural history and comparative anatomy.

We are fast approaching at length to the limits we had prescribed to ourselves, for the discussion of these sketches of female biography. Not that our catalogue is by any means exhausted—very far otherwise. In the course of a protracted literary life, it appears from our notes, that there were not many females who, by general consent, claimed and were allowed ascendancy and distinction, on account of their talents, to whose society, our Sexagenarian had not access. Indeed, the manuscript from which these Memorials are derived, contain a number of anecdotes,

anecdotes, the communication of which would probably afford as much amusement as any which may have preceded. But there is still such abundance of materials before us, that compression seems beginning to be necessary. We shall therefore close this head with a brief description of a Lady, who may rank with the proudest and the highest, in the scale of intellectual endowments; who has also afforded no unavailing assistance in works requiring great and various erudition, sound judgment, and much critical acuteness.

Though educated in the principles of Dissenters, she was in the early part of her life engaged to be married to a clergyman, who was preceptor to one of the branches of the Royal Family. He unfortunately died, and she afterwards united herself to a Dignitary of the Church, whose learning, abilities, and virtues, have since deservedly obtained for him a seat upon the Episcopal Bench.

She was ever and invariably distinguished for the assiduous cultivation of her mind, her extensive and various knowledge, and indeed for her general love of literature; but she was more particularly remarkable for her fondness of theological studies, in which she became an extraordinary proficient. Indeed it has often been asserted, (nor has the assertion ever been from authority contradicted) that a popular work on Prophecy was very mate-

 rially

rially indebted, not merely to this Lady's suggestions and assistance, but that no inconsiderable portion of it was actually written by her pen.

That she has composed many other things, there can be no doubt; and that they are alike distinguished by extensive information, judgment, and acuteness, must be equally certain. But this is not her only praise. In the higher and more important offices of private life, she has done honour to an elevated station, and effectually and usefully fulfilled every duty in the circle of female obligation.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

CHAPTER LXV.

WE must now go back, and revert to the period at which we were, when the expediency of introducing a discussion on the characters and qualities of eminent female personages, suggested itself from our notes. Our digression commenced at the time when we were about to notice, that the presumed usefulness of our Sexagenarian's literary labours and pursuits, occasioned his being introduced to Archbishop Moore, to Bishops Barrington, Porteus, Dampier, Tomline, and Burgess, &c. and others of the Episcopal Bench. All treated him with kindness. Of all, if he has not said it already, he has something to say, and of some not a little.

Of Archbishop Moore, the distance of rank was too great, and the opportunities of forming any judgment too limited, for him to ascertain much about the extent of his intellectual powers and accomplishments. But there was a graciousness, an affability, a benevolence,

nevolence, tempered with dignity, which could not fail strongly to impress, and effectually to conciliate those who were admitted to his presence. There was, moreover, obviously conspicuous, an ardent desire to discharge vigilantly and accurately, the duties of his exalted station.

When the writer of these Recollections first saw him, the mighty monster of the French Revolution was rearing its infernal brood of assassins, infidels, and miscreants ; and the Archbishop sagaciously foresaw and predicted, the horrible calamities which would be produced, by letting those hell-hounds loose upon society. It was his peculiar province and duty, to guard against the circulation of the poison in this country, as far as religion was concerned. He felt the full importance of his station. The steady advocates of loyalty and truth, found in his Grace, a friend, protector, and counsellor. He collected the ablest among them under one banner, and by animating their zeal, encouraging their efforts, and rewarding their exertions, formed a bulwark for the defence and preservation of the church as connected with the state, which alike defied the open and avowed attacks of foreign adversaries, and the more formidable, because more disguised and secret, machinations of domestic conspirators.

Peace to his memory. On the first introduction of our friend, he anticipated him by graciously saying—" I know how assiduously and how usefully you have exercised your time and talents, and acknowledge your claim on the country and myself. Consider me as your friend." He testified his friendship and good opinion by something better than words.

Alike in their sense of the duties of their high stations, equally attached to the constitution and ecclesiastical establishment of their country, and resolved by every effort to support and defend both, in the same degree administering protection and encouragement to those, who in arduous and perilous times avowed their loyalty, and strenuously vindicated their faith, Bishop B * * * *, as far as talents and learning are concerned, was cast in a yet higher mould. No further comparison need be made. Without entering into any political disquisitions, which might eventually lead to contrariety of opinions, it may be confidently asserted in this place, without apprehension of dispute, that Bishop B * * * * 's character has been invariably and consistently, that of the friend and patron of all who claimed his notice from the merits of learning, talents, or virtue. In the different situations which he has so honourably filled, his first care seems to have been to single out those who merited his distinction,

and without regard to the incidental circumstances of rank, or external recommendation, to confer his favours and his bounty, promptly and substantially upon them.

There are but few individuals who, within the last fifty years, have been esteemed for their parts and learning, who have not been honoured by his notice, and admitted to his table. But this is not all. His Lordship has not unfrequently conferred rewards upon learned and useful men, with no other knowledge of them than their works, communicated with no other recommendation than their good name. Perhaps there is not an instance beyond the limit of his own family, where there was any excitement or inducement to the communication of his favours, but the decided and unequivocal testimony of the merits or virtues of the objects receiving them. This too at a time when it was too generally understood, and it is to be feared too justly believed, that political and parliamentary interest and interposition, presented almost the only path to ecclesiastical promotion. The term *almost* is used, because there are some noble exceptions to the contrary in the conduct of Bishop Porteus more particularly, hereafter to be mentioned, as well as of some other ornaments to the Episcopal Bench.

But

But Bishop B * * * * must not be considered and estimated as the mere patron of literature; he always and successfully cultivated it himself, was ever deemed an excellent scholar; and the different Charges, Sermons, and Tracts, which he has at various times given to the world, are to be classed among our happiest specimens of elegance, purity, and simplicity of diction.

If his Lordship had ever condescended to do, what is here, it is feared, very imperfectly attempted, what an admirable miscellany he must have produced. Having lived familiarly with the most learned, and most eminent; learned himself, and by his example, courtesy, and affability, inviting his friends to unfold their intellectual treasures, a Common Place-Book from such a hand, must have afforded hints for many desirable works; might have detected the sources of error, so as to prevent their repetition, and correct their tendency; and must have preserved innumerable anecdotes for the instruction and delight of posterity.

We leave this article very reluctantly, for nothing could be more easy, from the knowledge communicated in these Recollections, of instances on the part of the Bishop, of extraordinary zeal in the cause of learning, and of most generous and benevolent interposition in behalf of oppressed and suffering merit, than to extend these Remarks to an

almost

almost indefinite length. No work of learning requiring patronage, which promised illumination of what was before obscure, improvement of any scientifical pursuits, increase of utility in any department of the arts, was ever known to solicit Bishop B * * * * 's countenance in vain. No case of benevolence, where the circumstances claimed and merited assistance, ever came before him without being relieved.

Two individuals who afterwards adorned the Episcopal Bench, were first introduced to notice as his domestic chaplains. The stalls of Durham bear strong and satisfactory evidence of his unlimited liberality in rewarding learning and virtue. But we must turn aside from this agreeable and cheering prospect, to contemplate another, which, if inferior at all in any of the requisites to make a moral picture perfect, can only be so in points of comparative unimportance.

Quid favor aut cœtus, pleni quid honoribus anni
Profuerunt, sacris et vita quid artibus acta?
Abstulit una dies ævi decus, ictaque luctu
Conticuit Latiæ tristis facundia linguæ
Unica sollicitis quondam tutela salusque:
ille senatus
Vindex, ille fori, legum ritusque togæque.

CHAPTER LXVI.

MILD, pious, good, and amiable, beneficent almost beyond example, candid in the construction of error, lenient even to those whose conduct he disapproved, but strenuous, firm, and courageous, in his vindication of the causes of religion and loyalty; extensively, if not profoundly, learned himself, but vigilant in discovering merit, anxious and generous in the universal encouragement of science; active in promoting the cause of benevolence, steady in his friendships, constant in his engagements, extremely cautious of inspiring hopes which it was not his determined purpose to gratify—such was Bishop Porteus; such is the impression of his character

character and virtues in the breast of one who knew him, if it may be permitted so to say, with great intimacy for twenty years; saw him under different circumstances, which put his judgment, discernment, and temper to the proof, and who never knew him in the least defective in those essential qualities which ought to characterize a Christian Bishop.

Yet as all have their infirmities and failings, he was not without his. He was timid with respect to the general opinion, and was sometimes diverted from his purpose, by an impudent paragraph in a newspaper, or by an anonymous letter. Altercation and dispute were so abhorrent from his nature, that he has on certain occasions compromised his dignity, to avoid them. But let that pass—he had no other weakness. Nothing so delighted him as the communication of happiness, and the exercise of benevolence. He who writes this, had on various occasions the high honour of being his almoner; and it is really difficult to imagine, the remote situations, and various circumstances of indigence, to which the stream of his bounty was directed.

His situation as Metropolitan Bishop, exposed him to a prodigious number of applications, from the poorer order of clergymen. London is the point to which all direct their way, when matters

have

have gone wrong in the provinces, either from misfortune, misconduct, or disappointed speculation. He attended to all, and relieved most. One peculiarity he had, which his successors, however amiable, or deserving they may be, would do well to imitate. He considered every clergyman as entitled to personal respect and attention; nor did he ever permit any letter to remain for more than a day unanswered. If he could not comply with the solicitation, he tempered his refusal with kindness and complacency. Nothing more highly gratified him, than an opportunity of indulging his wishes and intentions with respect to those whom he allowed to look to him with expectation.

In many instances he conferred preferment unexpected and unsolicited. The present D. of C. had never been introduced to him, when he received a letter, offering him the living of St. James's, Westminster. He gave in the same manner, one of the best Prebends of his Cathedral Church to Dr. Paley. He was solely influenced, as he often said, in the first instance, by the deserved reputation of Mr. A. as a preacher, and in the second by the excellence and utility of Dr. Paley's writings.

He demonstrated the very high estimation in which he held the venerable Mrs. Carter, by bestowing preferment upon her nephew; and he marked the great value which he put upon Mrs.

Trimmer's

Trimmer's meritorious exertions and literary labours, by conferring a similar favour upon her son. His noble behaviour and generous intentions towards Dr. Beattie, are sufficiently detailed in the life of that amiable man, and excellent writer, by Forbes. He gave, with a very slight personal knowledge of the individual, a considerable benefice to Mr. Twining, the learned Translator of Aristotle's Poetics, from no other inducement than his esteem for his talents and erudition.

As a reward for protracted, active, and useful service, in the laborious office of Curate of Fulham, he bestowed a valuable living upon * * * *, the Secretary of the Bible Society. Many, a great many other instances of the kind, might easily be specified; indeed it was very obvious to all who knew him, that having provided for those to whom the ties of consanguinity and relationship, gave claims upon him, his earnest employment was to seek out those, who for their piety, their usefulness, or their learning, were suitable objects of his patronage. There is probably no example, at least in modern times, of any Prelate's distinguishing, with such solid marks of kindness, so great a number of literary characters.

His last act of beneficence of this kind, was that perhaps which most of all occasioned his judgment to be called in question: but his motives were as

pure,

pure, and his intentions as laudable, as in any instance, in which he had ever been called upon to exercise his discretion. He had often and seriously lamented, that Oriental literature was not sufficiently cultivated by those who were destined for the ministerial office in the church, and he always wished for an opportunity of demonstrating his wishes and feelings on this subject.

About the year 1808, a person was introduced to him who had been born in Prussia, educated in Koningsberg, and had a licence for preaching granted him according to the ecclesiastical ceremonies of that country. He was afterwards elected by the people of Dantzick to the situation of Pastor to the Evangelical German Community settled at Smyrna.

Here he employed his leisure in the study of the Oriental languages, and here also he learned English; and having occasionally been permitted to perform the duty in English, at the chapel of that nation, he was afterwards appointed to that office by the Levant Company. From Smyrna he visited Egypt, from thence went to Syria and Jerusalem, and the more memorable places specified in Scripture. He next visited Damascus, Balbec, and the monastery of St. John. From thence he travelled to Tripoli and Aleppo, and visiting some of the Islands in his way, returned to Smyrna by

sea.

sea. Having resided here some time, he went to Constantinople, and indulging his curiosity with respect to all the Greek islands of repute, he again returned to Smyrna. In 1795, he was introduced to Mr. Wilbraham, in whose company he examined the site of ancient Babylon, and crossing the Euphrates and the Tigris, visited Bagdad. From Bagdad the travellers made a journey through Hamedan, the ancient Ecbatana, to Ispahan, and to Persepolis and Shiraz. From the last place they went to Bussorah, and crossing the desart, after various deviations in different directions, once more took up his abode at Smyrna.

His subsequent adventures were not a little extraordinary. A dreadful insurrection of the Turkish mob compelled him to leave Smyrna, from which place he departed with two pupils, on his way to Europe, on board an Imperial ship. They had hardly entered the Adriatic gulph, before they were taken by a Tripoline corsair, and carried to Modor. At Modor he and his pupils were released by an English renegado, who had the command of the Tripoline squadron, and who remembered having seen them at Smyrna.

From Modor, therefore, they took their departure for Zante; but the French, who were then masters of the Seven Islands, detained them as prisoners of war. They were carried before General

neral Chabot at Corfu, who treated them with civility, and gave them permission to proceed to Venice; thence they got to Vienna, Berlin, Hamburgh, and finally to England.

At this point, and not without reason, the individual, from whose short account of himself, printed at the Bishop's expence, and distributed to his friends, this is taken, emphatically exclaims,

"How happy was I to see that most enviable country!"

In England he had recommendations from the Levant Company to the Bishop of London.

The sequel is very short. In this person the good and amiable Bishop thought he had found the very man he wanted, viz. one who was well versed in the Oriental languages, and who, with suitable encouragement, would devote his time and knowledge to the elucidation of Scripture.

He did not perhaps consider that other qualities are indispensably necessary for this high and important office, than the mere knowledge of Arabic, with some acquaintance with Syriac, in addition to having personally visited many of the places described in Scripture. Be this as it may, the most desirable living in his diocese becoming vacant, one which had been filled at different times by some of the greatest ornaments of the church, he gave it to this same personage. It would be invidious to

enter into any discussion on the merits of the person who was thus distinguished; but it may be observed, that the good Bishop's views do not appear to have been altogether answered. Two things are certain:—first, that no publication has yet appeared from this quarter, illustrative of the Sacred Writings, or demonstrative of intimate acquaintance with the Oriental languages; and secondly, that much discontent was excited by this proceeding among the clergy of the diocese, who very naturally suggested the enquiry, whether there was not among those who were personally known to the Bishop; whose services to the church had been conspicuous, their utility manifest, their talents exercised, and their merits proved, any one, upon whom this mark of favour would not have been more consistently and more properly bestowed.

It must be perfectly unnecessary to enter into any critical discussion of the Bishop's merits as a writer. His works have been long before the public, and universally admired for their force and elegance. As a preacher he was incomparable, and so evidently felt every syllable he uttered, that he could not fail, nor did he ever fail, to make the most strong and lasting impression on his hearers. For other and more detailed particulars of his life, the reader is referred to the Biographical Sketch of Archdeacon Hodgson. One or two things present

themselves

themselves to the recollection, which, as they have not a place in that volume, may be admitted here. They were communicated, it seems, to the Sexagenarian by the Bishop himself.

When at Cambridge, and just after being admitted into orders, he made several efforts to obtain a curacy, but in vain. He used with much good humour to relate the circumstance, which it did not become him, he observed, to forget, that there was a time when he did not possess interest enough to obtain a curacy. At length, it was proposed to him to read prayers to the family of the Maynards, at Easton Lodge. This was a considerable distance from Cambridge, but he was so pleased with the appointment, that, to use his own words used to say, "I thought I had got a Bishopric."

After having been Bishop of Chester for many years, in which interval he used laughingly to say, he had never interest enough to procure a good Cheshire cheese, he was appointed to the Bishopric of London, not only without any solicitation on his own part, or on that of his friends, but without the most remote expectation of such an event. He was sitting after tea in the garden with Mrs. Porteus, at his favourite place of retirement in Kent when a letter arrived from Mr. Pitt, notifying the appointment.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding the obligation which he always avowed to the Queen, whose Bishop he was customarily, and perhaps not improperly called, he certainly, on one occasion at least, had the firmness to refuse compliance with a Royal recommendation, in favour of an individual, who was not in his judgment adequate to fulfil the duties of the situation required.

Much more was said in the Manuscript on the subject of this excellent personage, but as it appeared to be rather expressive of private feeling and individual attachment, than to comprehend further and interesting anecdotes, it is here omitted.

END OF VOL. I.

Printed by R. & R. Gilbert, St. John's Square, London.